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War-Music

[*Strophe VII in the Ode called "Music"*]

By Henry van Dyke

BREAK off! Dance no more!
Danger is at the door.
Music is in arms,
To signal war's alarms.

Hark, a sudden trumpet calling
Over the hill!
Why are you calling, trumpet, calling?
What is your will?

Men, men, men!
Men who are ready to fight
For their country's life, and the right
Of a liberty-loving land to be
Free, free, free!
Free from a tyrant's chain,
Free from dishonor's stain,
Free to guard and maintain
All that her fathers fought for,
All that her sons have wrought for,
Resolute, brave, and free!
Call again, trumpet, call again,
Call up the men!

Do you hear the storm of cheers
Mingled with the women's tears
And the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet?
Do you hear the throbbing drum
As the hosts of battle come
Keeping time, time, time to its beat?
O Music, give a song
To make their spirit strong
For the fury of the tempest they must meet.

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The hoarse roar
Of the monster guns;
And the sharp bark
Of the lesser guns;
The whine of the shells,
The rifles' clatter
Where the bullets patter,
The rattle, rattle, rattle
Of the mitrailleuse in battle,
And the yells
Of the men who charge through hells
Where the poison gas descends,
And the bursting shrapnel rends
Limb from limb,
In the dim
Chaos and clamor of the strife,
Where no man thinks of his life
But only of fighting through,
Blindly fighting through, through!

'Tis done
At last!
The victory won,
The dissonance of warfare past!

Now, Music mourn the dead
Whose loyal blood was shed,
And sound the taps for every hero slain;
Then give again the song
That made their spirit strong,
And tell the world they did not die in vain.

Thank God we can see, in the glory of morn,
The invincible flag that our fathers defended;
And our true hearts repeat what the heroes have sworn,
That war shall not end till the war-lust is ended!
Then the bloodthirsty sword shall no longer be lord
Of the nations oppressed by the conqueror's horde,
But the banners of freedom shall peacefully wave
O'er the world of the free and the lands of the brave.

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GRANDFATHER

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

"WHEW! Tobacco! Oh! That *pipe* of grandfather's! And here he sits all day long. Puff-puff! Whiff-whiff! as though it were quite a pleasant thing for us to have our house smelling like a bar-room!"

Ella Emers was pretty—even with that ugly frown over her face, and her voice musical, though its petulance made a discord, like a good guitar out of tune. Her mother came to the kitchen-door and looked with a face of calm reproval, as though she would have said: "Ella! Ella! You're too impatient. Grandpa's old and childish. You're a silly child to act so. Be kind to him—be kind."

"Oh, mother, but this is really *too* bad! I'll be ashamed for James to come into this room! Just look!"

"What, Ella?"

Ella pointed abjectly, as her mother came into the room, to where the old man had somehow upset his little ash-box, with its contents of dank, discolored ashes,

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on the carpet, and was puffing away at his pipe unconscious of the mishap, staring blankly into the fireplace—fireplaces are windows where old age looks out on the past.

"Jane!" the old man called, turning his chair sharply about, raking the rockers through the ashes and turning the box completely upside down—"Jane!"

"I'm here, father. I hear you. What is it?"

"Oh, grandfather, just *look* what you've done," said Ella, clasping her hands and snapping her finger-joints like toy torpedoes. "Don't you see how you've spoiled the carpet, upset that nasty—*look out!* Oh, dear, dear! There it goes again, just as mother got it up!" and Ella fairly stamped.

"What did you say, Elly?" said the old man, shading his ear and looking up at her. She only bit her lips in reply.

"Oh!" said the old man apologetically. "You were speakin' to your mother? I thought you was a-speakin' to *me.*" Then, turning to his daughter, who was kneeling by his chair taking up the ashes, he continued:

"I was goin' to ask you, Jane—do you mind the time— W'y— W'y, what are you doin'? Gracious me! Who's—who's made that ugly mess on the cyarpet?"

"*Who, indeed!*" said Ella contemptuously.

"*You* did?" said the old man, looking at his granddaughter compassionately. "That's too bad. There! There! Jane," he continued, turning to his daughter and laying his hand on her shoulder. "There, now, Jane! you shan't *scold* her! She didn't go to—she didn't go to!"

"Oh!—you!—old ! !—stupid ! ! !—silly!!!!"—and Ella finished the sentence behind her white teeth as she left the room, flinging the door to with a bang that made itself distinctly understood even in the old man's ears.

"There, now, Jane, you've hurt the child's feelin's! Poor thing! I'm sure she didn't go to!" said the old man, turning to her with a look of mild reproval.

"Why, father, it wasn't *her*—you don't understand. It wasn't Ella. It was *you*. You done it with your chair, I expect. It wasn't Ella."

"What-say?"

"It was *you!* You turned it over with your chair. It wasn't Ella, it was *you!*"

"It was *me?*"

"Yes. It wasn't Ella."

"W'y, she said she——"

"No, you didn't understand her. It was you. There! Now it's all taken up. Oh, it won't hurt anything—you can hardly see the place. Now, what was you goin' to say? You asked me if I remembered," laying her hand on his shoulder. "What was it?"

"What was it?" said the old man slowly, and he puffed his pipe reflectively as though he'd find it there.

"W'y, I was goin' to ask you—le' me see! Oh, yes, yes, yes! Do you recollect the time your mother died, and how she kissed you and went on over you? Reckon not, though! W'y, *la!* no! What am I thinkin' of! You wasn't on'y two or three, then! eh-haha! W'y, you wasn't nigh as big as Willie, was you? ha——"

The woman bent down over him and fixed his collar, and brushed the thin white hair from his forehead, kissing him.

"No, father, no, I don't remember it. I was too small. Does your leg pain you much to-day?"

"You don't, eh?" he said, not heeding her question. "Well, *I* do—I recollect—I recollect it. Do you know that you look more like your mother every day. You look like her—lots like your mother"—holding her hand and studying her face—"lots like Mary—lots like Mary. I got to thinkin' about her awhile ago—seemed like I could see—like she used to look, and hear her laugh—" And then he looked off into the past and smiled at something there. "Eh!" he said suddenly.

"I didn't say anything."

"Well! Well! How the time slips away!—how the time slips away! You're—how old—how old are you, Jane?"

"I'm forty past—don't you *know?*"

"Eh? forty—forty—yes, so you are—yes, you must be forty—forty—forty—W'y, child! you're as old as your mother when she died! How the time slips away. And you look wonderfully like her! I mind how proud she was of you—you don't remember her, do you?"

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Drawn by William van Dresser.

"There, now, Jane! you shan't *scold* her!"—Page 650.

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The woman sighed and shook her head.

"She used to be so proud of you," he continued, looking at her as though she were a little child—"used to sing to you—*La!*—and kiss and hug you—never a minute was you out of her sight—and kiss you she would, and mighty nigh eat you up! Eh-ha-ha! And you was a *cross* little thing! Ha-ha! Used to cry a heap, you little rascal, when you was a-teethin'. Wouldn't let *me* nuss you—scream and cry, and kick like you was killed ef I dared to tetch you! Eh-ha-ha-ha-ha-eh! You allus loved your mother, though! You allus loved your mother! That was the first word you learnt to say. You used to say: 'Mom—mom!' eh-ha-ha! and holler—you used to! eh-ha! 'Mom—mom!' Well—well—well!" he smoked reflectively for a minute and continued:

"I'll never forgit when your mother died—how you set by her on the bed and you'd try to wake her up, you would, and you'd lay your little head down by her, and laugh, and then you'd kiss her, and play with her hair, and holler, 'Mom—mom!' and when they'd try to take you, you'd cry— Smoke hurt your eyes?"

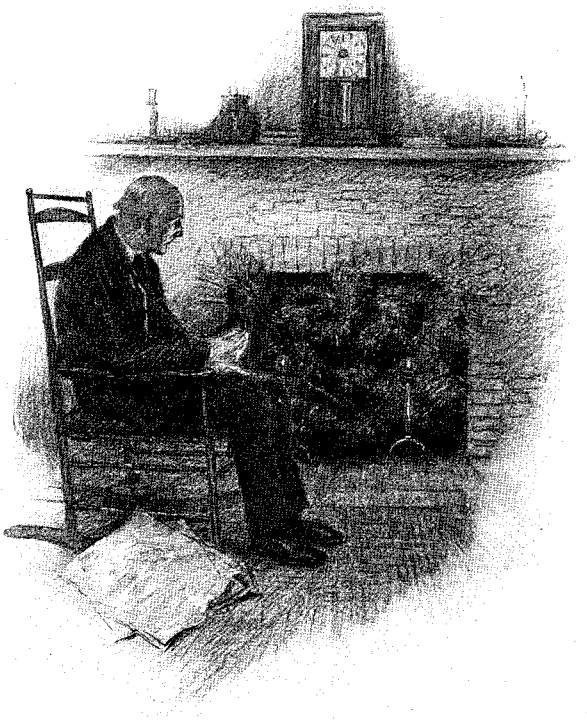
"No, father. There, now, I must go. Do you want anything?"

"No—well, yes—hello! my pipe's gone out. I can git along! You go on—you go on—you go on! I'm a foolish old feller, ain't I? Kiss me, child! There! There!"

And the old man looked after her thoughtfully as she went out at the door.

"Forty years! Forty years!" he mused aloud. "How the time slips away!—how the time slips away!"

And so he went on musing that summer afternoon, before the old, wide fireplace filled with evergreens. And then, with a face radiant, and speaking softly, he said: "And Elly—Elly is just the sweetest child on earth, and a-growin' more like her mother every day."



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EYE-WITNESS

By Ridgely Torrence

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES C. BIGELOW

DOWN by the railroad in a green valley
By dancing water, there he stayed awhile
Singing, and three men with him, listeners,
All tramps, all homeless reapers of the wind,
Motionless now and while the song went on
Transfigured into mages thronged with visions;
There with the late light of the sunset on them
And on clear water spinning from a spring
Through little cones of sand dancing and fading,
Close beside pine woods where a hermit-thrush
Cast, when love dazzled him, shadows of music
That lengthened, fluting, through the singer's pauses
While the sure earth rolled eastward bringing stars
Over the singer and the men that listened
There by the roadside, understanding all.

A train went by but nothing seemed to be changed.
Some eye at a car window must have flashed
From the plush world inside the glassy Pullman,
Carelessly bearing off the scene for ever,
With idle wonder what the men were doing,
Seeing they were so strangely fixed and seeing
Torn papers from their smeary dreary meal
Spread on the ground with old tomato cans
Muddy with dregs of lukewarm chicory,
Neglected while they listened to the song.

And while he sang the singer's face was lifted,
And the sky shook down a soft light upon him
Out of its branches where like fruits there were
Many beautiful stars and planets moving,
With lands upon them, rising from their seas,
Glorious lands with glittering sands upon them,
With soils of gold and magic mould for seeding,
The shining loam of lands afoam with gardens
On mightier stars with giant rains and suns
There in the heavens; but on none of all
Was there ground better than he stood upon:
There was no world there in the sky above him
Deeper in promise than the earth beneath him
Whose dust had flowered up in him the singer
And three men understanding every word.

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The Tramp Sings:

I will sing, I will go, and never ask me "Why?"
I was born a rover and a passer-by.

I seem to myself like water and sky,
A river and a rover and a passer-by.

But in the winter three years back
We lit us a night fire by the track,

And the snow came up and the fire it flew
And we couldn't find the warming room for two.

One had to suffer, so I left him the fire
And I went to the weather from my heart's desire.

It was night on the line, it was no more fire,
But the zero whistle through the icy wire.

As I went suffering through the snow
Something like a shadow came moving slow.

I went up to it and I said a word;
Something flew above it like a kind of bird.

I leaned in closer and I saw a face;
A light went round me but I kept my place.

My heart went open like an apple sliced;
I saw my Saviour and I saw my Christ.

Well, you may not read it in a book,
But it takes a gentle Saviour to give a gentle look.

I looked in his eyes and I read the news;
His heart was having the railroad blues.

Oh, the railroad blues will cost you dear,
Keeps you moving on for something that you don't see here.

We stood and whispered in a kind of moon;
The line was looking like May and June.

I found he was a roamer and a journey man,
Looking for a lodging since the night began.

He went to the doors but he didn't have the pay,
He went to the windows, then he went away.

Says: "We'll walk together and we'll both be fed."
Says: "I will give you the 'other' bread."

Oh, the bread he gave and without money!
O drink, O fire, O burning honey!

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It went all through me like a shining storm:
I saw inside me, it was light and warm.

I saw deep under and I saw above,
I saw the stars weighed down with love.

They sang that love to burning birth,
They poured that music to the earth.

I heard the stars sing low like mothers.
He said: "Now look, and help feed others."

I looked around, and as close as touch
Was everybody that suffered much.

They reached out, there was darkness only;
They could not see us, they were lonely.

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I saw the hearts that deaths took hold of,
With the wounds bare that were not told of;

Hearts with things in them making gashes;
Hearts that were choked with their dreams' ashes;

Women in front of the rolled-back air,
Looking at their breasts and nothing there;

Good men wasting and trapped in hells;
Hurt lads shivering with the fare-thee-wells.

I saw them as if something bound them;
I stood there but my heart went round them.

I begged him not to let me see them wasted.
Says: "Tell them then what you have tasted."

Told him I was weak as a rained-on bee;
Told him I was lost.—Says: "Lean on me."

Something happened then I could not tell,
But I knew I had the water for every hell.

Any other thing it was no use bringing;
They needed what the stars were singing,

What the whole sky sang like waves of light,
The tune that it danced to, day and night.

Oh, I listened to the sky for the tune to come;
The song seemed easy, but I stood there dumb.

The stars could feel me reaching through them;
They let down light and drew me to them.

I stood in the sky in a light like day,
Drinking in the word that all things say

Where the worlds hang growing in clustered shapes
Dripping the music like wine from grapes.

With "Love, Love, Love," above the pain,
—The vine-like song with its wine-like rain.

Through heaven under heaven the song takes root
Of the turning, burning, deathless fruit.

I came to the earth and the pain so near me,
I tried that song but they couldn't hear me.

I went down into the ground to grow,
A seed for a song that would make men know.

Into the ground from my Roamer's light
I went; he watched me sink to night.

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Deep in the ground from my human grieving,
His pain ploughed in me to believing.

Oh, he took earth's pain to be his bride,
While the heart of life sang in his side.

For I felt that pain, I took its kiss,
My heart broke into dust with his.

Then sudden through the earth I found life springing;
The dust men trampled on was singing.

Deep in my dust I felt its tones;
The roots of beauty went round my bones.

I stirred, I rose like a flame, like a river,
I stood on the line, I could sing for ever.

Love had pierced into my human sheathing,
Song came out of me simple as breathing.

A freight came by, the line grew colder.
He laid his hand upon my shoulder.

Says, "Don't stay on the line such nights,"
And led me by the hand to the station lights.

I asked him in front of the station-house wall
If he had lodging. Says: "None at all."

I pointed to my heart and looked in his face.—
"Here,—if you haven't got a better place."

He looked and he said: "Oh, we still must roam
But if you'll keep it open, well, I'll call it 'home.'"

The thrush now slept whose pillow was his wing.
So the song ended and the four remained
Still in the faint starshine that silvered them,
While the low sound went on of broken water
Out of the spring and through the darkness flowing
Over a stone that held it from the sea.
Whether the men spoke after could not be told,
A mist from the ground so veiled them, but they waited
A little longer till the moon came up;
Then on the gilded track leading to the mountains,
Against the moon they faded in common gold
And earth bore East with all toward the new morning.

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Drawn by Elenore Plaisted Abbott.

I saw her lift her little arms, and I saw the mother stoop and gather her to her bosom.—Page 668.

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THE SHADOWY THIRD

By Ellen Glasgow

ILLUSTRATION BY ELENORE PLAISTED ABBOTT

WHEN the call came I remember that I turned from the telephone in a romantic flutter. Though I had spoken only once to the great surgeon, Roland Maradick, I felt on that December afternoon that to speak to him only once—to watch him in the operating-room for a single hour—was an adventure which drained the color and the excitement from the rest of life. After all these years of work on typhoid and pneumonia cases, I can still feel the delicious tremor of my young pulses; I can still see the winter sunshine slanting through the hospital windows over the white uniforms of the nurses.

"He didn't mention me by name. Can there be a mistake?" I stood, incredulous yet ecstatic, before the superintendent of the hospital.

"No, there isn't a mistake. I was talking to him before you came down." Miss Hemphill's strong face softened while she looked at me. She was a big, resolute woman, a distant Canadian relative of my mother's, and the kind of nurse, I had discovered in the month since I had come up from Richmond, that Northern hospital boards, if not Northern patients, appear instinctively to select. From the first, in spite of her hardness, she had taken a liking—I hesitate to use the word "fancy" for a preference so impersonal—to her Virginia cousin. After all, it isn't every Southern nurse, just out of training, who can boast a kinswoman in the superintendent of a New York hospital. If experience was what I needed, Miss Hemphill, I judged, was abundantly prepared to supply it.

"And he made you understand positively that he meant me?" The thing was so wonderful that I simply couldn't believe it.

"He asked particularly for the nurse who was with Miss Hudson last week when he operated. I think he didn't even remember that you had a name—this isn't the South, you know, where people still regard nurses as human, not as automata. When I asked if he meant Miss Randolph, he repeated that he wanted the nurse who had been with Miss Hudson. She was small, he said, and cheerful-looking. This, of course, might apply to one or two others, but none of these was with Miss Hudson. Miss Maupin, the only nurse, except you, who went near her, is large and heavy."

"Then I suppose it is really true?" My pulses were tingling. "And I am to be there at six o'clock?"

"Not a minute later. The day nurse goes off duty at that hour, and Mrs. Maradick is never left by herself for an instant."

"It is her mind, isn't it? And that makes it all the stranger that he should select me, for I have had so few mental cases."

"So few cases of any kind." Miss Hemphill was smiling, and when she smiled I wondered if the other nurses would know her. "By the time you have gone through the treadmill in New York, Margaret, you will have lost a good many things besides your inexperience. I wonder how long you will keep your sympathy and your imagination? After all, wouldn't you have made a better novelist than a nurse?"

"I can't help putting myself into my cases. I suppose one ought not to?"

"It isn't a question of what one ought to do, but of what one must. When you are drained of every bit of sympathy and enthusiasm and have got nothing in return for it, not even thanks, you will understand why I try to keep you from wasting yourself."

"But surely in a case like this—for Doctor Maradick?"

"Oh, well, of course—for Doctor Maradick?" She must have seen that I im-

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plored her confidence, for, after a minute, she let fall almost carelessly a gleam of light on the situation. "It is a very sad case when you think what a charming man and a great surgeon Doctor Maradick is."

Above the starched collar of my uniform I felt the blood leap in bounds to my cheeks. "I have spoken to him only once," I murmured, "but he is charming, and, oh, so kind and handsome, isn't he?"

"His patients adore him."

"Oh, yes, I've seen that. Every one hangs on his visits." Like the patients and the other nurses, I, also, had come by delightful, if imperceptible, degrees to hang on the daily visits of Doctor Maradick. He was, I suppose, born to be a hero to women. Fate had selected him for the rôle, and it would have been sheer impertinence for a mortal to cross wills with the invisible Powers. From my first day in his hospital, from the moment when I watched, through closed shutters, while he stepped out of his car, I have never doubted that he was assigned to the great part in the play. If I had been ignorant of his spell—of the charm he exercised over his hospital—I should have felt it in the waiting hush, like a drawn breath, which followed his ring at the door and preceded his imperious footstep on the stairs. My first impression of him, even after the terrible events of the next year, records a memory that is both careless and splendid. At that moment, when, gazing through the chinks in the shutters, I watched him, in his coat of dark fur, cross the pavement over the pale streaks of sunshine, I knew beyond any doubt—I knew with a sort of infallible prescience—that my fate was irretrievably bound with his in the future. I knew this, I repeat, though Miss Hemphill would still insist that my foreknowledge was merely a sentimental gleaning from indiscriminate novels. But it wasn't only first love, impressionable as my kinswoman believed me to be. It wasn't only the way he looked, handsome as he was. Even more than his appearance—more than the shining dark of his eyes, the silvery brown of his hair, the dusky glow in his face—even more than his charm and his magnificence, I think, the beauty and sympathy in his voice won my heart. It was a voice, I heard some one say afterward, that ought always to speak poetry.

So you will see why—if you do not understand at the beginning, I can never hope to make you believe impossible things!—so you will see why I accepted the call when it came as an imperative summons. I couldn't have stayed away after he sent for me. However much I may have tried not to go, I know that in the end I must have gone. In those days, while I was still hoping to write novels, I used to talk a great deal about "destiny" (I have learned since then how silly all such talk is), and I suppose it was my "destiny" to be caught in the web of Roland Maradick's personality. But I am not the first nurse to grow love-sick about a doctor who never gave her a thought.

"I am glad you got the call, Margaret. It may mean a great deal to you. Only try not to be too emotional about it." I remember that Miss Hemphill was holding a bit of rose-geranium in her hand while she spoke—one of the patients had given it to her from a pot she kept in her room, and the scent of the flower is still in my nostrils—or my memory. Since then—oh, long since then—I have wondered if she also had been caught in the web.

"I wish I knew more about the case." I was clearly pressing for light. "Have you ever seen Mrs. Maradick?"

"Oh, dear, yes. They have been married only a little over a year, and in the beginning she used to come sometimes to the hospital and wait outside while the doctor made his visits. She was a very sweet-looking woman then—not exactly pretty, but fair and slight, with the loveliest smile, I think, I have ever seen. In those first months she was so much in love that we used to laugh about it among ourselves. To see her face light up when the doctor came out of the hospital and crossed the pavement to his car, was as good as a play. We never got tired watching her—I wasn't superintendent then, so I had more time to look out of the window while I was on day duty. Once or twice she brought her little girl in to see one of the patients. The child was so much like her that you would have known them anywhere for mother and daughter."

I had heard that Mrs. Maradick was a

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widow, with one child, when she first met the doctor, and I asked now, still seeking an illumination I had not found: "There was a great deal of money, wasn't there?"

"A great fortune. If she hadn't been so attractive, people would have said, I suppose, that Doctor Maradick married her for her money. Only," she appeared to make an effort of memory, "I believe I've heard somehow that it was all left in trust away from Mrs. Maradick if she married again. I can't, to save my life, remember just how it was; but it was a queer will, I know, and Mrs. Maradick wasn't to come into the money unless the child didn't live to grow up. The pity of it——"

A young nurse came into the office to ask for something—the keys, I think, of the operating-room, and Miss Hemphill broke off inconclusively as she hurried out of the door. I was sorry that she left off just when she did. Poor Mrs. Maradick! Perhaps I was too emotional, but even before I saw her I had begun to feel her pathos and her strangeness.

My preparations took only a few minutes. In those days I always kept a suitcase packed and ready for sudden calls; and it was not yet six o'clock when I turned from 10th Street into Fifth Avenue, and stopped for a minute, before ascending the steps, to look at the house in which Doctor Maradick lived. A fine rain was falling, and I remember thinking, as I turned the corner, how depressing the weather must be for Mrs. Maradick. It was an old house, with damp-looking walls (though that may have been because of the rain) and a spindle-shaped iron railing which ran up the stone steps to the black door, where I noticed a dim flicker through the old-fashioned fanlight. Afterward I discovered that Mrs. Maradick had been born in the house—her maiden name was Calloran—and that she had never wanted to live anywhere else. She was a woman—this I found out when I knew her better—of strong attachments to both persons and places; and though Doctor Maradick had tried to persuade her to move up-town after her marriage, she had clung, against his wishes, to the old house in lower Fifth Avenue. I dare say she was obstinate about it in spite of her gentleness and her passion for the doctor. Those sweet, soft women, especially when they have always been rich, are sometimes amazingly obstinate. I have nursed so many of them since—women with strong affections and weak intellects—that I have come to recognize the type as soon as I set eyes upon it.

My ring at the bell was answered after a little delay, and when I entered the house I saw that the hall was quite dark except for the waning glow from an open fire which burned in the library. When I gave my name, and added that I was the night nurse, the servant appeared to think my humble presence unworthy of illumination. He was an old negro butler, inherited perhaps from Mrs. Maradick's mother, who, I learned afterward, had been from South Carolina; and while he passed me on his way up the staircase, I heard him vaguely muttering that he "wan't gwinter tu'n on dem lights twel de chile had done playin'."

To the right of the hall, the soft glow drew me into the library, and crossing the threshold timidly I stooped to dry my wet coat by the fire. As I bent there, meaning to start up at the first sound of a footstep, I thought how cosy the room was after the damp walls outside to which some bared creepers were clinging; and I was watching pleasantly the strange shapes and patterns the firelight made on the old Persian rug, when the lamps of a slowly turning motor flashed on me through the white shades at the window. Still dazzled by the glare, I looked round in the dimness and saw a child's ball of red and blue rubber roll toward me out of the gloom of one of the adjoining rooms. A moment later, while I made a vain attempt to capture the toy as it spun past me, a little girl darted airily, with peculiar lightness and grace, through the doorway, and stopped quickly, as if in surprise at the sight of a stranger. She was a small child—so small and slight that her footsteps made no sound on the polished floor of the threshold; and I remember thinking while I looked at her that she had the gravest and sweetest face I had ever seen. She couldn't—I decided this afterward—have been more than six or seven, yet she stood there with a curious prim dignity, like the dignity of

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a very old person, and gazed up at me with enigmatical eyes. She was dressed in Scotch plaid, with a bit of red ribbon in her hair, which was cut in a fringe over her forehead and hung very straight to her shoulders. Charming as she was, from her uncurled brown hair to the white socks and black slippers on her little feet, I recall most vividly the singular look in her eyes, which appeared in the shifting light to be of an indeterminate color. For the odd thing about this look was that it was not the look of childhood at all. It was the look of profound experience, of bitter knowledge.

"Have you come for your ball?" I asked; but while the friendly question was still on my lips, I heard the servant returning. Even in my haste I made a second ineffectual grasp at the plaything, which rolled, with increased speed, away from me into the dusk of the drawing-room. Then, as I raised my head, I saw that the child also had slipped from the room; and without looking after her I followed the old negro into the pleasant study above, where the great surgeon awaited me.

Ten years ago, before hard nursing had taken so much out of me, I blushed very easily, and I was aware at the moment when I crossed Doctor Maradick's study that my cheeks were the color of peonies. Of course, I was a fool—no one knows this better than I do—but I had never been alone, even for an instant, with him before, and the man was more than a hero to me, he was—there isn't any reason now why I should blush over the confession—almost a god. At that age I was mad about the wonders of surgery, and Roland Maradick in the operating-room was magician enough to have turned an older and more sensible head than mine. Added to his great reputation and his marvellous skill, he was, I am sure of this, the most splendid-looking man, even at forty-five, that one could imagine. Had he been ungracious—had he been positively rude to me, I should still have adored him, but when he held out his hand, and greeted me in the charming way he had with women, I felt that I would have died for him. It is no wonder that a saying went about the hospital that every woman he operated on fell in love with him. As for the nurses—well, there wasn't a single one of them who had escaped his spell—not even Miss Hemphill, who could scarcely have been a day under fifty.

"I am glad you could come, Miss Randolph. You were with Miss Hudson last week when I operated?"

I bowed. To save my life I couldn't have spoken without blushing the redder.

"I noticed your bright face at the time. Brightness, I think, is what Mrs. Maradick needs. She finds her day nurse depressing." His eyes rested so kindly upon me that I have suspected since that he was not entirely unaware of my worship. It was a small thing, heaven knows, to flatter his vanity—a nurse just out of a training-school—but to some men no tribute is too insignificant to give pleasure.

"You will do your best, I am sure." He hesitated an instant—just long enough for me to perceive the anxiety beneath the genial smile on his face—and then added gravely: "We wish to avoid, if possible, having to send her away for treatment."

I could only murmur in response, and after a few carefully chosen words about his wife's illness, he rang the bell and directed the maid to take me up-stairs to my room. Not until I was ascending the stairs to the third story did it occur to me that he had really told me nothing. I was as perplexed about the nature of Mrs. Maradick's malady as I had been when I entered the house.

I found my room pleasant enough. It had been arranged—by Doctor Maradick's request, I think—that I was to sleep in the house, and after my austere little bed at the hospital I was agreeably surprised by the cheerful look of the apartment into which the maid led me. The walls were papered in roses, and there were curtains of flowered chintz at the window, which looked down on a small formal garden at the rear of the house. This the maid told me, for it was too dark for me to distinguish more than a marble fountain and a fir-tree, which looked old, though I afterward learned that it was replanted almost every season.

In ten minutes I had slipped into my uniform and was ready to go to my pa-

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tient; but for some reason—to this day I have never found out what it was that turned her against me at the start—Mrs. Maradick refused to receive me. While I stood outside her door I heard the day nurse trying to persuade her to let me come in. It wasn't any use, however, and in the end I was obliged to go back to my room and wait until the poor lady got over her whim and consented to see me. That was long after dinner—it must have been nearer eleven than ten o'clock—and Miss Peterson was quite worn out by the time she came to fetch me.

"I'm afraid you'll have a bad night," she said as we went down-stairs together. That was her way, I soon saw, to expect the worst of everything and everybody.

"Does she often keep you up like this?"

"Oh, no, she is usually very considerate. I never knew a sweeter character. But she still has this hallucination——"

Here again, as in the scene with Doctor Maradick, I felt that the explanation had only deepened the mystery. Mrs. Maradick's hallucination, whatever form it assumed, was evidently a subject for evasion and subterfuge in the household. It was on the tip of my tongue to ask, "What is her hallucination?"—but before I could get the words past my lips we had reached Mrs. Maradick's door, and Miss Peterson motioned me to be silent. As the door opened a little way to admit me, I saw that Mrs. Maradick was already in bed, and that the lights were out except for a night-lamp burning on a candle-stand beside a book and a carafe of water.

"I won't go in with you," said Miss Peterson in a whisper; and I was on the point of stepping over the threshold when I saw the little girl, in the dress of Scotch plaid, slip by me from the dusk of the room into the electric light of the hall. She held a doll in her arms, and as she went by she dropped a doll's work-basket in the doorway. Miss Peterson must have picked up the toy, for when I turned in a minute to look for it I found that it was gone. I remember thinking that it was late for a child to be up—she looked delicate, too—but, after all, it was no business of mine, and four years in a hospital had taught me never to meddle in affairs that do not concern me. There is nothing a nurse learns quicker than not to try to put the world to rights in a day.

When I crossed the floor to the chair by Mrs. Maradick's bed, she turned over on her side and looked at me with the sweetest and saddest smile.

"You are the new night nurse," she said in a gentle voice; and from the moment she spoke I knew that there was nothing hysterical or violent about her mania—or hallucination, as they called it. "They told me your name, but I have forgotten it."

"Randolph—Margaret Randolph." I liked her from the start, and I think she must have seen it.

"You look very young, Miss Randolph."

"I am twenty-two, but I suppose I don't look quite my age. People usually think I am younger."

For a minute she was silent, and while I settled myself in the chair by the bed I thought how strikingly she resembled the little girl I had seen first in the afternoon, and then leaving her room a few moments ago. They had the same small, heart-shaped faces, colored ever so faintly; the same straight, soft hair, between brown and flaxen; and the same large, grave eyes, set very far apart under arched eyebrows. What surprised me most, however, was that they both looked at me with that enigmatical and vaguely wondering expression—only in Mrs. Maradick's face the vagueness seemed to change now and then to a definite fear—a flash, I had almost said, of startled horror.

I sat quite still in my chair, and until the time came for Mrs. Maradick to take her medicine not a word passed between us. Then, when I bent over her with the glass in my hand, she raised her head from the pillow and said in a whisper of suppressed intensity:

"You look kind. I wonder if you could have seen my little girl?"

As I slipped my arm under the pillow I tried to smile cheerfully down on her. "Yes, I've seen her twice. I'd know her anywhere by her likeness to you."

A glow shone in her eyes, and I thought how pretty she must have been before illness took the life and animation out of

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her features. "Then I know you're good." Her voice was so strained and low that I could barely hear it. "If you weren't good you couldn't have seen her."

I thought this queer enough, but all I answered was: "She looked delicate to be sitting up so late."

A quiver passed over her thin features, and for a minute I thought she was going to burst into tears. As she had taken the medicine, I put the glass back on the candle-stand and, bending over the bed, smoothed the straight brown hair, which was as fine and soft as spun silk, back from her forehead. There was something about her—I don't know what it was—that made you love her as soon as she looked at you.

"She always had that light and airy way, though she was never sick a day in her life," she answered calmly after a pause. Then, groping for my hand, she whispered passionately: "You must not tell him—you must not tell any one that you have seen her!"

"I mustn't tell any one?" Again I had the impression that had come to me first in Doctor Maradick's study, and afterward with Miss Peterson on the staircase, that I was seeking a gleam of light in the midst of obscurity.

"Are you sure there isn't any one listening—that there isn't any one at the door?" she asked, pushing aside my arm and sitting up among the pillows.

"Quite, quite sure. They have put out the lights in the hall."

"And you will not tell him? Promise me that you will not tell him." The startled horror flashed from the vague wonder of her expression. "He doesn't like her to come back, because he killed her."

"Because he killed her!" Then it was that light burst on me in a blaze. So this was Mrs. Maradick's hallucination! She believed that her child was dead—the little girl I had seen with my own eyes leaving her room; and she believed that her husband—the great surgeon we worshipped in the hospital—had murdered her. No wonder they veiled the dreadful obsession in mystery! No wonder that even Miss Peterson had not dared to drag the horrid thing out into the light! It was the kind of hallucination one simply couldn't stand having to face.

"There is no use telling people things that nobody believes," she resumed slowly, still holding my hand in a grasp that would have hurt me if her fingers had not been so fragile. "Nobody believes that he killed her. Nobody believes that she comes back every day to the house. Nobody believes—and yet you saw her——"

"Yes, I saw her—but why should your husband have killed her?" I spoke soothingly, as one would speak to a person who was quite mad; yet she was not mad, I could have sworn this while I looked at her.

For a moment she moaned inarticulately, as if the horror of her thought were too great to pass into speech. Then she flung out her thin, bare arm with a wild gesture.

"Because he never loved me!" she said. "He never loved me!"

"But he married you," I urged gently after a moment in which I stroked her hair. "If he hadn't loved you, why should he have married you?"

"He wanted the money—my little girl's money. It all goes to him when I die."

"But he is rich himself. He must make a fortune from his profession."

"It isn't enough. He wanted millions." She had grown stern and tragic. "No, he never loved me. He loved some one else from the beginning—before I knew him."

It was quite useless, I saw, to reason with her. If she wasn't mad, she was in a state of terror and despondency so black that it had almost crossed the borderline into madness. I thought once of going up-stairs and bringing the child down from her nursery; but, after a moment's thought, I realized that Miss Peterson and Doctor Maradick must have long ago tried all these measures. Clearly, there was nothing to do except soothe and quiet her as much as I could; and this I did until she dropped into a light sleep which lasted well into the morning.

By seven o'clock I was worn out—not from work, but from the strain on my sympathy—and I was glad, indeed, when one of the maids came in to bring me an early cup of coffee. Mrs. Maradick was still sleeping—it was a mixture of bromide and chloral I had given her—and she did not wake until Miss Peterson came on duty an hour or two later. Then, when

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I went down-stairs, I found the dining-room deserted except for the old housekeeper, who was looking over the silver. Doctor Maradick, she explained to me presently, had his breakfast served in the morning-room on the other side of the house.

"And the little girl? Does she take her meals in the nursery?"

She threw me a startled glance. Was it, I questioned afterward, one of distrust or apprehension?

"There isn't any little girl. Haven't you heard?"

"Heard? No. Why, I saw her only yesterday."

The look she gave me—I was sure of it now—was full of alarm.

"The little girl—she was the sweetest child I ever saw—died just two months ago of pneumonia."

"But she couldn't have died." I was a fool to let this out, but the shock had completely unnerved me. "I tell you I saw her yesterday."

The alarm in her face deepened. "That is Mrs. Maradick's trouble. She believes that she still sees her."

"But don't you see her?" I drove the question home bluntly.

"No." She set her lips tightly. "I never see anything."

So I had been wrong, after all, and the explanation, when it came, only accentuated the terror. The child was dead—she had died of pneumonia two months ago—and yet I had seen her, with my own eyes, playing ball in the library; I had seen her slipping out of her mother's room, with her doll in her arms.

"Is there another child in the house? Could there be a child belonging to one of the servants?" A gleam had shot through the fog in which I was groping.

"No, there isn't any other. The doctors tried bringing one once, but it threw the poor lady into such a state she almost died of it. Besides, there wouldn't be any other child as quiet and sweet-looking as Dorothea. To see her skipping along in her dress of Scotch plaid used to make me think of a fairy, though they say that fairies wear nothing but white or green."

"Has any one else seen her—the child, I mean—any of the servants?"

"Only old Gabriel, the colored butler, who came with Mrs. Maradick's mother from South Carolina. I've heard that negroes often have a kind of second sight—though I don't know that that is just what you would call it. But they seem to believe in the supernatural by instinct, and Gabriel is so old and doty—he does no work except answer the door-bell and clean the silver—that nobody pays much attention to anything that he sees——"

"Is the child's nursery kept as it used to be?"

"Oh, no. The doctor had all the toys sent to the children's hospital. That was a great grief to Mrs. Maradick; but Doctor Brandon thought, and all the nurses agreed with him, that it was best for her not to be allowed to keep the room as it was when Dorothea was living."

"Dorothea? Was that the child's name?"

"Yes, it means the gift of God, doesn't it? She was named after the mother of Mrs. Maradick's first husband, Mr. Ballard. He was the grave, quiet kind—not the least like the doctor."

I wondered if the other dreadful obsession of Mrs. Maradick's had drifted down through the nurses or the servants to the housekeeper; but she said nothing about it, and since she was, I suspected, a garrulous person, I thought it wiser to assume that the gossip had not reached her.

A little later, when breakfast was over and I had not yet gone up-stairs to my room, I had my first interview with Doctor Brandon, the famous alienist who was in charge of the case. I had never seen him before, but from the first moment that I looked at him I took his measure, almost by intuition. He was, I suppose, honest enough—I have always granted him that, bitterly as I have felt toward him. It wasn't his fault that he lacked red blood in his brain, or that he had formed the habit, from long association with abnormal phenomena, of regarding all life as a disease. He was the sort of physician—every nurse will understand what I mean—who deals instinctively with groups instead of with individuals. He was long and solemn and very round in the face; and I hadn't talked to him ten minutes before I knew he had been educated in Germany, and that he

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had learned over there to treat every emotion as a pathological manifestation. I used to wonder what he got out of life—what any one got out of life who had analyzed away everything except the bare structure.

When I reached my room at last, I was so tired that I could barely remember either the questions Doctor Brandon had asked or the directions he had given me. I fell asleep, I know, almost as soon as my head touched the pillow; and the maid who came to inquire if I wanted luncheon decided to let me finish my nap. In the afternoon, when she returned with a cup of tea, she found me still heavy and drowsy. Though I was used to night nursing, I felt as if I had danced from sunset to daybreak. It was fortunate, I reflected, while I drank my tea, that every case didn't wear on one's sympathies as acutely as Mrs. Maradick's hallucination had worn on mine.

Through the day, of course, I did not see Doctor Maradick, but at seven o'clock, when I came up from my early dinner on my way to take the place of Miss Peterson, who had kept on duty an hour later than usual, he met me in the hall and asked me to come into his study. I thought him handsomer than ever in his evening clothes, with a white flower in his buttonhole. He was going to some public dinner, the housekeeper told me, but, then, he was always going somewhere. I believe he didn't dine at home a single evening that winter.

"Did Mrs. Maradick have a good night?" He had closed the door after us, and, turning now with the question, he smiled kindly, as if he wished to put me at ease in the beginning.

"She slept very well after she took the medicine. I gave her that at eleven o'clock."

For a minute he regarded me silently, and I was aware that his personality—his charm—had been focussed upon me. It was almost as if I stood in the centre of converging rays of light, so vivid was my impression of him.

"Did she allude in any way to her—to her hallucination?" he asked.

How the warning reached me—what invisible waves of sense-perception transmitted the message—I have never known; but while I stood there, facing the splendor of the doctor's presence, every intuition cautioned me that the time had come when I must take sides in the household. While I stayed there I must stand either with Mrs. Maradick or against her.

"She talked quite rationally," I replied after a moment.

"What did she say?"

"She told me how she was feeling, that she missed her child, and that she walked a little every day about her room."

His face changed—how, I could not at first determine.

"Have you seen Doctor Brandon?"

"He came this morning to give me his directions."

"He thought her less well to-day. He has even advised me to send her to Rosedale."

I have never, even in secret, tried to account for Doctor Maradick. He may have been sincere. I tell only what I know—not what I believe or imagine—and the human is sometimes as inscrutable, as inexplicable, as the supernatural.

While he watched me I was conscious of an inner struggle, as if opposing angels warred somewhere in the depths of my being. When at last I made my decision, I was acting less from reason, I knew, than in obedience to the pressure of some secret current of thought. Heaven knows, even then, the man held me captive while I defied him.

"Doctor Maradick," I lifted my eyes for the first time frankly to his, "I believe that your wife is as sane as I am—or as you are."

He started. "Then she did not talk freely to you?"

"She may be mistaken, unstrung, piteously distressed in mind"—I brought this out with emphasis—"but she is not—I am willing to stake my future on it—a fit subject for an asylum. It would be foolish—it would be cruel to send her to Rosedale."

"Cruel, you say?" A troubled look crossed his face, and his voice grew very gentle. "You do not imagine that I could be cruel to her?"

"No, I do not think that." My voice also had softened.

"We will let things go on as they are. Perhaps Doctor Brandon may have some

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other suggestion to make." He drew out his watch and compared it with the clock—nervously, I observed, as if his action were a screen for his discomfiture or his perplexity. "I must be going now. We will speak of this again in the morning."

But in the morning we did not speak of it, and during the month that I nursed Mrs. Maradick I was not called again into her husband's study. When I met him in the hall or on the staircase, which was seldom, he was as charming as ever; yet, in spite of his courtesy, I had a persistent feeling that he had taken my measure on that evening, and that he had no further use for me.

As the days went by Mrs. Maradick seemed to grow stronger. Never, after our first night together, had she mentioned the child to me; never had she alluded by so much as a word to her dreadful charge against her husband. She was like any other woman recovering from a great sorrow, except that she was sweeter and gentler. It is no wonder that every one who came near her loved her; for there was a mysterious loveliness about her like the mystery of light, not of darkness. She was, I have always thought, as much of an angel as it is possible for a woman to be on this earth. And yet, angelic as she was, there were times when it seemed to me that she both hated and feared her husband. Though he never entered her room while I was there, and I never heard his name on her lips until an hour before the end, still I could tell by the look of terror in her face whenever his step passed down the hall that her very soul shivered at his approach.

During the whole month I did not see the child again, though one night, when I came suddenly into Mrs. Maradick's room, I found a little garden, such as children make out of pebbles and bits of box, on the window-sill. I did not mention it to Mrs. Maradick, and a little later, as the maid lowered the shades, I noticed that the garden had vanished. Since then I have often wondered if the child were invisible only to the rest of us, and if her mother still saw her. But there was no way of finding out except by questioning, and Mrs. Maradick was so well and patient that I hadn't the heart to question. Things couldn't have been better with her than they were, and I was beginning to tell myself that she might soon go out for an airing, when the end came suddenly.

It was a mild January day—the kind of day that brings the foretaste of spring in the middle of winter, and when I came down-stairs in the afternoon, I stopped a minute by the window at the end of the hall to look down on the box maze in the garden. There was an old fountain, bearing two laughing boys in marble, in the centre of the gravelled walk, and the water, which had been turned on that morning for Mrs. Maradick's pleasure, sparkled now like silver as the sunlight splashed over it. I had never before felt the air quite so soft and springlike in January; and I thought, as I gazed down on the garden, that it would be a good idea for Mrs. Maradick to go out and bask for an hour or so in the sunshine. It seemed strange to me that she was never allowed to get any fresh air except the air that came through her windows.

When I went into her room, however, I found that she had no wish to go out. She was sitting, wrapped in shawls, by the open window, which looked down on the fountain; and as I entered she glanced up from a little book she was reading. A pot of daffodils stood on the window-sill—she was very fond of flowers and we tried always to keep some growing in her room.

"Do you know what I was reading, Miss Randolph?" she asked in her soft voice; and then she read aloud a verse while I went over to the candle-stand to measure out a dose of medicine.

"'If thou hast two loaves of bread, sell one and buy daffodils, for bread nourisheth the body, but daffodils delight the soul.' That is very beautiful, don't you think so?"

I said "Yes," that it was beautiful; and then I asked her if she wouldn't go down-stairs and walk about in the garden?

"He wouldn't like it," she answered; and it was the first time she had mentioned her husband to me since the night I came to her. "He doesn't want me to go out."

I tried to laugh her out of the idea; but it was no use, and after a few minutes I

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gave up and began talking of other things. Even then it did not occur to me that her fear of Doctor Maradick was anything but a fancy. I could see, of course, that she wasn't out of her head; but sane persons, I knew, sometimes have unaccountable prejudices, and I accepted her dislike as a mere whim or aversion. I did not understand then, and—I may as well confess this before the end comes—I do not understand any better to-day. I am writing down the things I actually saw, and I repeat that I have never had the slightest twist in the direction of the miraculous.

The afternoon slipped away while we talked—she talked brightly when any subject came up that interested her—and it was the last hour of day—that grave, still hour when the movement of life seems to droop and falter for a few precious minutes—that brought us the thing I had dreaded silently since my first night in the house. I remember that I had risen to close the window, and was leaning out for a breath of the mild air, when there was the sound of steps, consciously softened in the hall outside, and Doctor Brandon's usual knock fell on my ears. Then, before I could cross the room, the door opened, and the docter entered with Miss Peterson. The day nurse, I knew, was a stupid woman; but she had never appeared to me so stupid, so armored and incased in her professional manner, as she did at that moment.

"I am glad to see that you have been taking the air." As Doctor Brandon came over to the window, I wondered maliciously what devil of contradictions had made him a distinguished specialist in nervous diseases.

"Who was the other doctor you brought this morning?" asked Mrs. Maradick gravely; and that was all I ever heard about the visit of the second alienist.

"Some one who is anxious to cure you." He dropped into a chair beside her and patted her hand with his long, pale fingers. "We are so anxious to cure you that we want to send you away to the country for a fortnight or so. Miss Peterson has come to help you get ready, and I've kept my car waiting for you. There couldn't be a nicer day for a little trip, could there?"

The moment had come at last. I knew at once what he meant, and so did Mrs. Maradick. A wave of color flowed and ebbed in her thin cheeks, and I felt her body quiver when I moved from the window and put my arms on her shoulders. I was aware again, as I had been aware that evening in Doctor Maradick's study, of a current of thought that beat from the air around into my brain. Though it cost me my career as a nurse and my reputation for sanity, I knew that I must obey that invisible warning.

"You are going to take me to an asylum," said Mrs. Maradick.

He made some foolish denial or evasion; but before he had finished I turned from Mrs. Maradick and faced him impulsively. In a nurse this was flagrant rebellion, and I realized that the act wrecked my professional future. Yet I did not care—I did not hesitate. Something stronger than I was driving me on.

"Doctor Brandon," I said, "I beg you—I implore you to wait until to-morrow. There are things I must tell you."

A queer look came into his face, and I understood, even in my excitement, that he was mentally deciding in which group he should place me—to which class of morbid manifestations I must belong.

"Very well, very well, we will hear everything," he replied soothingly; but I saw him glance at Miss Peterson, and she went over to the wardrobe for Mrs. Maradick's fur coat and hat.

Suddenly, without warning, Mrs. Maradick threw the shawls away from her, and stood up. "If you send me away," she said, "I shall never come back. I shall never live to come back."

The gray of twilight was just beginning, and while she stood there, in the dusk of the room, her face shone out as pale and flower-like as the daffodils on the window-sill. "I cannot go away!" she cried in a sharper voice. "I cannot go away from my child!"

I saw her face clearly; I heard her voice; and then—the horror of the scene sweeps back over me!—I saw the door slowly open and the little girl run across the room to her mother. I saw her lift her little arms, and I saw the mother stoop and gather her to her bosom. So closely locked were they in that pas-

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sionate embrace that their forms seemed to mingle in the gloom that enveloped them.

"After this can you doubt?" I threw out the words almost savagely—and then, when I turned from the mother and child to Doctor Brandon and Miss Peterson, I knew breathlessly—oh, there was a shock in the discovery!—that they were blind to the child. Their blank faces revealed the consternation of ignorance, not of conviction. They had seen nothing except the vacant arms of the mother and the swift, erratic gesture with which she stooped to embrace some phantasmal presence. Only my vision—and I have asked myself since if the power of sympathy enabled me to penetrate the web of material fact and see the spiritual form of the child—only my vision was not blinded by the clay through which I looked.

"After this can you doubt?" Doctor Brandon had flung my words back to me. Was it his fault, poor man, if life had granted him only the eyes of flesh? Was it his fault if he could see only half of the thing there before him?

But they couldn't see, and since they couldn't see I realized that it was useless to tell them. Within an hour they took Mrs. Maradick to the asylum; and she went quietly, though when the time came for parting from me she showed some faint trace of feeling. I remember that at the last, while we stood on the pavement, she lifted her black veil, which she wore for the child, and said: "Stay with her, Miss Randolph, as long as you can. I shall never come back."

Then she got into the car and was driven off, while I stood looking after her with a sob in my throat. Dreadful as I felt it to be, I didn't, of course, realize the full horror of it, or I couldn't have stood there quietly on the pavement. I didn't realize it, indeed, until several months afterward when word came that she had died in the asylum. I never knew what her illness was, though I vaguely recall that something was said about "heart failure"—a loose enough term. My own belief is that she died simply of the terror of life.

To my surprise Doctor Maradick asked me to stay on as his office nurse after his wife went to Rosedale; and when the news of her death came there was no suggestion of my leaving. I don't know to this day why he wanted me in the house. Perhaps he thought I should have less opportunity to gossip if I stayed under his roof; perhaps he still wished to test the power of his charm over me. His vanity was incredible in so great a man. I have seen him flush with pleasure when people turned to look at him in the street, and I know that he was not above playing on the sentimental weaknesses of his patients. But he was magnificent, heaven knows! Few men, I imagine, have been the objects of so many foolish infatuations.

The next summer Doctor Maradick went abroad for two months, and while he was away I took my vacation in Virginia. When we came back the work was heavier than ever—his reputation by this time was tremendous—and my days were so crowded with appointments, and hurried flittings to emergency cases, that I had scarcely a minute left in which to remember poor Mrs. Maradick. Since the afternoon when she went to the asylum the child had not been seen in the house; and at last I was beginning to persuade myself that the little figure had been an optical illusion—the effect of shifting lights in the gloom of the old rooms—not the apparition I had once believed it to be. It does not take long for a phantom to fade from the memory—especially when one leads the active and methodical life I was forced into that winter. Perhaps—who knows?—(I remember telling myself) the doctors may have been right, after all, and the poor lady may have actually been out of her mind. With this view of the past, my judgment of Doctor Maradick insensibly altered. It ended, I think, in my acquitting him altogether. And then, just as he stood clear and splendid in my verdict of him, the reversal came so precipitately that I grow breathless now whenever I try to live it over again. The violence of the next turn in affairs left me, I often fancy, with a perpetual dizziness of the imagination.

It was in May that we heard of Mrs. Maradick's death, and exactly a year later, on a mild and fragrant afternoon,

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when the daffodils were blooming in patches around the old fountain in the garden, the housekeeper came into the office, where I lingered over some accounts, to bring me news of the doctor's approaching marriage.

"It is no more than we might have expected," she concluded rationally. "The house must be lonely for him—he is such a sociable man. But I can't help feeling," she brought out slowly after a pause in which I felt a shiver pass over me, "I can't help feeling that it is hard for that other woman to have all the money poor Mrs. Maradick's first husband left her."

"There is a great deal of money, then?" I asked curiously.

"A great deal." She waved her hand, as if words were futile to express the sum. "Millions and millions!"

"They will give up this house, of course?"

"That's done already, my dear. There won't be a brick left of it by this time next year. It's to be pulled down and an apartment-house built on the ground."

Again the shiver passed over me. I couldn't bear to think of Mrs. Maradick's old home falling to pieces.

"You didn't tell me the name of the bride," I said. "Is she some one he met while he was in Europe?"

"Dear me, no! She is the very lady he was engaged to before he married Mrs. Maradick, only she threw him over, so people said, because he wasn't rich enough. Then she married some lord or prince from over the water; but there was a divorce, and now she has turned again to her old lover. He is rich enough now, I guess, even for her!"

It was all perfectly true, I suppose; it sounded as plausible as a story out of a newspaper; and yet while she told me I was aware of a sinister, an impalpable hush in the atmosphere. I was nervous, no doubt; I was shaken by the suddenness with which the housekeeper had sprung her news on me; but as I sat there I had quite vividly an impression that the old house was listening—that there was a real, if invisible, presence somewhere in the room or the garden. Yet, when an instant afterward I glanced through the long window which opened down to the brick terrace, I saw only the faint sunshine over the deserted garden, with its maze of box, its marble fountain, and its patches of daffodils.

The housekeeper had gone—one of the servants, I think, came for her—and I was sitting at my desk when the words of Mrs. Maradick on that last evening floated into my mind. The daffodils brought her back to me; for I thought, as I watched them growing, so still and golden in the sunshine, how she would have enjoyed them. Almost unconsciously I repeated the verse she had read to me.

"If thou hast two loaves of bread, sell one and buy daffodils"—and it was at that very instant, while the words were on my lips, that I turned my eyes to the box maze and saw the child skipping rope along the gravelled path to the fountain. Quite distinctly, as clear as day, I saw her come, with what children call the dancing step, between the low box borders to the place where the daffodils bloomed by the fountain. From her straight brown hair to her frock of Scotch plaid and her little feet, which twinkled in white socks and black slippers over the turning rope, she was as real to me as the ground on which she trod or the laughing marble boys under the splashing water. Starting up from my chair, I made a single step to the terrace. If I could only reach her—only speak to her—I felt that I might at last solve the mystery. But with my first call, with the first flutter of my dress on the terrace, the airy little form melted into the dusk of the maze. Not a breath stirred the daffodils, not a shadow passed over the sparkling flow of the water; yet, weak and shaken in every nerve, I sat down on the brick step of the terrace and burst into tears. I must have known that something terrible would happen before they pulled down Mrs. Maradick's home.

The doctor dined out that night. He was with the lady he was going to marry, the housekeeper told me; and it must have been almost midnight when I heard him come in and go up-stairs to his room. I was down-stairs because I had been unable to sleep, and the book I wanted to finish I had left that afternoon in the office. The book—I can't remember

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what it was—had seemed to me very exciting when I began it in the morning; but after the visit of the child I found the romantic novel as dull as a treatise on nursing. It was impossible for me to follow the lines, and I was on the point of giving up and going to bed, when Doctor Maradick opened the front door with his latch-key and went up the staircase. "There can't be a bit of truth in it." I thought over and over again as I listened to his even step ascending the stairs. "There can't be a bit of truth in it." And yet, though I assured myself that "there couldn't be a bit of truth in it," I shrank, with a creepy sensation, from going through the house to my room in the third story. I was tired out after a hard day, and my nerves must have reacted morbidly to the silence and the darkness. For the first time in my life I knew what it was to be afraid of the unknown, of the invisible; and while I bent over my book, in the glare of the electric light, I became conscious presently that I was straining my senses for some sound in the spacious emptiness of the rooms overhead. The noise of a passing motor-car in the street jerked me back from the intense hush of expectancy; and I can recall the wave of relief that swept over me as I turned to my book again and tried to fix my distracted mind on its pages.

I was still sitting there when the telephone on my desk rang, with what seemed to my overwrought nerves a startling abruptness, and the voice of the superintendent told me hurriedly that Doctor Maradick was needed at the hospital. I had become so accustomed to these emergency calls in the night that I felt reassured when I had rung up the doctor in his room and had heard the hearty sound of his response. He had not yet undressed, he said, and would come down immediately while I ordered back his car, which must just have reached the garage.

"I'll be with you in five minutes!" he called as cheerfully as if I had summoned him to his wedding.

I heard him cross the floor of his room; and before he could reach the head of the staircase, I opened the door and went out into the hall in order that I might turn on the light and have his hat and coat waiting. The electric button was at the end of the hall, and as I moved toward it, guided by the glimmer that fell from the landing above, I instinctively lifted my eyes to the staircase, which climbed dimly, with its slender mahogany balustrade, as far as the third story. Then it was, at the very moment when the doctor, humming gayly, began his quick descent of the steps, that I distinctly saw—I will swear to this on my death-bed—a child's skipping-rope lying loosely coiled, as if it had dropped from a careless little hand, in the bend of the staircase. With a spring I had reached the electric button, flooding the hall with light; but as I did so, while my arm was still outstretched behind me, I heard the humming voice change to a cry of surprise or terror, and the figure on the staircase tripped heavily and stumbled with groping hands into emptiness. The scream of warning died in my throat while I watched him pitch forward down the long flight of stairs to the floor at my feet. Even before I bent over him, before I wiped the blood from his brow and felt for his silent heart, I knew that he was dead.

Something—it may have been, as the world believes, a misstep in the dimness, or it may have been, as I am ready to bear witness, a phantasmal judgment—something had killed him at the very moment when he most wanted to live.

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The fox-trot of 1916.

THE DANCE

By W. T. Benda

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

SCARCELY any other amusement is so directly founded on man's natural need of giving play to youthful vigor and emotions as the graceful swing of the dance.

Grace, rhythm, and harmony of action bring all the vastly different forms of this "sweetest and most perfect of human enjoyments" under one category; but there is in it an endless variety of mood, style, and significance, and the dances of different countries bring forth with great vividness the characteristics of thousands of tribes and nations, as people spontaneously emphasize and exaggerate in dancing the idiosyncrasies of their character and temperament more than in any other art.

Every shade of emotion and movement, from languid sentimentality to turbulent ferocity, from demure, mincing steps to strenuous wild leaps and twirls, from elastic feline swing and extravagant flourishes to rigid strut, from fastidious elegance to crude boorishness—everything, from frivolous to solemn, from sublime to ludicrous, bizarre, or grotesque, can be found in the dance and its infinite combinations of steps, leaps, skips, slides, bends, turns, cabrioles, glissades, chassés, and pirouettes.

You may, like a wave of the sea, languidly undulate in ecstasy of sentimental waltz or dash forward in a happy-go-lucky manner to the syncopated one-step tunes or, if you are a Japanese, gracefully swing your dainty little hands with upturned fingers; you may go into paroxysms of vehement *kozak* leaps if Russian blood flows in your veins or kick the ceiling in frenzy of Norwegian *halling;* you may in diaphanous silks and scintillating jewels, "with magic of motion and sunshine of glance," writhe to volup-

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Japanese geishas dancing to the soft sounds of *samisen* and the thirteen-silk-string *Koto*.

tuous murmur of soft Oriental music; you may indulge in Irish jig, Hungarian *czardas*, Italian *tarantelle*, Scotch *reel*, or *fling*, or *strathspey;* you may even jump on one leg like the Andamans of India or, if you happen to be a Hottentot, wabble disconsolately on all fours in imitation of a baboon and, "pour epater le bourgeois," call it baboon-trot—all this will be dancing as long as there is rhythm and spontaneous movement generated by your sense of beauty and your high state of vitality, as long as it gives you pleasant sense of harmony and grace.

While our dancing of to-day has for its sole purpose the enjoyment that is derived from its rhythmic movement and grace, the dances of antiquity and Middle Ages had symbolic significance, religious or profane, using pantomime as means of expression, and in this the modern natives of Asia and Africa and the Indians of America resemble the ancient people.

In Greece, *bacchanalia*, *saturnalia*, *hymenæa*, and other festivities were celebrated with much dancing of symbolic and semireligious character, and in Rome at religious ceremonies priests called *Salii* danced with shields and swords.

Then, although Saint Augustine was saying "Melius est fodere quam saltare," sacred dances were known in early Christianity, and their last survivor still continues to exist in the beautiful cathedral of Seville, where during the Corpus Christi octave boys in mediæval costumes dance in front of the altar.

Mohammedans have their whirling dervishes and Brahmans of India their *devadasi*, or *bayaderas*, attached to temples. In Japan the *Kagura* of ancient origin is danced at Shintu shrines, and, like the *bugaku* and other Japanese dancing, is pantomimic, consisting of symbolic movements of hands and head with a graceful sway of the body.

The tiny dancing girls of Burma and Siam, in their marvellous bejewelled costumes, and the half nude little dancers of Java, are masters in that exquisite serpentine writhing of their slim yellow arms and flexible fingers.

Most of the dances of African negroes are pantomimic. Some of them imitate the actions of animals, others are of mythical symbolism, but the most savagely picturesque are their war-dances. The idea of mimicking warfare in dance pervaded all the world: old Spartans had their *Pyrrhic;* Fiji Islanders have their

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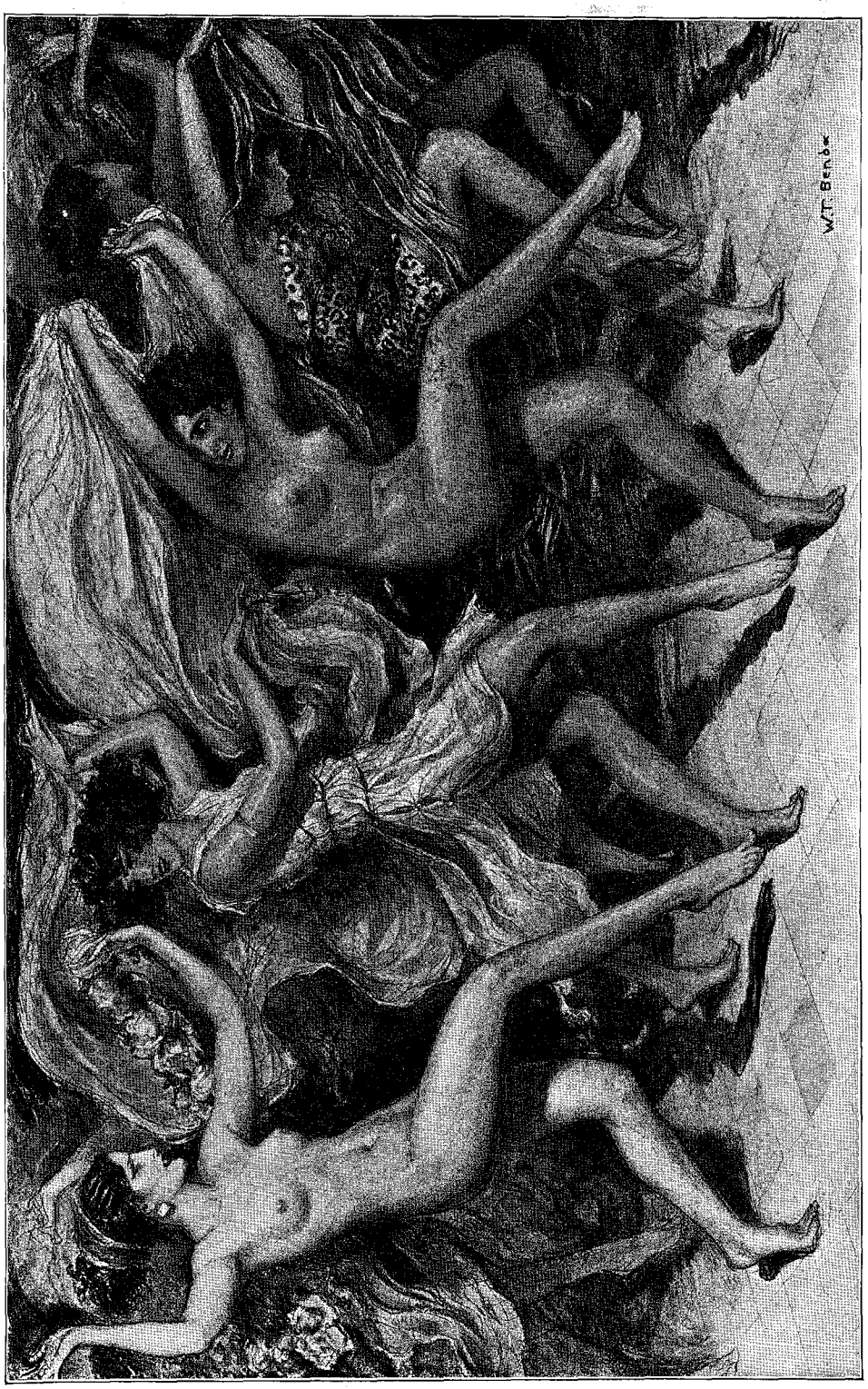

Dancers of ancient Greece.

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Spanish girls of Seville dancing the *malagueña* to the sounds of guitars and characteristic Andalusian song full of trills and *coloratura*.

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Oriental dance of the Haroun-al-Rashid times.

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Polish peasants of the vicinity of Cracow dancing the *krakoviak*. The girls wear high boots with heels reinforced with steel and toes tipped with brass.

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Bulgarian peasants of the vicinity of Sofia dancing the *Horo* or *Kolo*, which also is known in Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, and Roumania.

meke-mada; even modern England has its sword-dance; and we all know at least some phases of the strangely picturesque dances of the American Indian warriors.

Most of the dances of the Indians are grave in form and meaning, like the fantastic snake-dance of the Hopis, a solemn ceremony in which the snake priests, whose forearms and chests are daubed with white, carry wriggling rattlesnakes while their assistants follow them closely and charm the reptiles with eagle feathers.

In contrast to all this, most of the dances of modern Europe are more or less frivolous and without any symbolic meaning. In France, where dance was cultivated as a fine art for a long time and a Royal Academy of Dance was founded as early as 1662, many dances were originated which subsequently spread through all the civilized world, like the early *courante*, *saraband*, *gavotte*, and *minuet*, or their successors, the *cotillon*, *quadrille*, *écossaise*, and others.

Spain is most lavishly endowed with terpsichorean talents. Southern temperament, combined with cat-like grace and keen sense of rhythm, enable the Spanish dancers to execute those complicated evolutions of *malagueñas*, *peneteras*, *tangos*, or *boleros* with wonderful suavity and pleasant glow of animation, for in subtility and intensity of emotion they are unsurpassed. Like everything else in Spain, dancing bears vivid signs of Moorish influence, and some of the Andalusian dances consist almost entirely of that weird, snake-like writhing which constitutes the dances of the Orient.

Spaniards are long-spined, short-legged people, and this characteristic gives to their dancing a certain peculiarity of swing which would hardly be imitated by any long-legged people of the north.

At the other end of Europe is Russia, the home of many remarkable dances of unusual virility, sometimes boisterous or ferocious but almost always with an undercurrent of melancholy. They are often danced by men alone, in contrast to Spain, where dancing was almost monopolized by women. *Trepak*, *kozak*, and *kamarenskaia* are danced to weird tunes in minor. The strenuous *prysiudy* or frog-like leaps, strides, and alternate thrusting forward of feet in these dances are of Ukrainian or Kossak origin.

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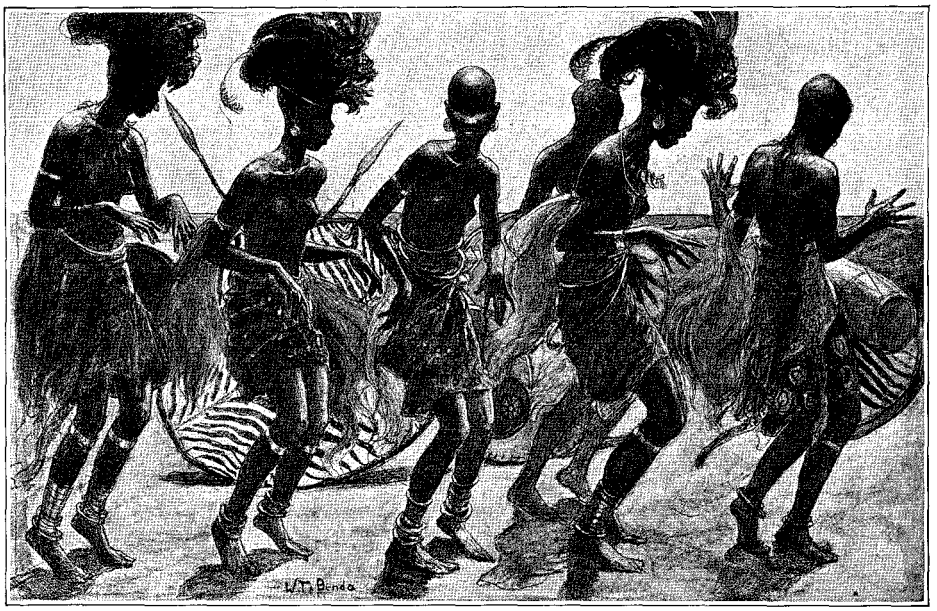

An East African dance.

Women's war-dance of the Mozambique coast. It is meant to bring victory to the men engaged in warfare.

The dances of Poland, like her people, exhibit most extraordinary contrasts. The *polonaise*, originally the dance of the Polish nobles, has no equal in pomp, dignity, and fastidious elegance, in stately bearing and subtle gestures expressive of pride and chivalry. It is pre-eminently a dance of poise and splendor and a court dance par excellence.

In sharp contrast to this, *mazur* and its rustic varieties, *oberek* and *kuyaviak*, are characterized by great vivacity and a wild rush forward with irregular accents marked by energetic stamping and clicking of heel against heel.

Equally vivacious, but different in measure, is the *cracovienne*, or *krakoviak*, danced with agile, springing step by the peasants of Cracow, in bewildering kaleidoscope of versicolored ribbons, emerald green shirts, vermilion caps, peacock feathers, and glittering gewgaws.

But there could hardly exist a sharper contrast than that between the stately *polonaise* and the savage *brigand dance* of the Tatra mountaineers, where to weird, tremulous wailing of fiddles, whimpering of bagpipes, and squeals of chalumeou the sinewy shepherds, in tight-fitting embroidered trousers and sheepskin jackets, leap, stride, cross their legs, and swing their axes in mad competition of agility and indefatigability, working themselves into a state of frenzy till every muscle quivers and faces get wild with excitement.

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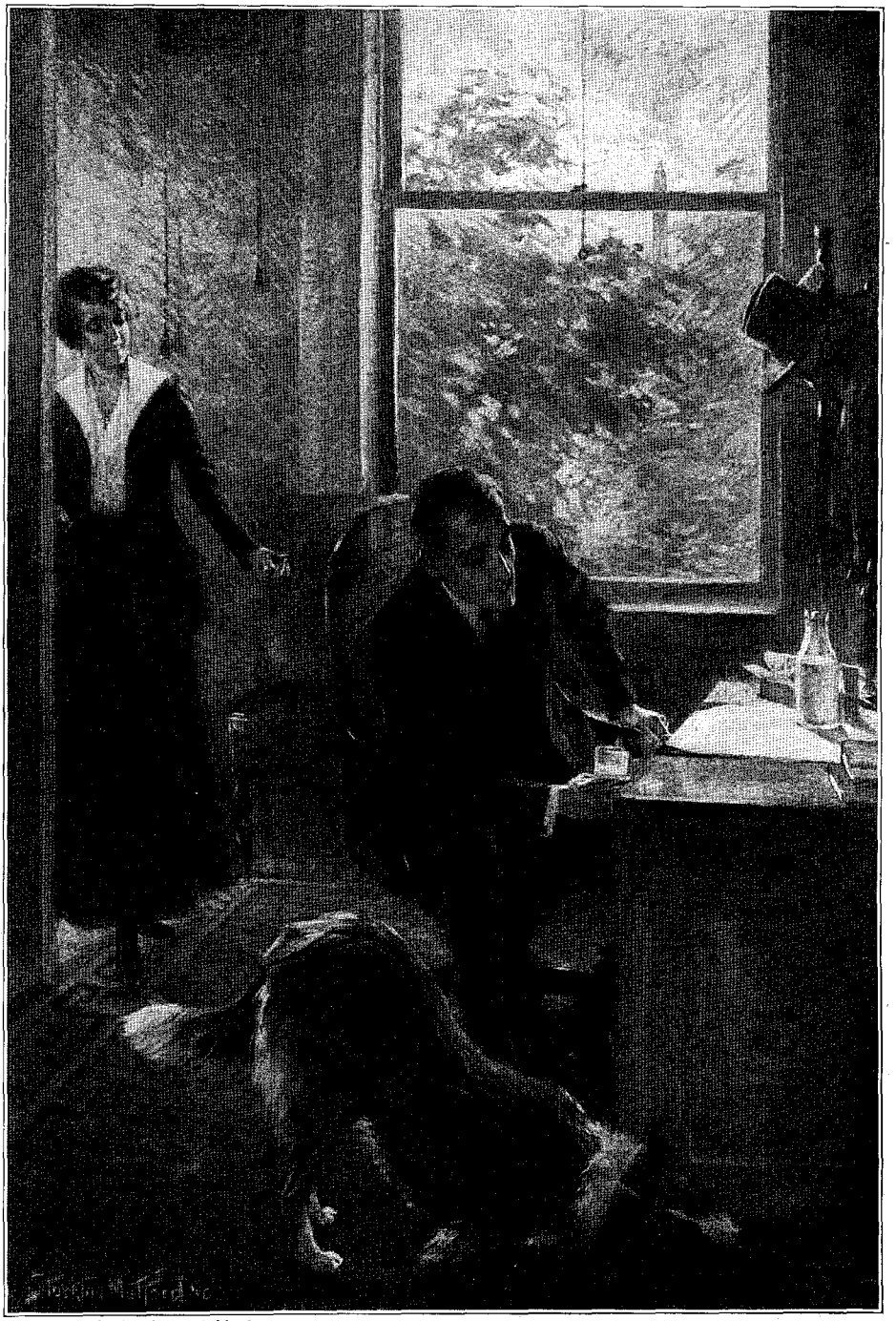

Drawn by Stockton Mulford.

"She thinks she's a vacuum cleaner," I explained to Mr. Meadows.—Page 683.

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A HOME FOR TATIANA

By Katharine Baker

Illustrations by Stockton Mulford

THERE are lots of problems for a girl in her second year, even in Washington. Especially when she has a little sister.

Cornelia wanted to come out, and I couldn't blame her. For we knew very well father could never get himself re-elected from that Democratic district, and coming out in Kansas is a very different thing from coming out in K Street.

But after she made her début, I soon lost interest in being the old-maid sister that tags along. So I tried teaching poor children how to dance and dye scarfs at Neighborhood House, and I took a Red Cross nursing course, and learned to bathe a dummy and make hospital corners to beds, and did all the things girls do to persuade themselves they are some use in the world, while all the time they know perfectly they aren't any.

One evening we went to a box-party to see Ethel Barrymore. Justice Bronson's daughter sat by me.

"A business woman's career looks very triumphant in a play," I remarked, "but all the business women *I* ever saw were dusty, thin stenographers and shop-girls. I can't see that there's one thing for a woman to do but marry, or go on the stage."

Miss Bronson laughed.

"You want to read 'Woman and Labor,'" she said. Then she told me how her father happened to be on the Supreme Bench. "I was his secretary," she said, "and when he failed of re-election to the Senate, I made up my mind I wouldn't go back home without a struggle. Justice Lehmann had just died, and I went around and coaxed a lot of senators to sign a telegram asking the President to appoint father. So he did, and here we are."

When we got home I sat down in my room and began to think. Tatiana stretched out in front of me and induced me to scratch her with my foot. Tatiana is our collie dog.

Cornelia flapped in, in smiles, to borrow my cold cream—Cornelia simply exists on my things, and she said: "I wish I had a pair of those gray buckskin laced boots. Yours look awfully chic."

"You can have them," I answered. "I'm going to take to heelless tan Russia for a while."

"Goody," said Cornelia. "But I warn you, I'll wear them out right away. Don't expect them back."

"I won't," I promised. "You always do that."

You see, I had made up my mind to abjure the social world. I determined to be father's secretary and go into politics.

So Cornelia ran alone to all the teas and luncheons, and seventeen penniless tame cats came to see her every Sunday afternoon, and I began a career.

It wasn't so much of an imposition on father as you might suppose. He had a stenographer, of course, and he liked to have me round. He could grumble to me about the curse of post-offices, and wish he were back practising law in the Middle West out of politics. I wasn't keen on the change myself.

"Nobody but a fool would bother himself to run for office . . . and me a Republican in a Democratic district," he would rail.

And I'd say: "Well, we might move. It's the only Democratic district in the State." And then because he adores the district, and wouldn't move for anything, he would growl fiercely at me—but he couldn't alarm a child.

All representatives are always trying to get to be senators. I thought we might as well, too. I suggested it to father.

He said Carl Hanson'd never been friendly to him, and he believed nobody could get it without Carl.

Mr. Hanson is boss of the biggest city in our State. Still I didn't give up my notion. I knew a newspaper man back home, and he was very obliging about starting a boom. Before long father was quite taken with the idea. He thought he

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had heard the voice of the people. I hoped he had. Because the next election would be the off year, and who could expect a Democratic district to return a Republican in the off year?

On a very clear, lovely afternoon the stenographer went down to the subterranean stationery room. I sat alone in the office, reading "Woman and Labor." Economic independence sounded romantic. Not the kind that timid, shabby stenographer had, of course, but prosperous, influential independence.

A telegraph boy brought in a yellow envelope. Father was over at the pension office, relating the mitigating circumstances in the case of a deserter's widow who thought her pension ought to be increased. So I tore open the telegram.

It was signed "Carl Hanson," and it read: "Would like to see you. We arrive Union Station 5 P. M. Leave ten on way West."

I was glad he wanted to see father. Then my eye fell on the address, and I saw it was not for father at all, but for Representative Meadows, across the hall.

I sat and stared with a paper-cutter in my mouth. Something is always happening to mess up plans. I'd tried being a deb, and wasn't any good at it, and now as soon as I'd made up my mind to be a politician, everybody else wanted the same job. I'd heard Representative Meadows was going to come out for the Senate, and here was the horrid Mr. Hanson flirting with him. I despise complications. I always hated stories with plots. Miss Bronson hadn't any problems like this. . . .

As I sat and brooded, mamma flounced in, leading Tatiana.

"I consider this dog of yours the meanest dog on earth," she began warmly.

The dog is always mine when she's bad.

"What's she done?" I inquired.

"She bit a boy."

"Oh!" I cried, horror-struck.

Tatiana slouched over to me, with a meek, miserable look, and hid her face in my skirts.

"Cornelia has taken the boy to a doctor. I'm on my way to the station to meet the Mercers. So I've brought the beast to you. She bit a hole in the upholstery of the car, too, coming out."

Tatiana subsided heavily onto my feet.

"Did she bite the boy on purpose?" I investigated.

"Well, no," mamma admitted. "Her tooth just kind of scratched his arm. A lot of horses were passing—General Armstrong's military funeral. It thrilled her, I suppose, and she got away from Cornelia. But she needn't have torn the car lining."

Tatiana sighed. "I was carried away by excitement," she apologized. "Forget it," she begged.

"Cornelia never could manage a dog," I said contemptuously.

"Well, you try managing her," advised mamma bitterly. Mamma was always a little fonder of Cornelia because her hair has a natural wave. "You'll simply have to keep her with you the rest of the afternoon. I must go now. The New York train is nearly due."

Then suddenly a most dramatic idea occurred to me, a regular plot.

"Mother," I said calmly, "I've heard that the Carl Hansons are stopping over in town this evening, on their way from New York. They'll be on that train. If you see them, couldn't you ask them to come home with you to dinner?"

"Why, no. Of course they'd have their own plans," objected mamma. "Anyway, they'd spoil my party."

"People as rich as the Hansons don't spoil any party. You could *ask* them," I urged. "He can help father a lot. And they'd be flattered, whether they came or not."

Mother weakened. She likes to please father. "I'd never recognize them," she said. "Mrs. Hanson is just a colorless doll wrapped in expensive clothes."

"Mother, you can't miss them," I protested eagerly. "Look for a square-shouldered, apple-cheeked ruffian, walking by a bundle of expensive clothes. It's the simplest thing possible."

Mamma went off, complaining.

"Now," I said to myself. "Congressman Meadows ought not to be here, if Mr. Hanson should turn up after all my trouble."

I seized Tatiana's collar and started down the corridor. Mr. Meadows's door was open as usual. Just outside it I fumbled with the collar, and murmured in her ear: "Sickem on the mouse!"

Of course she bolted through the door.

"Tatiana, come here," I called reprov-

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Drawn by Stockton Mulford.

I caught Tatiana's bristling neck.—Page 687.

ingly as I followed her in. I knew I was perfectly safe, for Tatiana never pays the slightest attention to anything I say, unless it suits her. She went on sniffing violently in corners for the missing mouse.

"She thinks she's a vacuum cleaner," I explained to Mr. Meadows.

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The congressman sat behind his desk by the window, drinking a glass of milk and eating crackers. He was a thin, hollow-eyed creature in a wrinkled coat.

"Won't you sit down a minute?" he invited me, "and let her finish her job? The room needs cleaning."

"I can't," I responded, and sat down. "I'm taking her for a walk. . . . You're wasting your time whining in that crack, Tatiana. No mouse ever came out because a dog cried for it. . . . Mamma has washed her hands of Tatiana," I went on, "and she's out on bail with me. She's a dangerous, man-eating dog. Boy-eating, at least. Don't reward her."

But Tatiana had laid her nose along his cuff and was regarding him with soulful eyes. He gave her a cracker.

"Do you eat boys?" he asked her sociably.

"Not exactly. She just kind of barked on his arm," I defended her.

I sprang up to go. My hand-bag and "Woman and Labor" slid to the floor. He stooped, cracker in hand, to pick them up. Tatiana pressed her nose suggestively against the cracker and he gave it to her. He turned over "Woman and Labor."

"Why, aren't you a very little girl to be reading this?" he asked in a surprised tone. Well, I was trying to be just as little as I could.

But I answered: "No, indeed. Don't you believe in economic independence for women?"

"I hadn't thought about it," he confessed.

"I think about it a lot," I said, "and I'm struggling to see daylight. Most girls are afraid to think about anything because it makes you unpopular. But I've given up being a belle. I'm father's secretary now."

He stared at me with interest. And evidently he had never seen me before, though I pervade the corridors, and his mother never knew his looks any better than I did. The blindness of men is one of the worst things girls have to contend with.

"Come, Tatiana," I said. "You needn't pretend you're Mr. Meadows's dog, because you're not. Stop asking him to take a walk with you. He doesn't want to go out. He's busy."

She barked furiously in his face.

"When she likes people, she always asks them to go walking with her," I explained. She asks everybody, whether she likes them or not, but I didn't tell him that. I went toward the door, but she continued to bark at him. "We'll walk all round the Capitol," I promised her, "and then we'll go home."

She barked in a frenzied manner.

"I can't do a thing with her," I lamented helplessly.

"Does she really want me to go along?" he inquired.

"Of course she does" . . . I hesitated. "If you were going over to the Capitol anyway she'd be more obliging if you started out with us. You see she's a collie and wants to round everybody up."

He took his faded hat from the clothes-tree. Cornelia would never have consented to be seen dead with any one in such a hat.

The sun was setting in pink behind the monument when we parted by the pansy-beds under the speaker's windows.

Mr. Meadows held his battered hat in his hand, and ran his fingers through his thin hair, and smiled at me his famous, vote-getting smile. You could not buy an ornament like it at Tiffany's. I hoped he wouldn't get a chance to try it on Mr. Hanson. Well, I had done my best. I certainly was tired, and I couldn't hold him any longer, for I had to walk all the way home—Tatiana can't go in street-cars. I knew I'd be late for the dinner-party.

Maybe it was because I was tired. Anyway the dinner seemed dull to me. The Mercers were stupid. I had no opinion of Mr. Hanson. Mrs. Hanson looked like all the women from State capitals. Her gown was one of those upholstered creations mashed flat by much packing. But, like many country queens, she had diamonds to make you gasp. The Mercers doted on her and she on them. She was entirely delighted with everything.

Mother had some Pan-American delegates to dine, too. The Pan-American daughter reminded me of a red-velvet flower, soft and warm and brilliant. She hypnotized Mr. Hanson at once. So he and his wife both had a glorious time.

The marine band was playing. All Congress was scattered over the grass in

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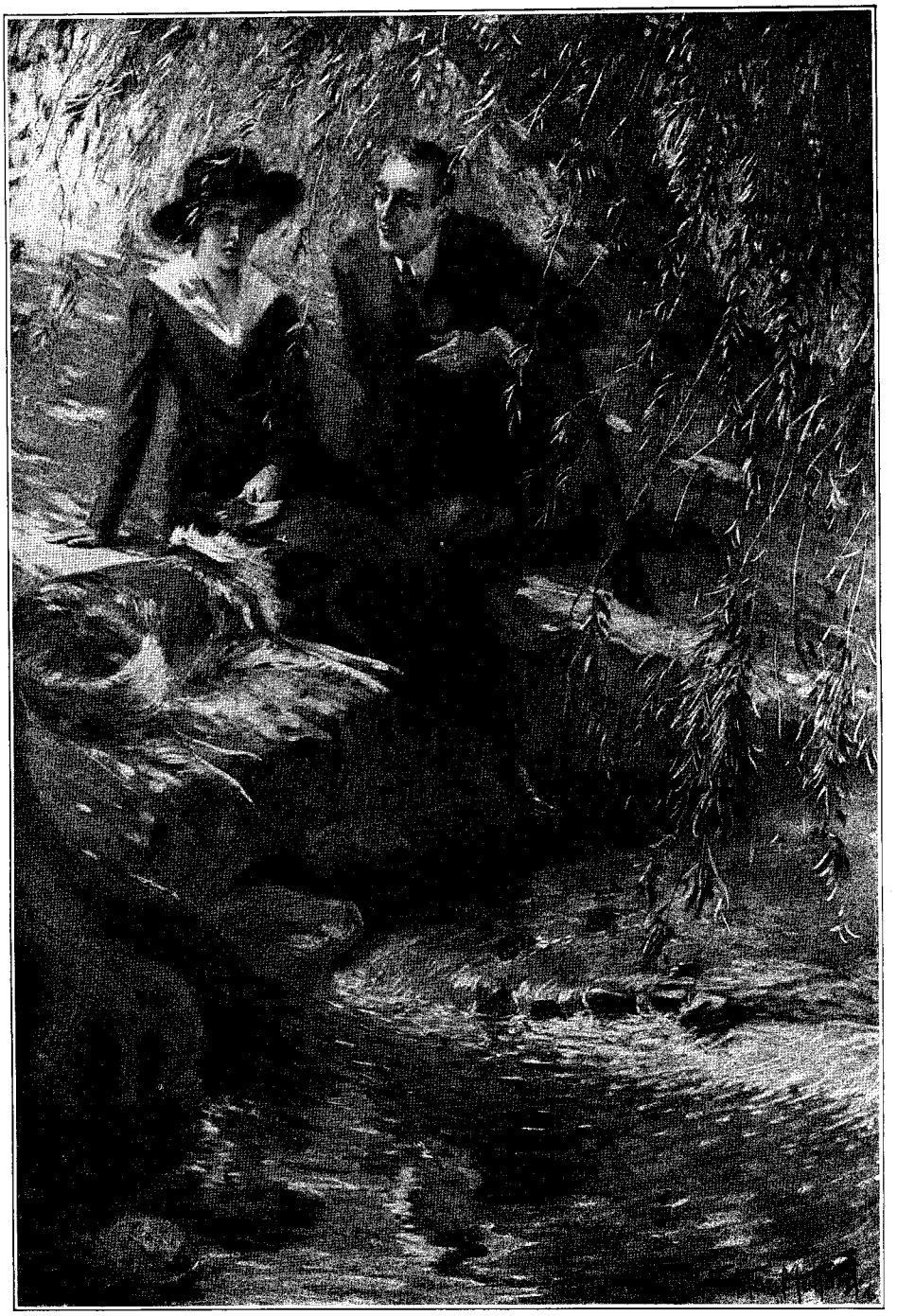

Drawn by Stockton Mulford.

"So you planned to retire me instead of your father?"—Page 688.

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impossible black coats that made the men look like grasshoppers. The secretary of state was giving a lawn-party. Cornelia glimmered around with various indefinite admirers of hers. She left Carlton Alloway with me for a while—the quietest, most uninteresting, estimable youth I ever saw.

Carlton was describing his newest camera when Representative Meadows wandered by in a ghastly, creased frock coat.

He would never have seen me, in spite of my dazzling clothes, but I interrupted the tale of a perfect lens, and called gayly to him.

"Oh," he said, stopping. "Good morning! How is my little friend?"

"Very cross," I answered. "Shut up at home."

He towered lank and angular beside me. I forgot the Alloway boy for a moment, and he faded away to Cornelia.

"You got me into this," said Mr. Meadows, "telling me yesterday all Congress would be here and it would be rude not to come. Now take care of me. I don't know what to say to people at teas."

"Neither do I," I protested.

"In fact I never know what to say to anybody anywhere, socially," he declared. "I never went to a tea before. Are my clothes all right?"

He had on a white-lawn tie like a country minister, so I thought it best not to answer that.

"Walks are much nicer, aren't they?" I suggested. "But you see, even if you had asked us to take a walk with you today we couldn't."

"Will you take a walk with me to-morrow?" he inquired.

"Yes," I laughed. "Now that was entirely your own idea, wasn't it?"

Cornelia dashed up with a party of her immature adherents. They surrounded me deftly and whirled me away.

"Thank me for saving your life, you poor thing," said Cornelia. "Who was that ancient, rustic freak? Carlton, you ought to snap him. He looks like a composite photograph of Lincoln splitting rails and Grant driving a load of firewood and Garfield on a canal-boat and a Baptist preacher and our hired man out home."

I was cross at Cornelia. It was bad enough for me to cheat the congressman. She needn't make fun of him. But she didn't wait to hear an answer.

Carlton Alloway attentively pressed a plate of salad into my hand.

"I do like eating outdoors, don't you?" he asked. His eyes followed Cornelia. "Somebody ought to take your sister's picture in that gown," he remarked, and began again on the laborious description of the new camera.

It rained the next day, but the day after, when Tatiana rushed into Mr. Meadows's office he snatched up his hat and hurried to join me in the hall.

It was several weeks later that Cornelia went to the Alloways' dance. She got home at some unearthly hour and didn't appear until luncheon.

Then she came into the dining-room, very pink and smiling.

"Well, I'm engaged," she announced. "Last night Carlton Alloway asked me to marry him, and I'm going to."

Mother looked gratified.

"They're a delightful family," she said.

"Huh," I objected, "Marie Alloway carries a flask everywhere she goes. She's always retiring to the dressing-room for a pick-me-up."

Mother looked distressed.

"How *can* you say such things?" she inquired.

Mother has the old-fashioned notion that a thing isn't so bad, so long as you don't say it.

"I don't care. Carlton doesn't drink," Cornelia defended him. "He's as steady as can be. He's almost dull, he's so steady. He likes to go camping and photograph wild animals. Just because a girl is fast is no sign her brother has to be."

"I certainly don't understand the way girls talk nowadays," mother lamented.

"They served ham and eggs for breakfast about four o'clock," Cornelia chattered on. "Carlton said he could beat Rauscher's chef any day on ham and eggs. He just wanted me to try his. Then he asked me to marry him. And he says we'd better get married in June so we can go camping for our honeymoon."

I couldn't picture Cornelia camping. And she hates live creatures. But there she was, engaged, anyway. That's the main thing. And look at my career!

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Was I getting anywhere with it? Something must be done.

She chattered all the way up-stairs to the library about Carlton. Mother was entranced.

In a few minutes George came up and interrupted. He had a wire-haired fox-terrier puppy in his arms. Carlton had sent Cornelia her first present.

Anybody would have liked that puppy. It was simply alluring. Anybody but Tatiana. When it ran over to her she snapped at it.

Cornelia was furious.

"Mamma," she pleaded, hugging the puppy, "are you going to keep that murderous animal at large, attacking everybody?"

I caught Tatiana's bristling neck. I could see from the way mother turned to me that she felt much more respectful to Cornelia since she was engaged.

"Really," mamma said coldly, "you'll have to get rid of the dog some way, Christine. She is growing too savage."

"Get rid of Tatiana!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"She's really too much." Mother was obdurate.

Tatiana was growling softly in my arms. I absolutely choked. As the elder, I'm used to some consideration.

"Just because Cornelia is engaged is she to run this house?" I asked.

"Don't be rude," said mamma.

I rushed to my room. I put on my jacket and hat. I snapped a leash on Tatiana's collar, and we ran out of that irritable house into streets all flowery with May.

"I know you mean well, Tatiana, but you've made me a great deal of trouble," I told her. "We'll go out to father. Father is kind and resourceful. He'll fix it up for us."

We flew down K Street.

Somebody was coming out of the Department of Justice. Without looking up I recognized his baggy knees.

"Good morning," he said. "Wherever you may be going, I'm sure you've already passed it at that rate."

Tatiana whirled and leaped upon him. She pulled me up.

"If you speak to me I'll probably burst into tears," I warned him.

"Cry, if you must," he consented, "but tell me what's the matter."

"Everything's wrong," I said. "But especially mamma wants to get rid of Tatiana."

Mr. Meadows turned and hailed a taxi.

"Let's go to the park," he suggested. "You can't weep satisfactorily on K Street."

I giggled. We got in. He began drawling some quaint story of the attorney-general, but Tatiana barked so steadily he had to stop.

We came into the park.

"Shan't we get out?" he asked.

I said dogs weren't allowed at large in the park.

"Then we'll find a place where we can break the law safely," he decided, and we drove on.

Out near Juaquin Miller's cabin there is an ideal path for dogs. It is a very retired footway, along the hills by Rock Creek.

We raced after the flying Tatiana through a green, shady tunnel, and Mr. Meadows held bushes out of my eyes. Sometimes the path is low, so that Tatiana could stop to drink in a shallow backwater, and sometimes it is high, so that you could sit on a rock and dangle your feet in the tree tops above the creek.

The congressman stopped by a huge, flat rock.

"Shall we sit down?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"Perhaps it's nothing to you," I apologized, "but I can't forget that outside there is that taxi ticking away your life-blood, drop by drop."

"Bother the taxi"; he dismissed that, and Tatiana flung herself down.

I followed her example, and hung my heelless tan shoes over the edge so he could see how little they were.

The congressman dropped his soft hat on the rock beside him, pushed his fingers through his hair, and smiled at me.

"Now," he said, "let's hear Tatiana's wrongs."

"Poor Tatiana," I sympathized with her. "Nobody loves her but me. It's on account of her unfortunate tantrums." I told him about Cornelia's engagement, and the puppy, and all. "How would you like to be considered an old-maid sister without any rights, and have them

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take away your dog just because she was misguided sometimes?" I concluded.

"An old maid?" he repeated. "You look like a child out of the nursery."

"Certainly," I agreed. "Why else should I be wearing these heelless shoes and this round linen collar and this loose, blue-serge jacket? Your grandmother would look like a child in such clothes. Any deb knows that much."

He patted Tatiana.

"Perfidious dog," he reproached her.

Tatiana panted. The sun flickered through the leaves and dotted Mr. Meadows's faded hat and his shiny, wrinkled suit.

My conscience began to worry me for plotting to take the senatorship away from him. Father didn't really need it. But, after all, I did.

"You'd hate to leave Washington, and go back home, wouldn't you?" Mr. Meadows demanded unexpectedly.

"Wouldn't you?" I countered.

"Well," he hesitated, "it's a career I'm aiming at."

"Well, I want to live, too," I retorted. "I don't care to just exist."

"Of course not," he soothed me.

"You know what it's like at home," I appealed to him. "Nothing on earth for a girl to do but go to parties, and if the same man asks her to go out with him more than once, and she goes, it's all over for her. She's considered engaged. No other men will ever come near her."

I broke off a leaf and threw it down into the stream. It sailed over the baby rapids in the stony creek. I looked up. He was smiling at me, that same valuable smile.

"By George," he said, "then you're committed, aren't you?"

"You don't have to waste that look on me," I answered. "I like you enough anyway. Save it for the voters."

"Are we engaged?" he persisted, and took my hand, turning it over and over and patting it.

I pulled it away.

"Me?" I said. "I'm a perfect snake. I wanted to stay here, awfully, and I wanted father to be senator so I could. You never heard of anything to equal my duplicity. I got a telegram from Mr. Hanson to you, and I invited him to dinner, and I came to your room to take you walking to keep you from seeing him."

Mr. Meadows looked cast down.

"My Lord!" he commented, "and I thought you liked me!"

"I did like you," I assured him hastily. "I do like you. That's why I'm telling you."

"So you planned to retire me instead of your father?" he went on.

I couldn't think of an intelligent reply; I looked the other way.

"Do you like me enough to go back with me to the Middle West?" he asked.

"Lots more than that," I declared boldly.

He slid his arm around me.

"I suppose if you want to marry a snake, it's your own affair," I admitted.

"I come from a mighty dull little town," he warned me.

"But, of course, I'd be busy keeping house," I reassured him. "Father will build me a house. He has lots of money. A white house in a yard full of evergreens, with a fence Tatiana can't jump in homicidal moments. You wouldn't object to Tatiana?" I broke off anxiously.

"I wouldn't consider you for a minute without Tatiana," he asserted seriously.

"Are there any lots with evergreens on them in your town?"

He said there were.

"Have you had your box of plants sent from the Botanical Garden this spring?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"Then I'll go with you to choose them," I went on planning, "and we'll get father to give me his, and we'll have them nearly all lavender to put in the linen closet."

"Just as you say," he agreed with a peculiar, embarrassed expression. "May I ask what you think you're getting out of this?"

"I'm getting you," I laughed. "I'd had my eye on you for a long time," I added brazenly. "It wasn't all on Mr. Hanson's account I came to your office. But it's lucky for you, too. For you're the kind of helpless creature some adventuress always picks up unless a nice girl happens to notice him first."

He wasn't listening.

"Honey dear," he confessed, "I had that telegram all right. They phoned it to me before they sent it over. I went with you that day because I didn't want to see Hanson. He's a crook. I've got

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your father beaten forty ways. The senatorship is practically in my pocket this minute."

"Dad didn't want it," I said, "and *oh* how nice for me!"

Breathing heavily, Tatiana pushed a jealous nose between us.

"Father," I announced at dinner; "I regret to report the collapse of my senatorial boom."

"I should worry," father remarked cheerfully. The only time I ever heard him use slang. "Mustard, George," and he went on eating boiled beef and cabbage.

When father has boiled beef and cabbage, life is, so to speak, equipped with Westinghouse air springs. He cannot feel a jolt. Besides, mamma had just finished the gilded tale of Cornelia's engagement.

"Huh, you're a fine politician," jeered Cornelia.

"I'm a true politician," I informed her. "I've gone over to the winning side. I'm going to marry the next senator, since I can't be a daughter to him. I've given up my career to make a home for Tatiana."

THE VILLAGE CENTRAL

By Eliza Morgan Swift

A DUMPY little body, with smooth gray hair
And bright black eyes that shone and danced,
And such a big broad smile; I knew that smile,
Although I'd never seen her; for I had heard it often
In her voice, and knew she thought in smiles.
The little Village Central, in a cotton gown,
Blue-checked and buttoned down the front,
She stood, framed in a window far above the street,
And, as we passed and first I saw her there,
The casement upward flew and out she poked her head.
"Say! stop, you two. I don't know one from t'other,
Miss Brown or Mrs. Smith, but some one's calling you.
I think it's from the City." And as we stopped the car
She turned and disappeared out of our sight again.
But of our life she's come to be a part,
As real a part as any of the people whom we see;
And day by day I've grown to feel her kindly nature
Like a guardian spirit brooding o'er our path.
When first I came to this far country spot,
Sick in body and in mind depressed,
And, knowing no one, felt alone and sad,
A friendly greeting came at once from her,
Though rather oddly put to strangers' ears.
In answer to a ring I heard her voice:
"Say! you ain't no early bird." 'Twas ten o'clock.
"I've called and called your line since seven A. M.
There'll be no worms for you to-day."
"I'm sorry, Central," meekly I replied,
So sweet her tone her words could not offend,
"I am an invalid, you see, and could not come before;
My bed is on the porch, too far away
To even hear the bell or call the maid."
"Well, that's all right, 'twas you they wanted, not the girl;
And, now I know how 'tis, I'll see you ain't disturbed
Until you're ready to come down.

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Here's Newton wants you. Hold the line."
And from that day no early call
Has brought me down the stair. The message taken
When it could not wait, and given to me later,
Or else a number I should please to ring;
And always with a greeting: "Hope you're well to-day,"
Or "Ain't this sunshine grand? 'Twill make you strong."
And one clear crystal morning:
"Say! did you see the hills how blue they are?
I think there's nothing beats them in the Winter-time."
And yet her window overlooks the tracks,
A smoke-grimed station stands across the way,
And over these her eyes must pass
Before they meet the beauty of the hills.
Not always toward the hills her eyes are turned,
For little happens in the village there
But what she sees. I called her once and asked:
"The station, please." "Busy now; I'll call you when they're free."
"'Twill be too late, I fear; 'tis nearly train time now.
The children hope a pony may arrive and want to know
As soon as it gets in." "Do tell! a pony! just leave that to me.
There ain't a man or beast or box, I guess,
That comes or goes, but what I know about.
I'll call you just as soon as there's a sign of him."
A moment later came a short sharp ring.
"You'd better send along. He's awful cute and kicking out his box.
I guess the children will be mighty pleased."
One woman in the village, a poor nervous thing,
Would call me for no reason but to pour into my ear
A list of daily worries, little things, but big to her and endless.
In vain I tried to stem the tide of her complainings
Until one day, in answer to the phone, 'twas Central said:
"That Mrs. D.'s been calling you most every fifteen minutes.
I put her off all morning 'cause I thought your voice was weak,
Not but she's the one to talk and you to listen.
It's kind of sad to be so made that nothing's right,
And never nothing cheerful you can talk about.
I hope it wasn't wrong to say your line
Was out of order and I couldn't rightly tell
When they'd get round to fix it. Of course
If you should want her I can put her on right now."
I knew just how she smiled when that remark was made.
One night a hurried doctor's call was sent,
And when my friend, surprised to hear her voice,
Asked if she always had the line at night
As well as day, the cheerful answer came:
"Oh no; my son, he's on at dark; but then, you see,
He's working daytimes too, and my old ears
Are sharper in the night. Young folks sleep deep.
Perhaps we old ones are a bit afraid of sleep,
Or else the days seem more worth lengthening out.
Well, here's the number! Hope that all goes well.
I'll ring you in the morning to inquire."
At this same time some chicken broth was wanted,
And once again they turned to her for aid.
Could she say which of all the village cooks

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Could best make chicken broth for some one ill?
"Why, dear, there ain't a woman in the place
To turn to for such things. But if you get a fowl
From off of Jim. Do you know Jim? The iceman. Yes!
Well, he's the man to kill a hen for you,
And then you put it in a pot to boil—
Say! Better get a pen and write it down.
It's kind of hard remembering it all,
But take this recipe and you can't go wrong;
I had it from my mother years ago."
And what she said proved true, and purer broth
Was never made from one of Jim's old hens.
At Eastertide, or a few days before, she called our house,
And when my friend replied, she asked for money
For the Easter flowers. "The ladies of the church," she said,
"Can't get so far this rainy afternoon. I told them
How you'd want to help. It ain't your church, I know,
But then it's God's, and all we've got
Here in this little place that stands for Him."
And so it's been at every turn, a kindly word
And wise and homely counselling.
A call to her means something she can do to help along,
And all her heart goes into each connection.
I wonder if the Company that put her there
Knows what her value is, or of what worth
To all the countryside she makes its service seem?
A dumpy little body with smooth gray hair,
Who sits all day at her appointed task
And sends her message out into the World.

THE COCKATRICE DEN

By Armistead C. Gordon
Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER BIGGS

UNCLE JONAS had been giving the matter a great deal of thought. With the characteristic affection of the house negroes for the white children of the family, he was genuinely attached to Little Mr. William. As he watched the boy year by year develop from checked gingham pinafores to trousers, he fancied that he could detect an ever-growing resemblance that kindled his memory of the past and touched his heart.

"Dat chile p'int'ly do git mo' an' mo' like Ole Mars', ez de time rolls by," he remarked one day to Ommirandy. "'Scusin' he ain't got no side-whiskers like dem his gran'pa useter w'ar, he de spit'n'-image of him. You jes' look at him now, comin' down dem po'ch-steps, an' see how he carry his head, sorter bent forruds, an' stoop-over, jes' like Ole Mars'. Don't you remembrance how Ole Mars' walk, Sister M'randy? Evvy time I look at dat chile dese days, I sez ter myse'f: 'Ef he jes' had dem siders on, an' a crook-han'le walkin' stick stuck behime his back, 'twixt his elbows, I wudden know him f'om his gran'pa, 'scusin' his size.'"

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"G'long, Jonas," the old woman retorted amiably. "Mis' Nancy, she say you always is been had a pow'ful gif' fur 'maginin' all sorts o' fool things dat ain't so. Little Mr. William jes' ez much like young Mars' Jeems ez two o' dem hyars out o' Black Oyster's tail."

Uncle Jonas grunted, but observed a discreet silence. When he went back to Old Town, he told Janey of the brief dialogue, and commented:

"I ain't gwi' b'lieve one word dat M'randy say she say. Mis' Nancy ain't dat sort o' lady nohow, sayin' hard things 'bout de niggers. She ain't nuver done it, nuther is Mis'."

He cogitated for a few moments, and added:

"Dat ole fool M'randy ain't nuver gwi' git herse'f ter agree ter no proposition o' mine, 'bout nothin' whatsomedever, nohow. I gwi' eben up wid her some o' dese here long-come-shorts."

Janey, whose sympathies with her father were always abundant and overflowing save when differences arose between him and her son Tiberius, now agreed with him in his criticism of Ommirandy, but cautioned him against any overt act of hostility toward her.

"Ye better not cross her parf, daddy. Ef you does, she gwi' trip you up. An' don't ye 'sputify none wid her," she said, as with bared arms she scrubbed her parent's hickory shirt on the soap-lathered wooden wash-board that stood in the foaming tub upon the bench by her cabin door. "Ommirandy one dang'ous 'oman. She wring you out, jes' like I gwi' wring dis here shirt out pres'n'y."

"Trip who up?" demanded the old man indignantly, glaring at her from his seat in the splint-bottomed chair near the slab-paling garden-fence, over which the gourd-vines ran riotous, and the sunflowers bent their yellow, brown-centred blooms. "Trip who up? Wring who out? Dat ole 'oman wring me out? 'Fo' Gord, Janey, you done los' what little gumption you been possess'."

He struck viciously at a pendant half-grown gourd on the vine near him with his hickory walking-stick.

"I been thinkin' 'bout dat chile a whole heap lately," he rambled on. "I been watchin' of him, an' ruminatin' 'bout him; an' I done arrive at a p'int in my mine whar it 'pear like ter me dat he tied up too close ter wimmen folks' ap'un strings. He look pow'ful slimmicky an' weevel-eat' ter me. Do he look dat way ter you, Janey?"

"Dat he do, daddy," responded Janey, sifting the bluing into the tub. "Dat he do, an' he gwine on ten ur nine year ole now, too."

"Well, he gwine ter git ruint wid de way dey does him. Dar's his mammy tellin' him all sorts o' ferrydiddles when he go ter sleep, an' when he wake too; an' dar's his ma readin' all o' dem ain't-so tales ter him out'n dem books dar on de po'ch. De kynd o' tales dat boy orter lissen ter now is dem dat de squ'r'ls chatters ter him, an' de jay-birds hollers at him out in de woods. He orter git hisse'f at de een' of a fishin'-pole on de ribber bank, wid a fishin'-wurrum an' a hook and a lead sinker at de t'other een'. Ef he don't git out o' dat house, an' out o' dat yard, an' git whar he kin' draw a free breath o' a'r, an' ketch a fish, ur sump'n, he gwi' be foreber ruint. 'Pears ter me, ef Mars' Jeems had half much sense ez Ole Mars' useter had, he'd been have dat boy behime him on Black Oyster goin' wid him all over dis here plantation 'fo' now. But somehow Mars' Jeems don't 'pear ter think about de way Mis' Nancy an' M'randy is sp'ilin' de chile."

"Mars' Jeems pow'ful busy," apologized the kindly Janey, scrubbing away at the wash-tub. "He got so much ter do, ridin' 'bout de place, an' lookin' arfter de han's in de fiel's, he ain't got no time ter think what Little Mr. William doin'."

Uncle Jonas gave a vigorous snort of dissent, and smashed a larger gourd with his stick.

"Looky-here, daddy," said Janey, aroused at the renewed assault on her gourd-vine. "Ef you keep on bustin' dem godes, I ain't gwine ter have none fur ter put de saf' soap in when I makes it. Nuther is dar gwi' be none lef' fur long-han'le drinkin' godes, nur short ones fur fishin'-wurrums when you goes fishin'."

She wrung out the shirt, removed the wash-board from the tub and laid it on the bench, and walked past her father to

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hang the garment on the clothes-line that swung between two stunted peach-trees in the garden.

Uncle Jonas appeared not to notice her. His imagination and his indignation were working together in active and energetic partnership.

"I gwi' git him away f'om 'em on a fishin' excurshion, ur sump'n, some o' dese here Sundays, when de fish is bitin' de bes'. I gwi' bait de hole down by de ole log termorrer, an' gether dem fish dar fur him ter ketch nex' Sunday."

"You better not take dat chile fishin' on Sunday," said Janey. "Ef you does, dey's gwi' be de bigges' row on dis plantation you been heerd about fur many's de day."

"I gwi' do it," the old man replied stubbornly. "I gwi' do it nex' Sunday. Den I gwi' take de occasion fur ter 'splain ter him a few things 'bout wimmen folks. De win's o' many a winter is done blowed over Jonas's head; an' ef he don't know sump'n 'bout what Mars' Jeems call 'de fyar sex,' by dis time, den de ole man done live his life fur nuthin'."

"You better not," protested Janey earnestly.

"I gwi' do it," he repeated. "I ain't done furgit dem words Mis' read ter de niggers in de loom-room, 'fo' de War, out'n de Book. Dey run dis way. Dey say: ''Scusin' a man be born ag'in, he can't see de kingdom.' Darfo', I sez, wid my ref'unce ter Mis' Nancy an' M'randy, dat a man, fur ter be a sho-nuf man, is got likewise ter be weaned ag'in. It don't say a 'oman is got ter be born ag'in; an' I ain't a-sayin' dat any 'oman is got ter be weaned ag'in. What I sez is, dat Little Mr. William is got ter be weaned ag'in, an' I gwi' wean him. You hear me, Janey?"

The newly washed shirt moved slowly on the clothes-line, stirred by the faint breeze from the river. Peace reigned amid the curling gourd-vines, and over the somnolent and drooping sunflowers. But peace had departed from Janey's heart. She feared the wrath of Ommirandy.

She came and stood before him.

"Daddy," she pleaded, "please don't."

"G'way f'om here, Janey," said the obdurate old man. "You think I'se 'feared o' M'randy? Ain't I been tell you forty-'leben times, an' den some, dat dat ole nigger 'oman can't faze me? I gwine up ag'in her. I gwi' set dat chile free f'om her, like Mars' Linkum 'mancipate de slaves. I gwi' wean him."

Janey poured out the blue, soapy water from the tub and, turning it bottom-upward on the ground, went gloomily into the cabin.

No sweeter or more translucent Sunday morning in June ever celebrated the bridal of the earth and sky than that which three days later smiled on Uncle Jonas and Little Mr. William, seated side by side on the river bank, at the fishing-hole near the big log.

"Son," said the old man to the boy, "I jes' want ter call yo' 'tention ter dem dar two fishin'-poles dat's set in de ribber bank down dar. I wants you ter remembrance 'em, an' ter remembrance what I gits off of 'em."

The little boy regarded them with curious interest, as Uncle Jonas went down the bank and, taking up the poles, pulled the lines attached to them out of the water. A wearied and comatose fish appeared hanging to each line. The old man removed the fishes from the hooks, and flung them on the grass by Little Mr. William's side.

"Dem ain't de poles what you an' me is gwi' ketch de mostes' fish wid, an' we gwi' ketch some heap fiercer fish dan dem fish whar we is kotch on dese sot poles. I sot dem poles out lars' night, an' I jes' want you fur ter remembrance 'em, dat's all."

As he spoke, he unwound the lines from two other poles.

"Dese here is de fishin'-tacklem fur you an' me," he said. "One o' dese is fur you, an' one is fur me. Dem others kin' lay dar. I done got de wurrums fur bait here in Janey's ole lars' year soap-gode. It's full of 'em."

He showed it to the boy.

"I dig dese wurrums up in de stable-yard dis mornin', an' fotch 'em down here, 'long o' dese poles, 'fo' de sun riz, when you was 'sleep in yo' bed, so dat de tacklem an' de wurrums all gwi' be here when you 'rive."

"Oh, Uncle Jonas," said Little Mr.

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William, "I would have liked to help dig the fishing-worms."

"Nex' time, honey," replied the old man. "Nex' time you gwi' he'p dig 'em, sho. I gwi' let you dig de mostes' of 'em. But now, I gwi' show you how ter fish."

The little boy was all attention and eagerness.

"You holes dis here fishin'-pole," continued his instructor, "which I jes' done put a wurrum on de hook, an' den you flings de hook an' sinker 'way out yondah in de water, nigh de butt-een' o' de log."

He pointed to the most delectable spot in the fishing-hole, haunted of many fish in reminiscent search for Uncle Jonas's bait of the day before.

"You jes' watch dat cork dar on de water, son," continued the old man, "an' when you sees it gwine up an' down, an' up an' down, an' den go smack under, dey's boun' ter be a fish on it, 'scusin' it sometimes mought be one o' dese skilpots ur water-tarrapins. But dey don't use roun' dis hole much. Fust thing you know, you gwi' ketch a catfish, ur a sunperch, ur a chub, ur a sucker; an' dem's all good fishes. You gwi' ketch him, honey. I done spit on de bait. An' my bob is gwine ter be right 'longside o' yone."

He had scarcely finished his speech when Little Mr. William's cork disappeared. The boy pulled, and a fish's scales flashed in the June sunshine. It was his first fish, and Napoleon in the glow of Austerlitz felt no finer thrill.

"I caught him, Uncle Jonas! I caught him!" he cried, gazing at the flopping fish with undisguised rapture. The old man removed it from the hook, and thrust through its gills a limber twig that he had already properly trimmed in anticipation of the fish's capture.

"Dat you did! You sho' kotch him," said Uncle Jonas approvingly. "Now I gwine ter bait you ag'in, an' you'll ketch another one."

He baited Little Mr. William's hook repeatedly, until the boy had caught six fish, including a big catfish with sharp fins, which he regarded as his finest booty.

"Now we gwi' res'," said Uncle Jonas, "an' while we restin', I gwi' have a smoke an' tell you some tales."

Little Mr. William acquiesced, and they rested on the green sward above the river bank.

"But befo' I smokes an' tells you dem tales, we gwi' eat our snacks. An' dem tales what I gwi' tell ain't gwi' be no tales like yo' Ommirandy's. Dey gwi' be outside-de-do' tales, an' not no inside-de-do' tales. Dey gwi' be 'bout creeturs an' varmints."

"Mother reads me stories about them, sometimes," said the little boy.

"I know she do, honey. But dem I gwi' tell you is sho'-nuf stories 'bout creeturs dat I got a pussonal 'quaintance wid."

His auditor was delighted.

Uncle Jonas produced from a covert place under a willow bush a paper package that contained fried chicken, biscuits, and ginger cakes.

"Uncle Jonas, this is the best fried chicken I ever ate," said Little Mr. William.

"Dat's beca'se you done got a appeltite f'om not bein' cooped up in de Gre't House," he responded. "Delphy she cook dese vittles. I been tell her you an' me was gwine on dis here expedition, an' she say she gwi' cook 'em, which she done so."

He held a chicken leg in one hand, and a biscuit in the other, and munched on them alternately.

"Son," said the old man, between his bites, "is you uver been see a 'oman ketch a fish like dat fine string dar you jes' been ketch?"

Little Mr. William thought of his mother and of Ommirandy, and confessed that he had never known of their going fishing.

"Is you uver been had yo' Ommirandy make no corn-stalk fiddle fur you, ur is she uver been l'arn you ter ketch Juney-bugs f'om off'n de corn tossels, an' tie a thread string ter dey behime leg an' turn 'em loose, an' hear 'em zoo?"

"No," said the little boy.

"Nuther is she been l'arn you how ter make rabbit-gums, ur set pa't'idge-pens, is she?"

"No," he replied, with wide-open eyes, beginning to wonder at his companion's questions.

"Nuther is I been heerd tell o' her takin' you down ter Ole Town, an' show-

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in' you how ter play ring-taw an' knucks an' all sorts o' marvel-games, ur Ant'ny Over, ur High-Spy, ur any o' dem boy's spotes what yo' gran'pa useter play wid de little nigger chillun when he was yo' size. Is she?"

Little Mr. William had to confess that all these games were unknown to him.

"How ole is you now, nohow?" queried the old man, finishing his chicken leg and reaching over to the package on the grass for another.

"I'm nine years old, going on ten, Uncle Jonas," the little boy responded proudly.

"Dat you is," said the old man. "You done been had on britches sebral year."

He was silent for a moment, apparently in deep meditation.

"Dat how-come I been axin' you dem queshtuns," he remarked finally.

Little Mr. William made no reply.

"De chile bein' gittin' weaned ag'in," Uncle Jonas communed with himself complacently. "He thinkin'."

He felt in his coat-pocket and drew forth a corn-cob pipe with a short fig-branch stem, which he proceeded to fill leisurely with crumbs of leaf-tobacco from the same receptacle, that he pulverized in the palm of his left hand with the fore-finger of his right, while he held the pipe-stem between his teeth.

"I got a match here," he said, producing it, when the pipe was filled. "I fetch dis here match out'n de box on Janey's mantel-shelf, what she got at Yellowley's Sto'. Mos'ly I gits de fire fur my pipe off'n de h'a'th."

He lit the pipe, and proceeded to smoke, making audible sounds of pleasure.

The little boy watched him admiringly.

"Tell me about the creeturs, Uncle Jonas," he said.

"Dat jes' what I was thinkin' 'bout dis minit, honey," the old man replied. "Yo' Ommirandy is been neglec' yo' education 'bout dem creeturs an' varmints; an' dem Br'er Foxes an' Cousin Rabbits an' Aunt Hens what I hear yo' ma read ter you out'n dat book on de po'ch when I was lis'enin' behime de honeysucker vine—dey ain't no sho' nuf Ferginyeh creeturs."

He paused and expelled a series of smoke-puffs from his mouth in rings and spirals, that filled the little boy with delight.

"Dese here rabbits an' foxes an' things dat I been had pussonal 'quaintance wid, ain't got no sich names ez Mis' an' Mister an' Br'er an' Sister," he went on. "Nuther does dey talk ter one another de way dat book say dey do. Leastways, I ain't nuver been heerd 'em, an' I ain't nuver seed nobody dat is been heerd 'em. Is you, son?"

Little Mr. William replied in the negative.

"Dey's all got names, tooby-sho'," his companion went on. "But dey's names dat folks gives 'em, not names what dey give deyse'ves. Dar's a hoss name' Black Oyster, an' dar was a ole houn'-dawg name' Vulcan, an' a young goose name' Mr. Bolster, an' foxes what was name' Mr. Speeshy an' Ole Bullion."

"Who were Ole Bullion and Mr. Speeshy?" asked the little boy eagerly. "Tell me about 'em, Uncle Jonas."

"Dey was two foxes," he replied, "'scusin' one of 'em was six gray foxes, an' de t'other one was one ole red fox."

"Tell me about 'em," repeated Little Mr. William, laying his hand on his companion's knee.

"You jes' wait a little while, son," he said. "Give de ole man time. I gwi' tell you."

He smoked in silent meditation for a few moments, and then began to sing, in a low and mournful monotone:

> "She sif' de meal, she gimme de hus',
> She bake de bread, she gimme de crus',
> She fry de meat, she gimme de skin,
> An' dat de way she tuk me in."

"Who did it, Uncle Jonas?" queried the little boy. "Did anybody ever treat you like that?"

"Nummine, honey, nuver you mine 'bout dat!"

"Was it Delphy?"

"Nor, son, it warn't Delphy. Nuther was it yo' Ommirandy, nur Janey. Dat song jes' replies ter all wimmen folks gen'ully when dey comes ter settin' deyse'ves up ag'in de men. Dey gwi' take evvything. Dey ain't gwi' leave de men folks nuthin'."

Having given vent to this oracular pronouncement, which filled Little Mr.

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William's heart with vague anxiety, the old man subsided into a melancholy silence that remained unbroken for an oppressive length of time.

"My mother wouldn't, and Ommirandy wouldn't, I just know," protested the little boy at length.

"I ain't sayin' who would an' I ain't sayin' who wudden," said the old man. "But don't you trouble yo'se'f 'bout what I been sing ter you 'long o' dem wimmen folks. What I gwi' do now is ter tell you 'bout Ole Bullion.

"Long time ago, wunst upon a time, I been tell 'bout Mr. Speeshy ter M'randy an' Delphy, an' de t'other kitchen niggers; but M'randy, she flung off on me, an' ack like she didn' believe it. Wharfo' I ain't nuver been got my consent fur ter tell none of 'em any mo' tales, 'speshly dis here tale 'bout Ole Bullion, what happen' back yondah befo' de War, endurin' o' de time o' Ole Mars'.

"I got one mo' match."

He refilled his pipe, lit it, and resumed his monologue.

"In dem days Ole Town was one big town. I ain't sayin' 'twas big ez Richmon' is, 'case it warn't. But 'twas mighty nigh on-ter it. Yo' gran'pa had hunnerds an' hunnerds o' acres o' lan' here in dis Kingsmill plantation, an' he had hunnerds an' hunnerds o' niggers fur ter wuk it, which all of 'em lived at Ole Town. Dar was mo' cabins in Ole Town in dem days dan dey's ants in a ant-hill. Most o' dem cabins is done been t'ared down endurin' o' de War an' sence de War, but dey was dar in dem ole days. An' evvy cabin was full o' niggers, an' evvy nigger had a dawg. Dar was houn'-dawgs, an' fice-dawgs, an' bird-dawgs, an' rabbit-dawgs, an' squ'ir'l-dawgs, an' possum-dawgs, an' coon-dawgs, an' mo' diff'unt breeds o' dawgs in Ole Town befo' de War dan you could count in a day. Ole Mars' say: 'Let 'em have dey dawgs,' an' dey had 'em.

"Well, sir, when dem niggers an' dem dawgs was a-livin' dar tergether in dat gre't big nigger-town, Ole Bullion he was a red fox what live up de ribber. De fox-hunters wid sense did'n' chase him much, 'case he was wary an' wily, an' dey cudden do nothin' at all wid him. Dey mos'ly would chase de gray fox, name' Mr. Speeshy, what live in a den over by de cullud plum-tree graveyard. Red foxes is pow'ful foxes, an' dey usual runs straight, widout any curly-macues, an' 'rives home at dey den befo' de dawgs kin ketch up wid 'em.

"But one time de hunters gits arfter Ole Bullion purty hard, an' he has ter leave de straight an' norrer parf, an' fool 'em; which he done so, an' I gwi' tell you 'bout it. 'Twas a passel o' young fellers f'om down de ribber dat was a chasin' of him, an' dey ain't ax no leaf o' Ole Mars' fur ter hunt on his plantation, nohow. But dey come. Yes, Lord, dey come, wid two packs o' fox-houn's. Dey had done skeered Ole Bullion up down de ribber, an' 'twas at night an' dey had him gwine home. Ole Mars' he ain't nuver been hunt no fox at night, like dey tells me dem folks over beyant de Blue Ridge hunts 'em. But dese here men, whar'-somedever dey come f'om, dey come chasin' dat ole fox late in de night. It was a moonlight night, an' Ole Bullion was right smart ahead of 'em, but not so fur, nuther. He evidentially begin ter think dey was crowdin' him too close. So when he gits ter de fur een' o' Ole Town f'om here, what you reck'n dat sly ole fox do?"

Uncle Jonas paused dramatically in his narrative and regarded Little Mr. William with a benignant smile. The boy sat gazing at him with wide-open eyes and parted lips.

"What did he do, Uncle Jonas?" he queried breathlessly.

"Honey," said the old man, "dat fox tuk 'n 'done what yo' Ommirandy ain't nuver been had de sense ter ha' done. Nuther is Delphy, nur Janey. Now you ur me mought ha' done it, bein' ez we's men. But dem wimmen nuver mought. Dat ole red fox run right inter Ole Town, whar all dem nigger-dawgs was. He went straight down de middle o' de road, jes' ez quiet-like, 'twel he done gone smack thoo de place. An' he was fya'rly cuttin' de win', mon, all de time. When he come ter de een' o' de road, at dis side o' Ole Town, he turn hisse'f roun' an' meander back'ards an' forruds 'mongst dem hunnerds o' nigger-cabins, in an' out an' out an' in, 'twel he done passed all on 'em. He go so quiet an' slick, dat de

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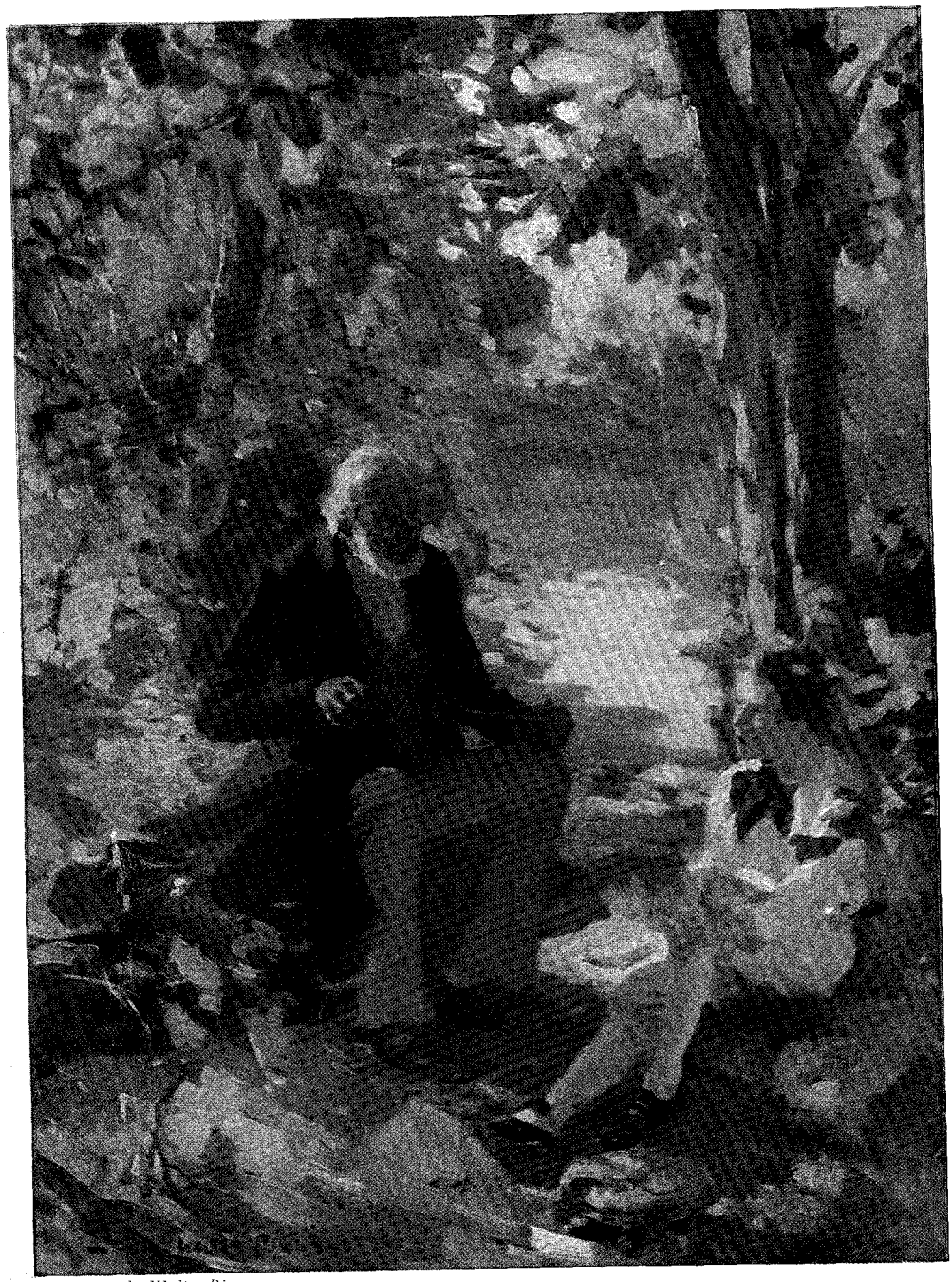

Drawn by Walter Biggs

"Yo' Ommirandy is been neglec' yo' education 'bout dem creeturs an' varmints."—Page 695.

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'coon-dawgs an' de fice-dawgs an' de possum-dawgs what b'longs ter de Ole Town niggers ain't pay no 'tenshun ter him whatsomedever. Dey all 'sleep, an' dey ain't fox-houn's, nohow, so dey ain't bother deyse'ves 'bout smellin' of him. But bimeby, arfter he done been right by evvy house in de settlemint an' leave his trail, here come dem fox-houn's f'om down de ribber, wid dey noses ter de groun'. Dey was two packs of 'em, an' dey mus' ha' been 'bout forty fox-dawgs arfter Ole Bullion. De leader he was runnin' a leetle ahead o' de t'others, an' when dey git ter de out-squirts o' Ole Town, de trail mus' ha' got hot. Dat fus' dawg he opened up loud, an' de t'others dey come right behime him, yelpin' an' yellin'. De hunters war so fur back, I doubts ef dey could hear dey own houn's. Den dem fox-houn's percedes ter pass thoo Ole Town, an' whilst dey's passin' evvy nigger-dawg in it woke up. Dey run out, de nigger-dawgs did, f'om under de cabins whar dey slep', an' dey stan' aroun' in de cabin yards an' look at de moon an' lif' up dey heads an' howl. Dey didn' know what 'twas dat was gwine on in de main road. Some of 'em was skeered, an' barked wid dey tails 'twix' dey behime legs, an' some of 'em was pow'ful sevigrous, an' wants ter git inter de commotion dar an' den. Dem fox-houn's nuver pays no 'tenshun ter de nigger-dawgs whatsomedever. Dey follers Ole Bullion's trail down de main road. Den when dey git ter whar de een' o' de town is, dey notice his trail done turn back on hisse'f. Den dey thinks dey done got him, so dey bays an' yelps pow'ful, an' turns back on deyse'ves, an' goes in an' out, back'ards an' forruds, an' round about, all thoo dat gre't big town, an' wakes up evvy livin' dawg in it wid dey racket. Den dey all run back inter de een' o' de main road, dis-a-way, jes' like Ole Bullion been run. By de time dey gits dar, all o' dem fices an' curs an' nigger-dawgs is done got dar too. Dey warn't nary one in de place missin'. An' den an' dar bruk out an' begin de bigges' dawg-fight dat uver been happen anywhar's on dis ribber. De fox-houn's 'pear like dey done furgit all 'bout Ole Bullion an' his trail, when dey see dese little bench-leg fices an' bobtail cur-dawgs come runnin' out dar barkin' an' holl'in'. So dey den an' dar percedes ter mix up wid 'em. Dey chawed one another, an' dey yelled an' dey fit, some on dey feets an' some on dey backs, an' some rolled de t'others over in de road, 'twel you could skasely see 'em fur de dus' dey stir up. Den de thing got wuss, an' de fox-houn's in de two packs, dey fit wid each other samer'n dey fit wid de nigger-dawgs, 'twel pres'n'y dey all got tangled up in one bunch, an' it look like nothin' warn't uver gwi' git 'em apart. De niggers all run out de cabins, men, wimmen, an' chillun—some wid sticks fur ter break up de fight wid, an' some wid buckets o' water fur ter po' on 'em. But 'twarn't no use. Den de nigger men begin holl'in' an' yellin', an' de wimmen was squealin' an' de chillun a-cryin', all out dar 'roun' whar dem hunnerds an' hunnerds o' dawgs was fightin'. Dey kep' on keepin' it up, an' de dawgs fit an' fit, an' de niggers hollered an' yelled dar in de moonlight, 'twel Ole Mars' got woked up 'way off at de Gre't House, an' put on his clo'es an' come b'ilin' down ter Ole Town fur ter see what was gwine on. He was mad smack thoo.

"When he arrive' de fight was at de wustes'. Sebral dawgs was layin' aroun' like dey was dead; an' de road was strowed wid dawg-ears an' dawg-tails an' bunches o' dawg-hyar o' all shapes, sizes, an' colors. Ole Mars' cudden see what 'twas at fus', 'long o' de line o' niggers watchin' of it. Den when he bruk thoo de line, an' say: 'What de hell is de 'casion o' all dis rumpus?' he see what 'twas. But de dawgs nuver pay no 'tenshun ter him. Dey was about seben hunnerd of 'em fightin' dar in de road, wras'lin' an' chawin' one another up. Dem nigger-dawgs what been live peaceable tergether all de year fit de t'other nigger-dawgs same ez ef dey was strangers, an' de fox-houn's fit de t'other fox-houn's like dey ain't been chasin' Ole Bullion side by sides. Evvy dawg fit evvy other dawg he git close ter.

"Den Ole Mars' say: 'Whar dey come f'om?' an' one o' de darkies says ter him: 'Ole Mars', some o' dem fool gent'muns f'om down de ribber been chasin' Ole Bullion.'

"Den de two fox-hunters come in on

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dey hosses at de fur een' o' Ole Town, an' rid up ter whar de fight was gwine on.

"'Let 'em fight,' says Ole Mars', an' turns an' goes home.

"Dem men tried fur ter stop 'em, but 'twarn't no use. Dem dawgs fit dar 'twel broad daylight, an' I ain't nuver know yit how de thing was closed up."

"What became of Ole Bullion, Uncle Jonas?" asked Little Mr. William, when the story was ended.

"Dey didn' kotch him, son. Dey ain't nuver been kotch him. He too smart. He de onlies' fox uver I been pussonally 'quainted wid what knowed how ter stir up a dawg-fight like dat. O' co'se dey ain't kotch him!"

"Mis' Nancy," said Ommirandy after she had heard from Little Mr. William about the Sunday fishing excursion, "I been s'prised dat you let dat chile go traipsin' over dis here plantation wid dat ole nigger. You sho'ly orter stop it. 'Spesh'ly goin' fishin' on Sundays. What would Mis' said?"

"Oh, it isn't so bad, Mirandy," observed young Mars' Jeems, who had been listening to her behind his newspaper. "His mother heard him his catechism; and he caught a fine string of fish for a little chap."

"He mustn't go again on Sunday," said Mis' Nancy gently.

"Sunday ain't de wust of it," said Ommirandy. "It's his 'sociatin' wid Jonas. Dey's many a white chile Ise been knowed dat is been harnted all de days o' dey life 'long o' tales dat ign'ant niggers is tole 'em. You dunno what Jonas gwi' tell dis chile. I been knowed chillun, dat niggers like Jonas is had a free foot wid, dat is been skeered fur ter go up-sta'rs o' nights in de dark, 'long 'o gho'ses an' harnts. I been knowed 'em ter cover dey heads up under de counterpin, arfter dey git in bed, 'long o' bein' tarrified wid sich tales. Young Mars' Jeems don't remembrance it, but I duz—dem nights when he was a little teenchy boy, an' useter wake up, holl'in' in his sleep, 'long o' some tale ur 'nuther dis here very Jonas is been tell him."

"Well, it didn't hurt me, did it, Mirandy?" the master of Kingsmill asked her as he laid his newspaper on his knee.

"Young Mars' Jeems," the old woman said earnestly, and with evident feeling, "I reck'n you don't know Jonas like I knows him. I kin remembrance yo' ma readin' out o' de Book in de loom-room 'bout de cockletrix den——"

"About the what?" he queried, with a puzzled smile on his face.

"It out o' de prophet Isaiah," she replied readily. "It say: 'De weaned child shell put his han' on de cockletrix den.' Young Mars' Jeems, when dat ole man git dat innercent boy down dar on de ribber bank, eatin' snacks an' ketchin' fish an' list'nin' ter his lyin' yarns of a Sunday, don't you think he mighty close ter dat den what de prophet say?"

Young Mars' Jeems chuckled, and resumed his newspaper.

"Oh, it's all right, Mirandy," he replied. "You take trouble on interest."

"Mis' useter say dat was de mos' dang'ous kind o' den dat was spoke of in de Bible," grumbled the old woman as she walked out of the room, indignant at the apparent indifference with which her protest had been received.

"Janey," observed Uncle Jonas to his daughter that evening, after he had given her a brief account of the day's adventure, "dey ain't no doubt about it. It jes' ez importan' fur a man chile ter be weaned ag'in ez it is fur a man ter be borned ag'in."

He took out his pipe, filled it, and seated himself in his chair near the gourd-vines in the garden.

"You had no biz'ness takin' him fishin' on Sunday," said Janey. "You gwi' hear f'om it, yit."

"I done try ter persuadge de chile ter tell his ma an' dat ole 'oman dat dem fish was kotch on lines what was sot Saturday night. Two of 'em warn't kotch no Sunday, nohow."

"What you do dat fur? You know he ain't gwi' tell 'em no sich thing," said Janey.

"Well, I ain't axed him straight out fur ter tell 'em. I jes' been showed him de Saturday-night lines, an' de fish dey done kotch. I lef' de res' ter him."

Janey laughed, and brought him a hot coal in the iron shovel out of the heart of the hickory fire burning in the open fire-

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place, from which arose a fragrant aroma of frying rashers of bacon. The buttermilk for supper, just out of the spring, was in the noggin on the shelf; and a huge ash-cake, wrapped in thick green collard-leaves, was cooking beneath a bank of hot ashes and embers on the hearth.

"Yo' supper gwi' be ready pres'n'y," she said, "jes' ez soon ez I kin wash de ash-cake an' scrape it."

THE WILD WOMAN'S LULLABY

By Constance Lindsay Skinner

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY N. C. WYETH

WHAT shall I sing to thee, Babe on my back?
Song of the Eagle that mates with the storm!
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!
The wild gale is weeping, driven before him
To his nest on the black lone mast of the night;
Swinging, swinging, far out, high out, over the sea!
Hi-i-ri-ki! Ri-eek!
Thy father is Eagle-Go-High, chief of thy tribe:
Fiercest in war, wisest in council, swiftest in hunting,
Harshest and fondest in the tent of his woman;
He is my mate!

What shall I sing to thee, Babe on my back?
Song of the wind that is wanton forever!
Fleeing forever, luring and weeping, laughing and leaping forever;
Calling forever—calling—for the chase of swift wings,
For the drive and the smite of wild wings,
For the fold of strong wings,
For the sleep in warm wings.
Oo-o-roo-o-rrr-uffff-oo! Thy mother is Storm-Dancer, daughter of Winds.
What art thou, Little Chiefling, babe of my heart?
The star that I plucked from the mast of the night,
When the wings of thy father outstrove me?
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!
Eagle-Go-High, this is thy son,—
He falls asleep, smiling,
To the scream of thy nesting-call.
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!

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THE VICTORY

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. MOWAT

THE doctor was a wonderful man—oh, a singularly wonderful man! He wasn't the greatest surgeon of all times or even of his own particular time, although he failed less often than most of them do. His success, and it was phenomenal, you remember, was due to the man himself. He had a charm that was simply amazing. Men liked him. Women never fell in love with him, but they mothered him out of all reason. And children, once on his knees, couldn't be bribed or lured to get off again. Apparently, he never exerted himself to get all this adulation. And it never turned his head. You see, he hadn't a strain of the ironical in his make-up. Doctors are often credulous, but you seldom meet one who is guileless—and Hirschfeld was.

His mother was a Frenchwoman—she came from Provence. His father was a German Jew, a convert. He died when the doctor was still at the university, and left his son, by the way of inheritance, a guttural accent and four silver francs. Four francs don't go a long way in Paris. But the doctor did odd jobs, kept a roof over his mother's head, and got his degree. He had the sort of facility that makes light of obstacles. In the whole thread of his destiny there was only one knot, only one tangling. All the rest of his life was as easy, as happy, as unruffled, as mild, as a May breeze!

When he was thirty he had a good practice. At forty, he grew an imperial, buttoned his thin body into tight black clothes, and became a specialist. At fifty, he was famous. At sixty, he was lecturing at the Sorbonne, charging his rich patients enormous fees and giving heart and soul to his free clinic.

I knew him then. I had come to Paris with a New Yorker of the old school, a fragile, wiry spinster nearly eighty years old. She loved France. It was that, and not her money, that made Doctor Hirschfeld her devoted slave. She sent for him to look at some trivial throat trouble. It was a general practitioner's job, and yet the great Hirschfeld, called to her hotel from his office across the Seine, wrote out a prescription for an innocent gargle with all the seriousness of an interne on his first case.

"So you like France, madame?" he said, handing the prescription to me with a flourish.

My New Yorker sighed: "France!" And then to me: "Nurse, haven't I always said that if I could have chosen, I should have been born a Frenchwoman? When my mother was a girl," she added, with a nice twinkle behind her spectacles, "she saw Lafayette. And before I was born, praying for a son, she begged God to make me like her hero. '*Make him French*,' she prayed, 'Amen.'"

The doctor was profoundly impressed. He tipped back her old chin and told her to say "Ah" three times.

"I thought so!" he said. "Your mother's prayer was answered. You have a French throat, a tongue formed for the most beautiful language in the world; a glottis created to pronounce the French *r*. You should never have spoken Yankee, madame!"

"But surely," my old lady said, "you are not French, Doctor Hirschfeld. Your accent——"

He clapped his hands over his ears. "Don't say it! You were going to tell me that I have a German accent. Good God, madame, it is the curse of my life."

"But your name?"

"German! Name and accent were all my pig of a father left me. But I am French!" He pounded his breast with both hands. "French! I was born here in Paris. My mother was Provençale. I have never stepped my foot outside of France. I have worked for France, I have lived for France. My father had

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very little to do with me or my soul. I believe my mother could have created me out of her own intense, divine, French maternity. I didn't inherit my father's fanaticism, or his Jewish nose, or his bad temper. I *did* get his name. And my throat was built by a German architect. I speak my French like a murdering Teuton. I always will!"

The doctor was tremendously excited. I remember his turning to me: "Nurse, you're a clever girl—come to my clinic and see whether or not I have a French soul."

"I never doubted it," said my old lady.

"Ah, madame! Do you know, I don't dare to leave France for fear I will die on foreign soil. And I never married because I wouldn't bequeath to a son of mine that one-tenth per cent of German Jew."

He snatched up his hat, kissed my old lady's hand, and rushed out of the room. When he was gone she took up a hand-mirror, said "Ah," and peered down her "faultless French throat."

That same year he retired and I heard that he had gone into the country, somewhere near Bercy, to live. Just before he left Paris he performed a brilliant operation in the presence of several of the younger surgeons at St. Antoine. They say he had all of his usual grace and dexterity, and that he was the calmest man in the room. When it was over, and his patient had been wheeled back to the ward, he took off his white coat with a dramatic gesture and made a bow to the nurses. "Thank you," he said, "for assisting at my last operation."

No one had dreamed he would stop so soon—so soon, at sixty! They tried to persuade him to go on. Fancy his amazing popularity. No one had ever envied him. He had no professional rivals. The very man who took his place plead the most earnestly for the spinning out of Hirschfeld's charmed career.

But he couldn't be tempted. "My last operation," he said; "I am going to my farm to get close to the flesh of France. I know her spirit—I know the hearts of her people. But I have yet to know her soil. I am going to grow cabbages in long rows. I am going to watch the young lettuce blades turn the sod aside with prodding finger-tips. I am going to plant beans and onions and amorous potatoes. My friends, I have much to learn——"

His farm was as cheerful and as guileless as himself. There was a little old-fashioned house set in the centre of a vegetable garden. In front a row of rustling silver poplars flanked a paved walk that ran from the door-step to the highroad. At the back a summer-house, a latticed, vine-shadowed nook where the doctor took his morning coffee on warm days. A clucking hen or two always scratched and scuttled on the tiny lawn. The landscape was typically and delicately French—little hills, fields squared off and ablaze with poppies, meandering streams fringed with poplars and stunted willows, a wide sky always filled with tiny ballooning clouds of an immaculate whiteness.

The doctor lived there with two servants, a man and his wife, peasants, of course, who were so caught in the hypnotic spell of his unfailing charm that they would have done any earthly thing for him. I can't make it too clear that he had never met animosity of any kind. I doubt whether he had ever been caught in a severe storm or buffeted by a cruel wind. And his candor, his almost divine serenity, his awful credulousness, had a curious effect on people. His friends protected him from their personal unhappiness. For all his amazing gentleness, he had none of the father confessor about him! Every one who knew him entered into the tacit conspiracy to preserve his absurd, his idiotic, faith in human nature.

Of course people flocked to see him on his farm. And he had known all sorts. On summer afternoons, wearing an immaculate alpaca jacket and a broad-brimmed straw hat, he used to entertain a mixed company—actresses, poets, aristocrats, and scientists, and always a sprinkling of young men, who mistook his simplicity for cynicism, and admired him out of all reason. Mathilde, his cook, would scuttle from the kitchen to the summer-house and back again with wine and cake and cups of black coffee, while the doctor told his best stories. There was something about his guttural accent that convulsed every one. It was like hearing the *Marseillaise* sung to the tune

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of *Die Wacht am Rhine*. It was like the soul of France in a German helmet!

Paris came to him, by train, or *en automobile*, but he never went to Paris. His profession (except for a case of glittering surgical instruments, kept in the dining-room, of all places!) was apparently forgotten. And for two springs and summers his vegetable garden flourished as you would expect his vegetable garden to flourish. There were rows of beets and straight lines of tender lettuce heads and patches of feathery potato weeds, and huge cabbages, and pease on sticks and carrots and spinach and beans. The doctor stood in his garden and looked off at France, the tender, gay, brave, bright France that rolled to every horizon. . . .

And then war, gathering, a tiny cloud, in Serbia, rolled across Austria and Germany, and spread like a thunder-pall over the world! The doctor read the newspapers morning after morning, at first with incredulity, then with a rising sense of helplessness, an almost childish irritability.

War Imminent—War Declared—Mobilization—England—The Advance on Belgium—The Revolt—Liège——

The peasants came to him for advice. He could not give it. He waited in his garden, watching the horizon.

And, at last, the spirit of France, the sons of France came! First an outrider or two, cheerful and eager. Then a straight column of yellow dust that moved down the road like a slow typhoon. Behind it, part of it, choked and swallowed up in it, an endless procession of motor-omnibuses, loaded with men—*Madeline—Bastille, Passy-Bourse, Vaugirard, St. Lazare*—huge gray trucks roaring by with a horrible shriek of sirens, touring-cars filled with officers, taxi-cabs, motor ambulances, gun-carriages, bicycle corps, motor-cycles, men and more men and more. . . . The column of dust spread like a volcanic blanket over the sky. It powdered the lawn, it whitened the poplar leaves, it choked out the scent of the late roses, it fell like ashes on the neat vegetable rows and the trellised summer-house. . . .

The doctor stood by the gate with a crowd of peasants at his elbow, and felt the earth shaking under him. The ground swayed with those thousands of rushing machines as if an earthquake had rolled the very foundations of the world away. It was as if all France, all France but himself and the terrified peasants watching there with him, had rushed like a human river into that single road. After an hour or two he could no longer grasp what was happening.

"When will it stop, m'sieu?" Mathilde asked.

"It *must* stop soon."

"Are they going to fight?"

"I don't know." He was dull and confused. After a moment he added, "I suppose so."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"Near here, perhaps?"

"Oh, no! In Belgium."

Mathilde was frightened. She stood close to the doctor. "The young men at the village have been called," she said. "It is war!"

"It can't be war!"

"Should we leave?" She pulled at his sleeve. "Should we leave, m'sieu? Is it safe here?"

"I don't know."

Mathilde threw up her hands. What had come over the doctor? He was standing rigid and motionless, staring over the top of the little gate at the endless repetition of loaded omnibuses. He read *Trocadero—Gare de l'Est* on one of them, out loud, stupidly. He scarcely heard Mathilde. It is strange, but his French soul had had no thrill of patriotism. He felt no exultation, no quiver of pride, no shuddering expectancy. The vast, immeasurable tragedy of France had stalked out of the horizon; the dust of its passing had shut out his sun, his sky, his house, his world. Sixty-two years of happiness, and the greatest grief of all had caught him at his door-step. Too late! "If I had died," he thought, "a month ago! If I had been buried in the early summer, deep in the hot, brown soil of France! If I had never known!" At first he felt a throb of self-pity, as if all these men were playing a malicious trick, scheming to rob his existence of its perfect symmetry. You can forgive him, simply because he was not capable of irony. He was resentful of the monster

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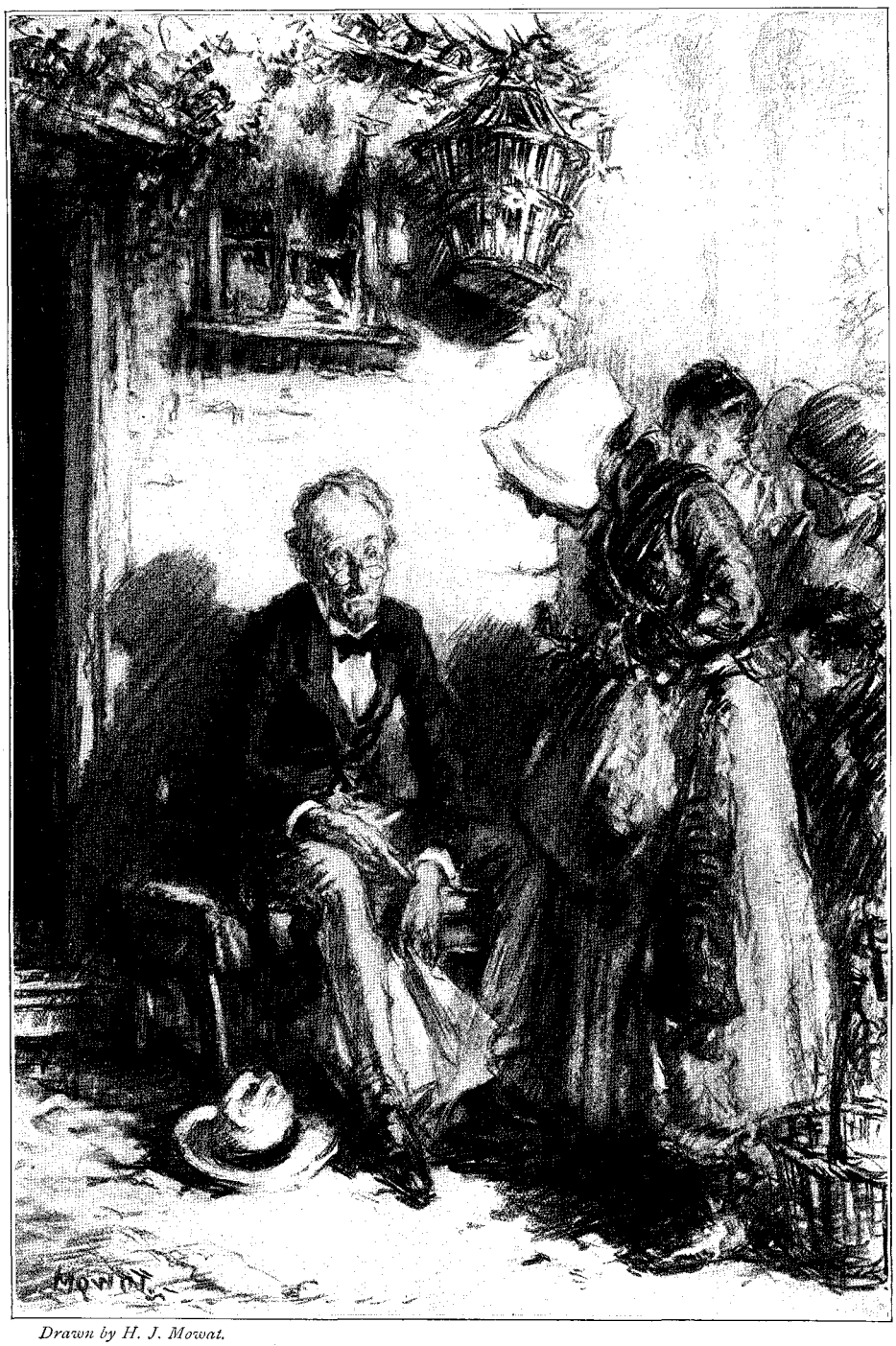

Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

The peasants came to him for advice. He could not give it.—Page 704.

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in his paradise; he wanted to shout at the relentless tide, to turn it back before it was too late; before he had seen hate and murder and despair, before he knew disillusionment. He told me afterward that he played Herzelaide to his soul's Parsifal. He became strangely numb. For a long time he had no emotion at all.

And then a strange thing happened to him.

A crowd of young men went by in a lumbersome motor-truck; they were singing at the tops of their lusty voices a healthy, thrilling, joyous *Marseillaise*. They saw the old man at the gate and recognized him, lifting their caps and turning their young faces toward him as they passed. "Doctor Hirschfeld!" And suddenly his heart expanded. He felt the blood rush to his head. He snatched off his straw hat and waved it in the air.

"*Vive la France!*" he screamed, "*Vive la France!*"

The doctor was standing on his doorstep that September morning when the French and English finally checked the German drive. He knew that all the inhabitants of Bercy had been warned to leave the village. They had been hurrying along the highroad toward Paris ever since dawn, old men and children and women, some of them carrying bundles, others driving hay-carts loaded with furniture. You know how tragicomic the flight of these soil-embedded, hearth-rooted peasants can be. The doctor had laughed at the very old woman shrieking at her flock of erratic geese, at the little girl with her doll baby-carriage, and the grandfather staggering under the family clock. The sun was hot, the sky cloudless—it was like a game of make-believe. At dusk they would come back again and the thin spirals of blue smoke that always twisted out of the chimneys of Bercy toward evening would rise as usual against the luminous sky. You see how hopelessly optimistic he was? how incurably romantic? He had read of the retreat; he knew that the government had abandoned Paris; throngs of Belgian refugees had passed his gate. Even now, when the army rolled back toward Paris like a tidal wave, he doubted. He had some obscure and nameless faith in his unfailing good luck. He stood in his narrow doorway looking at the ragged procession straggling toward Paris, and smiled at their fear and at their haste.

While he watched there, a young man in uniform, mounted on a shiny bicycle, came along the road, stopping himself now and then, by dragging one foot on the ground, to talk to the peasants. The doctor could not tell whether he was encouraging them or warning them. One or two of the women began to run. They were so awkward in their ballooning petticoats! The boy on the bicycle pedalled along beside them until he reached the gate. There he stopped and looked directly up the cobbled path at the doctor.

"Hi, there!" he shouted.

The doctor did not answer. He waited in the doorway while the boy dismounted, clicked the gate open, and started along the path. He was a handsome boy, one of those slim, wiry, red-cheeked, well-bred youths. He was the type of youngster that had always treated the doctor with that nice combination of deference and candor assumed by well-bred French boys of his age when talking to old men. But he was wearing the glorious uniform, so the doctor saluted him.

"*Bonjour*," the youngster said. He smiled engagingly. "May I have a drink of water? It's confoundedly hot in the sun."

The doctor turned and called for Mathilde. "Mathilde!" he said, and when he saw her frightened face in the shadows of the hall behind him, "bring this gentleman some wine."

In telling me about it afterward he said that he plied the boy with eager questions. Where was the army? Was an engagement expected? Were further reinforcements looked for? Why were the villagers being driven out? Oh, the most innocent and ignorant questions imaginable. He knew nothing; he had heard nothing for several days. He chatted, in his amiable, guttural voice, while the youngster drank the wine. He had never had the slightest trouble to win over a stranger. All his life people had succumbed to his amazing charm. Never a failure! He told me that he didn't notice the youngster's silence until he happened to meet his eyes and encoun-

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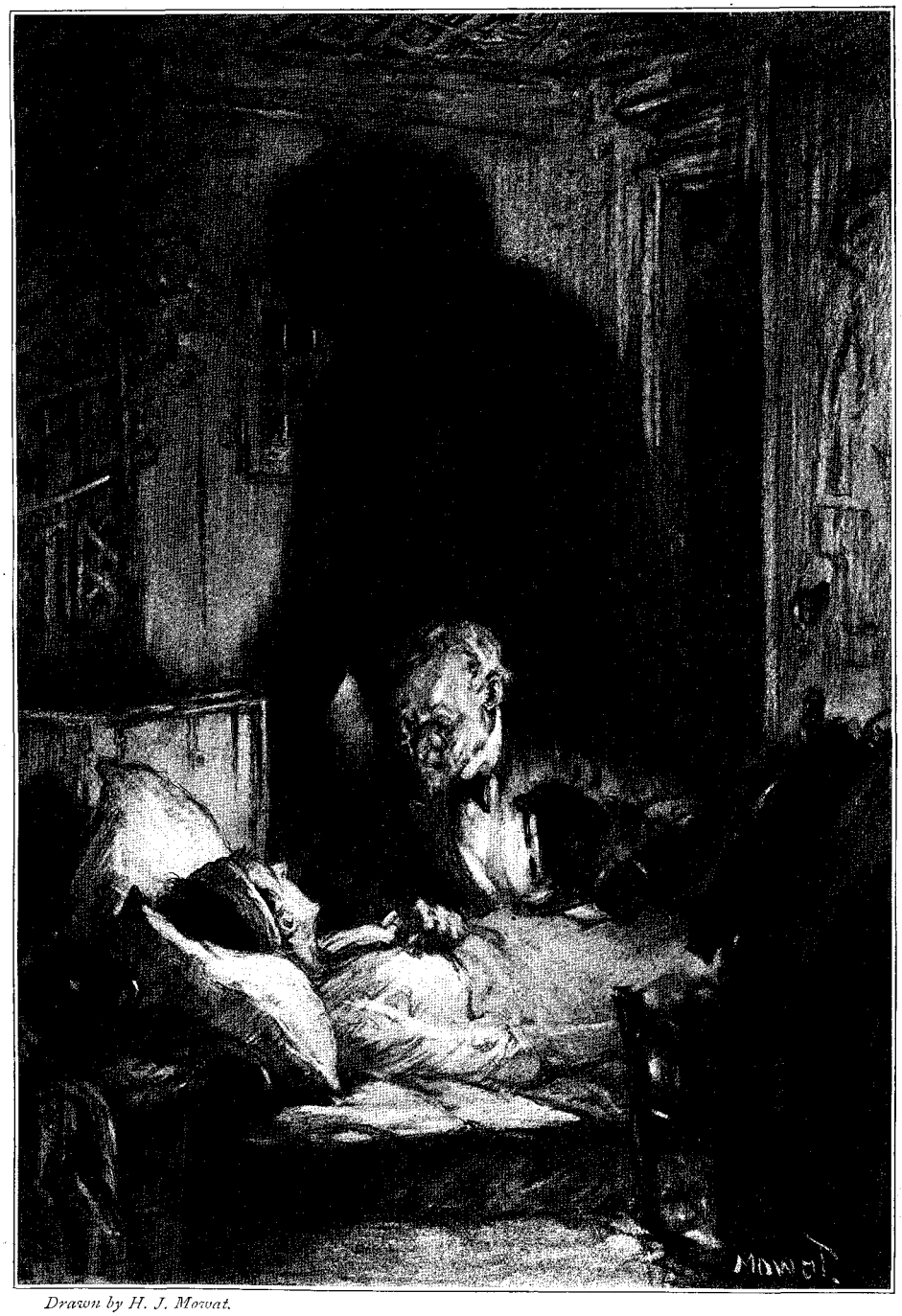

Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

"*Pardon,*" he said, "*Pas Boche—merci—camarade—Vive la France!*"—Page 709.

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tered there a suspicion, a deep hostility, a rising hate that frightened him. He stopped midway in a sentence, staring.

"Excuse me," the boy said, tightening his fists and stepping back onto the lawn. "But what is your name?"

"My name?" ("I hesitated," he said later, "as if I were ashamed of it. God knows why, at such a moment.")

"If you please——"

"My name is Hirschfeld."

The youngster shrugged his shoulders. He made an insulting gesture. "I thought so." He turned his back and walked swiftly to the gate. There he stopped and said loudly, with a venom that matched the furious hostility of his eyes: "*Sale allemand! Boche!*"

Then he swung his leg over his bicycle and rode away. He didn't even glance back.

The doctor stood in the doorway. He told me that everything was black before his eyes, his heart contracted. He was sick at his stomach. Mathilde, who had been lurking behind him, ran out just as he went down in a heap on the door-step. She tried to drag him up onto his feet again, but he was a dead weight. He hung his head down between his knees and moaned. If you had branded him with irons, if you had driven him naked through the market-place, if you had hanged him on a gibbet, you couldn't have humiliated him more.

"*Sale allemand! Boche!*"

He swears that he didn't hear the beginning of the engagement, and I believe him. His house was well within the lines, and the boy on the bicycle had not warned him, maliciously and purposely. When we were driven out of our Red Cross post farther along the road toward Bercy and fell back on his farm as a safer place for our wounded, we found him still crouched in the doorway with a blind face, huddled up like a dead man. But he wasn't dead. He staggered to his feet when we spoke to him. Even then I don't think he heard the hellish confusion overhead.

It was my first time under fire. The house down the road had been in flames when we left it, but we had got our wounded out. We rushed across Hirschfeld's sill and invaded his cool house. I remember sweeping all the bric-à-brac on one of the tables onto the floor. I couldn't even hear the crash in the roar of bursting shells. Of course you know how it feels to be caught in such a din. At first, thought seems impossible. Every nerve, every ounce of strength is concentrated on the shrieking overhead. Then, at last, you get control of your thoughts—like faint voices infinitely far away. You act on them disjointedly. You aren't afraid, but you are horribly alert. You say what every soldier and nurse says under fire: "The next one hits me, I shan't know it."

I remember seeing Mathilde crouched in the fireplace, her face as white as her cap. No one paid the slightest attention to her. We put our wounded in rows on the floor. Some one came from the bedrooms up-stairs carrying blankets and pillows. Doctor de Lattre motioned to me to clear the big table in the dining-room, and this time I gathered all the dishes into the table-cloth, and threw them out of the window. One of the other nurses was cutting the blood-soaked coat away from the back and shoulders of a boy who lay on his face where the stretcher-bearers had put him down. She asked me to help her to turn him over on his back. I'll never forget how he looked at me. Somehow we nurses never get used to being appealed to as God, as mother, as charity, as pity—if he had yelled aloud he couldn't have said more. He was a clean white boy; oh, a splendid youngster! When we swung him up on the table he fainted.

Doctor de Lattre looked at him. "I'll have to operate," he said, "get him ready."

Just then Hirschfeld came into the room. He was very erect and calm. He went directly to the table, glanced at the boy's face—you've guessed that it was the youngster on the bicycle, of course—and put his cool fingers on the fluttering eyelids. The boy reached up, caught the doctor's hand and whispered something. Hirschfeld stooped over, put his ear to the boy's lips and heard him say, distinctly, "*Sale allemand! Boche!* I should have shot you. . . ."

Hirschfeld performed the operation himself, using his own instruments, work-

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ing as delicately, as fastidiously as if he were in the quiet white rotunda at St. Antoine. The house shuddered and rattled; pictures clattered down off the shelves; the windows shivered into fragments under the violent concussion of exploding shells. It was the chaos of hell and damnation. But I have never assisted at a greater operation. I knew that much, back in the distant calm of my terrified soul. . . .

Toward dawn there was a lull and I went out into the garden to get away from the sickening odor of blood and chloroform that made the house unendurable. It was a dark, close night—the thick, pressing blackness that comes just before the first light. I went back toward the trellised summer-house I've told you about. Hirschfeld was there, sitting on the ground by his youngster. He had a candle in one hand, and its flame, flickering slightly in some fragile breeze, lighted the drawn, still face of the unconscious boy.

The doctor looked up as I came into the circle of light, and I think he recognized me for the first time. He beckoned to me.

"Nurse," he said, "this boy called me *Sale allemand*. He called me *Boche*. He called me both of those things not once, but twice. He called me *Sale allemand* when his soul was fluttering on the edge of eternity. You stare at me. I don't wonder! I saved his life; I brought him back into the world. Do you think I was sorry for him? Do you think I pitied him? Good God, I *hate* him!"

"Doctor!"

"I saved him so that I could make him eat his words. I'll nurse him like a woman, I'll feed him out of a spoon. I'll be his father and his mother."

He was exalted. He bent over and stared at the boy's perfectly still face. I think he was fighting his first battle. And I was fortunate enough to witness his first victory—for all the rest of his successes had had no hint of struggle. If he had failed then, I think it would have killed him.

The boy opened his eyes heavily, as if his white lids were weighted. He stared at the doctor. I am certain that he had heard every word, for it often happens that apparently unconscious people think with amazing swiftness. And his surrender was heroic.

"*Pardon*," he said, "*Pas Boche—merci—camarade—Vive la France!*"

He shut his eyes again and fell instantly into a profound sleep.

The doctor looked up at me. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. Then he put both hands on his breast with an almost ecstatic gesture.

"*Vous voyez? Camarade!*"

AFTER THE JOURNEY

By Robert Emmet Ward

When he went home, who went the other day,
  There was an eager scamper of wee feet
  To welcome him, and faces small and sweet
Uplifted, and bright eyes, blue, brown, and gray,
Danced with delight as only child-eyes may
  When joy is overflowing and complete:
  And he was crowded on some shady seat,
Both knees, both arms, filled in the old-time way.

"Tell us a 'tory!" "Say a rhyme again!"
  "Oh, *Little Orphant Annie*, please, once more!"
    "No, *Old John Henry!*" "No, *The Raggedy Man!*"
Was it not so, O best-beloved of men?
  You cannot answer from the farther shore,
    But so, I know, your first day home began.

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TROPIC MADNESS

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS DUER

I

THAT Andrew Farley took himself very seriously at the age of twenty-six could not be blamed on his liberal education at Harvard or on his four years' postgraduate experience in a broker's office in Wall Street, for neither Harvard nor Wall Street, estimable institutions though they be, tend to encourage over introspection. Indeed, Andrew had been surrounded ever since he could remember by cheerfully idiotic friends who cultivated their muscles at the expense of their minds, and who scornfully ignored their souls. But Andrew was very much interested in his soul, and, to do him justice, in other people's souls. Psychology, in the strictest sense of the word, was to him a study of never-ceasing importance and fascination: he specialized in it at Harvard and he tried, with little success, to pursue it in Wall Street. Actions and their motives, reactions and their connotations, life and its vast, complex meaning, the ideal relation of the sexes and how it should be brought about, man's duty to the world and the world's duty to man—all these were things the pondering of which occupied Andrew Farley's mind at the expense of intercollegiate athletics and the vagaries of the stock-market.

Accordingly, every one was surprised when Andrew's engagement to Marcella Maynard was announced, and no one was surprised when Andrew's engagement to Marcella Maynard was broken. Marcella, you see, was very superficial—at least, people who were very superficial said so—and Andrew was known to be very fundamental. Marcella had never read Darwin or Huxley or Ruskin or Bergson, with all of whom Andrew was thoroughly conversant and about whom—why deny it?—he was perhaps too thoroughly conversational. Then, too, Marcella "went out a great deal in society," and Andrew had long ago convinced himself that society, so called, tended to dwarf the soul and was, therefore, beneath contempt. With fine scorn and finer alliteration he had denounced society's polite conversation as the "vapid vaporings of illiterate imbeciles." Give him, rather, he protested, the heart-searing discourse of a Polish Jew or the imprisoned fire in the words of an Italian laborer digging in a sewer. True, he understood neither Polish nor Italian, but he thought it unnecessary to mar the effect of his rhetoric by pointing out this deficiency.

Marcella—I knew her well—was a delightful girl in spite of her fondness for superficial pleasures. She was essentially feminine. I always admired her because she played such a ludicrously bad game of tennis and was completely at a loss on a golf-links. There are a hundred things I could say in her favor that Andrew doubtless counted against her, and the greatest of these was that she was scarcely educated—that is, she spelled abominably and misused all words of more than three syllables and many of less. In addition to this she was passionately fond of jewelry and clothes and flowers and candy, all of which Andrew classed with the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. So you see there was no possible chance of their hitting it off together so long as Andrew remained Andrew and Marcella remained Marcella.

Andrew showed me, years afterward, the note that she wrote to him, breaking the engagement.

"Dear Andrew,"—she began, very primly—"after our conversation last night I have desided that it will *never* do for us to get married. I am far too frivilous I'm afraid—and I can't *bear* to give up all those lovely things that you object to so much—and I just *won't* take

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Drawn by Douglas Duer.

"There is no doubt—and even the most transcendental intellects have admitted it—that love is a very potent force."—Page 718.

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a course of reading or go to stuffy lectures at Barnard. I know as much as any girl I know and woman's sphere is *not* in the library but in the *home* after all isn't it!! Of course I *admire* you very much and all that but I can't keep up pretending to be serious like you all my life. I like to laugh at things and I think it's better to laugh than to cry always. If you want what you call a companion that is your equal in mentality I won't do because I am no Socrates or whatever that old Roman's name was—and I will *never* be one. So Andrew I'm afraid it is all over between us. I'm very sorry but it is better to have found out in time—isn't it!! Better for *both* of us I mean. I will always think very kindly of you and am returning your gifts except the candy which is eaten. With best wishes for your future, I remain,

"Yours very truly,
"MARCELLA MAYNARD."

The receipt of that letter put Andrew into a state of mind that interested him exceedingly. He discovered that he was not at all heart-broken—if anything had been hurt it was, perhaps, his pride. The letter was so calm, so casual—as if the girl herself were not heart-broken either. It annoyed him that a person could put him, Andrew Farley, out of her life so ruthlessly, and he reflected that she would have hesitated longer had it been a question of getting rid of her Pekingese. On maturer deliberation this seemed to prove incontestably that she was incapable of appreciating him, incapable of grasping his true worth. Ah, yes, he needed a subtler intellect to mate with his, he needed some one who moved in a rarer, more sublimated atmosphere.

And so, with absolutely no idea of finding such a person, he packed a trunk and boarded a ship for the West Indies. Marcella went to Palm Beach.

II

IN the West Indies Andrew was offered many opportunities for studying the soul in its primitive state, but, somehow or other, primitive souls seemed to lack a certain vital interest that civilized souls indubitably possessed. Primitive souls provided merely elementary study, and Andrew felt quite rightly that he had passed, so to speak, beyond the First Reader and souls of one syllable. He flattered himself that he thoroughly understood the simpler passions—love, hate, jealousy, avarice—and, in the tropics, life was apparently actuated by nothing more complex than these. Then, to add to his discouragement, he found that he, who had always scoffed at physical attractions, was sensibly repelled by the lack of physical attractions evidenced in the people with whom he came in contact. The West Indian sky was very blue, the Caribbean was crystal-clear and as purple as a colored postal card of it, the palms were very green, but—well, the West Indians were not very white. There were times when he remembered, with a pang, how white Marcella was—how white and how cool. And the scent that she used that suggested lilies of the valley.

He engaged passage on a dingy, reeking little steamer, and spent three weeks among the Windward Islands. Mid-February found him at Saint Thomas, and at Saint Thomas he had the misfortune to stand on the quay and watch the dingy, reeking little steamer sail out of the harbor without him. He had delayed too long in a shop buying himself a panama.

Now Saint Thomas is a brilliant green island, planted in the middle of a wide expanse of happy blue. It is a warm, lush green—a green that soothes and entices, and insidiously saps one's ambition, like the taste of the lotos or the perfume of the poppy.

Doubtless it was due to this narcotic green, then, that Andrew felt few regrets as he stood on the quay and watched his steamer trail a line of white foam across the harbor. Instead, he found that he was quite content to remain where he was, and not for anything would he have shouted or signalled in an attempt to attract the little vessel's attention to its marooned passenger.

A score of sympathetic natives, black as any spade in the pack, surrounded him, vouchsafing suggestions, and two cabbies repeated continuously in a monotone the phrase: "Keb, sir—want a keb, sir?"

At length, one of them, an old negro in

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a battered silk hat, approached him and said very politely:

"I tike you drive, m'lord?—tike you nice drive."

Andrew studied him at great leisure.

"Where did you learn your English?" he asked.

"I speak good English," answered the cabby. "I speak English on bloomin' Danish island," and he pointed to the Danish flag flying from the governor's "palace."

The gesture gave Andrew an inspiration.

"Drive me," he said, "to the palace. I will call on the governor."

"Not at 'ome," responded the negro promptly. "He tike vacation—aweye. I tike you see Mr. Jumley."

"Mr. *who?*" inquired Andrew.

"Mr. Jumley. 'E's English. Very rich man, m'lord. Bloomin' big house. Damn fine garden, too. My eye! I tike you see Mr. Jumley, m'lord."

"Very well," answered Andrew, "take me to see Mr. Jumley."

He climbed into the decrepit little barouche and, drawn by a decrepit little horse, they rattled away over the clean cobblestones of the square.

There is but one level road on Saint Thomas—a road that skirts the harbor and the sea. The others clamber inland and skyward, up precipitous slopes, often with the aid of stone steps, and lead to nowhere—for the town and harbor of Charlotte-Amalia is about all there is to Saint Thomas, at least so far as population is concerned.

The driver, fortunately for the health of his horse and the springs of the barouche and the comfort of his passenger, stayed by the shore road, and during the fifteen-minute excursion gave utterance to his thoughts in a never-ceasing monologue.

"Mr. Jumley makes choice rum and other fine sippings," said he. "My eye, that's why 'e's so bloomin' rich man. Wot with tropic, excessive 'eat, and so much dust, we all is excessive thirsty. My eye!"

"I understand," said Andrew.

"Yes, m'lord, *you* understand; but Mr. Jumley, *'e* don't understand. Why?—because 'e cawn't. 'E's drunk too much long sippings of 'is own rum—that's wot *I* seye, and 'e's balmy, my eye!"

"How unfortunate!" commented Andrew. "Why, then, do you take me to see a crazy man?"

"Oh, ho!" laughed the driver. "Mr. Jumley likes all new strangers to stay long time with 'im. 'Is 'ouse much better than the bloomin' 'otel. Besides, 'is daughter, Miss Jumley, *she's* not balmy. Oh, no, she's not 'arf balmy. . . . My eye!"

The driver, at this, turned around so that Andrew could see the ecstatic grin on his black face.

"Miss Jumley," he continued, "reads books all daytime and Mr. Jumley he drink rum all night-time. Bloomin' 'appy family, I calls it."

Andrew, mystified and not a little disgusted, forbore to question the driver further, and presently they drew up in front of an iron gate, beside which, in gilt letters on a marble plaque, was the inscription "Mon Repos." Strange anomaly—an Englishman owning a villa with a French name on a Danish island!

With many misgivings Andrew pushed open the gate and followed the straight path up to the door of a large, square, white-stone, red-roofed house, far more pretentious than any he had hitherto seen in Saint Thomas.

A *café-au-lait* man servant answered his ring at the bell and, without inquiring his business or his name, opened the door wide and stood aside, bowing and grinning, to let him pass.

"Mr. Jumley?" ventured Andrew.

"'E's in bed," answered the man. "But Miss Jumley's in the garden at the back of the 'ouse."

Thereupon he led the way across the stone-paved hall, through a court where a fountain splashed coolly under palms, to a broad terrace that overlooked the sea and that gave access by means of a twisting flight of steps to the garden.

At this point the servant indicated with a brown finger a sort of summer-house, built of green lattice and covered with vines, and he said:

"Miss Jumley always in there with 'er big books."

Then he turned and, leaving Andrew hesitating on the terrace, re-entered the house.

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"This," said Andrew to himself, "is very nearly an adventure. The Mystery of the Girl behind the Green Lattice."

He descended the steps and, passing down an alley of palms, reached the summer-house, which was at the extreme end of the garden, separated only by a low parapet from the sea.

In a comfortable-looking wicker chair, with books piled on the ground at her feet and a fat volume of Münsterberg in her hand, sat Miss Jumley.

Much as I should like to, I am afraid that I cannot describe her as beautiful. According to all precedent, of course, a girl that sits in a green lattice summer-house on a tropical island should be very beautiful indeed, and dark, with a skin the color of old ivory. And she should have large, black eyes, like unfathomable wells. But this is a realistic story.

Miss Jumley was tall, angular, and flat —facts which her flowing, tunic-like gown emphasized rather than concealed. Having said that, I have told you the worst, for she had several good points which are strictly compatible with height, angularity, and flatness. Her hands, for instance —long and slim, with sensitive fingers— and her feet, shapely in their sandals. Yes, she wore sandals. Her hair was positively beautiful; that deep reddish-brown hair, the color of russet shoes that have been much polished, and to Andrew's uninitiated eye it seemed that she had a great deal of this hair. Her skin, while not quite so good as her hair, was welcomely white in contrast to the duskiness that Andrew had encountered during the last month, and her lips, slightly rouged perhaps, emphasized its whiteness. As for her eyes—well, it is hard to describe her eyes. They were not black, nor were they large, unfathomable wells. They were green and rather small, but very intense. She seemed to concentrate the expression of her moods in her eyes, leaving the rest of her face immobile. Later she admitted to Andrew that she had difficulty in keeping her soul out of her eyes —that they spoke when her lips were silent. Andrew thought that charming, and on the few occasions when she was silent he was convinced that her eyes were uttering great thoughts.

At sight of Andrew, standing with his new panama in his hand, she marked her place carefully in her book, put the book aside, and raised slow, inquiring eyes to his.

"Miss Jumley?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered languidly, "I am she. Will you come in and sit down. My name is spelt Cholmondeley, however— if that is of the least interest."

"Ah," said Andrew. "Ah, yes—of course," and found nothing more to add.

"Are you stopping long with us?" she inquired.

Andrew said that he didn't know, that she was very kind to take him in—him, an utter stranger, that he felt very bold and that he would never have intruded on them so brazenly had he not missed his steamer. Then, to sum up, he laid all the blame on the driver who, he said, had insisted on driving him out to the Cholmondeley villa.

She stopped him with a wave of her hand—a graceful gesture that she often employed.

"Don't apologize," she urged. "Apologies are so dull and so useless. My father and I are always glad to entertain any visitor to Charlotte-Amalia. We only regret that we have so few to entertain. It is often lonely here in Saint Thomas. Of course, as for me, I have my books—ah, yes, my good friends the books. I spend hours conversing with Darwin and Voltaire and Goethe and my dear, dear friend Carlyle. But poor father—he lacks that greatest of consolations; the capacity to enjoy the printed word, the indescribable communion of author and reader, the opportunity to visualize a man's soul with never a glimpse of the man's doubtless repellent body."

Andrew's face lighted up with eager interest. Here, surely, was a woman who understood, or who at least craved to understand the great things in life, who was on intimate terms with the great thinkers of world history. Here was a woman, at last, who preferred Carlyle to the fox-trot.

He sat down suddenly on the ground at her feet and commenced respectfully to finger the books that lay beside her. Many of his favorites were among them —Darwin, Kant, Hume, Nietzsche, William James, Münsterberg, and, for re-

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laxation, Strindberg, Ibsen, Sudermann, Dostoievsky, Romain Rolland—a grim collection, full of meat but, for the most part, void of humor.

"Your taste in literature," observed Andrew, "is singularly akin to mine." He had adopted instinctively that preciseness, almost preciousness of speech that had always irritated Marcella Maynard. "Philosophy," he continued—"philosophy, the study of causes and results, of powers and of laws; and psychology, the study of the mind and the soul! The knowledge of those—ah, there is a star to which to hitch one's wagon!"

Miss Cholmondeley threw back her head with a sigh of rapture.

"I see," she said, "that you are one of us."

Andrew thought, then, that she was very beautiful.

"We," she went on, "whose thoughts delve beneath the surface of things, who strive to plumb depths hitherto unplumbed, must, in self-defense, stand by one another, an eager-eyed band, united against the scoffing ignorance of the superficial world. And we must console ourselves with the thought that we are the vanguard of the Army of Light. 'Light, or, failing that, lightning—the world can take its choice.'"

"Ah," murmured Andrew ecstatically—"Carlyle!"

"Yes," she agreed, and relapsed into pleased, complacent silence, like an orator whose little set speech is done and well done.

A warm admiration of her entered into Andrew's heart. He visioned them, working together, seeking the light hand in hand, sharing each other's brain-throbs and soul-throbs, and, yes, perhaps later, when their brains and souls should be as one, sharing each other's heart-throbs, too. The sun, just then, shone very brightly on Saint Thomas Island.

His pleasant musings were interrupted by a succession of muffled shots, scarcely loud enough to emanate from a man's-size gun, but reminding Andrew of the report of an air-rifle that in his more frivolous youth he had possessed and functioned. He was a little alarmed.

"What's that?" he asked quickly.

Miss Cholmondeley, however, betraying not the slightest agitation, answered: "I imagine that would be father shooting land-crabs."

"Shooting *what?*"

"Land-crabs," she repeated. "They are a great nuisance, and they positively infest the garden. Their numbers never seem to grow less—but then, father isn't a very good shot. Perhaps I had better take you and introduce you to father. You'll have to meet him sooner or later, in any case, and it is better, I think, to meet him early in the day when he is apt to be quite sober."

Andrew could not restrain a gasp. At first he thought that he must have misunderstood, but no—Miss Cholmondeley enunciated very distinctly. Then, for a brief moment, the suspicion came to him that he had found his way to a madhouse; but this explanation, too, he abandoned. Finally he concluded that Miss Cholmondeley possessed so great a soul that she was able to rise above being ashamed of a father who was "apt to be quite sober early in the day," and whose favorite outdoor recreation was hunting land-crabs with an air-rifle.

"She is a wonderful woman," he said to himself, as he followed her across the garden.

They made their way in the direction of the firing, the reports coming at intervals of about fifteen seconds, and serving as excellent guides.

At length Miss Cholmondeley motioned Andrew to stop, and, with a finger at her lips, commanded absolute silence. Crouching behind a bamboo-tree, sighting a diminutive air-rifle, was a man in a white pongee suit—a little, thin, elderly man, with a bright-red face and a bald head and a beak of a nose. He was actively engaged in loading and firing his air-rifle, but Andrew could not make out what the target was at which he aimed. As a matter of fact, Andrew was not sure that he should recognize a land-crab if he saw one.

"That would be nine of the beggars," muttered Mr. Cholmondeley.

"Don't you think, father, that that is enough for the morning," observed Miss Cholmondeley. "Besides, we have a guest to-day, whom you must meet. My father—Mr. Andrew Farley."

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The little old man put down his air-rifle reluctantly and, rising, came over and shook Andrew's hand.

"How d'ye do?" he said shyly, like an embarrassed schoolboy. "I hope you'll stop with us a long time. Are you fond of shooting? I just bagged nine this morning—excellent sport."

"I'm sure it must be," said Andrew. "Are—are they hard to hit?"

"Oh, no—not very," Mr. Cholmondeley answered eagerly. "The little beggars pop back into their bloomin' holes very fast, though, if you startle 'em in any way. All it needs is a quick eye and great caution—great caution. Try a shot, if you like."

"No, thanks," said Andrew. "I'm not any good with a gun. Perhaps later——"

"Of course, of course. Just as you please." Mr. Cholmondeley appeared wofully disappointed. But presently, brightening up, he whispered in Andrew's ear: "Would you like a little something to drink? The dust and the heat and all that——"

Once more Andrew declined.

"Well, then," said Mr. Cholmondeley regretfully, "if you don't mind I think I'll try to make it a round dozen for the morning. Three more of the little beggars—just three more. Make yourself quite at home, won't you, Mr. Farley? Psyche, you'll look after Mr. Farley, I hope."

The girl smiled gravely.

"Yes, father," she said. "Mr. Farley and I have a great deal in common."

"Good enough, good enough," approved the little man. "Stop a long time with us, Mr. Farley. I am glad that my daughter likes you. Psyche is an excellent judge—excellent. I hope you like her, too. She's a wonderful girl—my daughter by my first wife, who was a wonderful woman. I always had a great admiration for my first wife—perhaps because she was my first. You see, I've had three and familiarity breeds contempt. I can't say I cared much for the last two, and I'm sure they didn't care much for me because they seemed very happy when they died. Well, well—run along now, I must get to work. And, Mr. Farley"—here once more he lowered his voice to a whisper—"if you get thirsty before luncheon, with the dust and the heat, I mix a very good green swizzle. Don't forget. Good-by."

Leaving Mr. Cholmondeley to complete his morning's work, they strolled down to the sea-wall and sat side by side upon it, dangling their legs over the edge.

"Do you like the sea?" demanded Psyche. "Are you in tune with its moods?"

"I worship the sea!" exclaimed Andrew with enthusiasm.

"Ah," she answered—"that is nice of you." And then she added: "Yes, Mr. Farley, I think we have much in common."

She leaned back, plucked a scarlet poppy, and twirled it idly against her lips. The action was effective.

"I think," he cried, "that you are the most wonderful woman I have ever met! You are exotic, oriental—no, not oriental—Slav. That's it—Slav!"

"Thank you," said she. "I like to be told that, because it is always very hard for me to forget that I am English. Ugh!"—she shivered a little—"those cold-blooded, physical English! They are all body and no mind."

"Like the Americans," he added, thinking perhaps of Marcella Maynard.

And so, until luncheon-time, she derided the English, their manners, morals, and minds, and he did as much for the Americans. At the end of an hour he had convinced her that she was a superwoman, which, of course, she had always suspected; and she had given him to understand that he was a superman, which he was not unwilling to believe. Thus the time passed pleasantly.

At one o'clock the coffee-colored servant came through the garden, to announce luncheon, beating on a huge brass gong, and presently, as they went up to the terrace, Mr. Cholmondeley joined them, red in the face and perspiring freely.

III

During luncheon Mr. Cholmondeley, with the aid of several green swizzles, became very talkative. He told Andrew at great length of his boyhood's home in England—Little Boggsby, Kenbridge Green, Devon. He told him of certain misadventures in finance that had led him

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to quit Little Boggsby; he told him of his three marriages, and of the birth of Psyche, whom they had christened Maria—whom, indeed, they had called Maria until she reached the age of rebellion—and he told him of his recent prosperity here at Saint Thomas through the manufacture of rum. His only regret, he said, was that he was unable to give Psyche social opportunities.

"But she has the society of her books," objected Andrew.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Cholmondeley, "but she can't *marry* a bloomin' book!" And he cast a sly look at Andrew, and went through the motion of digging him in the ribs. Andrew was a little disgusted—it was all so earthy in contrast with the ethereal morning. It was like listening to ragtime after Debussy.

"All that Psyche needs is a good, happy, comfortable marriage," concluded Mr. Cholmondeley. "It will settle her—and Psyche wants settling."

Andrew could not openly agree with this statement, nor could he, on so short an intimacy, venture to disagree; but he registered inwardly a violent protest. Psyche, in his eyes, needed no settling, and, moreover, he refused to regard marriage as a settling institution—like an egg in the coffee. Marriage, surely, was something higher than that. . . .

That very afternoon Psyche assured him that she agreed with him—that marriage was something far higher than that.

"Marriage," she said gravely, "is the joining of two flames. Although both may have been bright flames before they were joined, the resultant flame is just twice as strong and brilliant. If one was a weak flame, its weakness is overcome by the strength of the other; and so closely are they merged that it is impossible to discern which was the weak and which the strong."

"What a beautiful thought!" said Andrew.

She sighed and turned her intense green eyes heavenward.

"I have many thoughts," she murmured, "but until now I have had no one to listen to them."

He bent over her (she was on a sofa in the marble-paved living-room), and before he knew it he was holding her long white hand in his. There were at least six rings on her hand, all set with emeralds, so that it was an uncomfortable hand to press. Nevertheless, Spartan-like, he pressed it.

"Why," he asked, "do you persist in living here alone—in isolating yourself from the world? You could sit at the tables of kings, and the greatest intellects of the earth would be proud to do you honor."

But she shook her head sadly.

"There is father," she said. "I cannot leave father."

True, there was father—uncomfortable thought!—father with his land-crabs and his green swizzles. Obviously father could not be included at kings' tables, nor would great intellects rush to do him honor. Still, could not father be left behind?

"Your father has so many interests—" he began, and let the pause speak for itself.

"Yes," she answered, "his is a very full life."

For some reason or other this response left Andrew cold. . . .

But, although he made no definite progress that day, he felt that sooner or later Psyche and he must arrive at an understanding. He felt that when two kindred souls are groping toward each other, even in the dark, they are bound eventually to touch. So far they had but brushed each other's wings. Ah, but there remained to-morrow and more to-morrows—golden to-morrows, all replete with the companionship and the stimulus of Psyche and her beautiful mind. He fell asleep that night with the blissful conviction that he was in an intellectual Eden—an Eden where the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge was the *spécialité de la maison*.

IV

He slept peacefully enough until about two o'clock in the morning, when he was aroused by a sound of scuffling in the hall. Lighting a candle and opening the door, he discovered that Shem, the *café-au-lait* man servant, was assisting Mr. Cholmondeley to bed, and that Mr. Cholmondeley, although patently in need of assistance, was resenting it.

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"Can't have those beashly crabs crawlin' up the wall," Mr. Cholmondeley protested.

"They eyen't crabs," Shem assured him. "They's the pictures on the new wall-piper." And with a vigorous shove he got Mr. Cholmondeley out of the hall into his room.

"Good lord," groaned Andrew, as he blew out his candle, "how can that beast be father to such a wonderful girl!"

With this thought came high resolve: he would marry the girl and take her away—far away from this sordid environment. And he would take her even against her will; he would play the Roman to her Sabine woman; he would prove himself a very man. And so he slept again, this time until far into the following morning.

The mornings, he found, gave him many opportunities for conversation with Psyche, for Mr. Cholmondeley usually stayed in bed until luncheon. Thus Andrew and Psyche were able to plumb each other's souls to their hearts' content, with no interruptions of the earth earthy. Each day Andrew fancied that he made new discoveries, each day Psyche revealed a new and sparkling soul-aspect, and each day Andrew grew more certain that she was the one woman in the world to make him happy. She was his psychical supplement!

On the morning of the eighth day he delivered his rather carefully prepared speech. Trying to make it appear that he extemporized, however, he said:

"There is no doubt—and even the most transcendental intellects have admitted it—that love is a very potent force. Many claim that life is incomplete without it, a view which of course is not shared by Plato or Sir Isaac Newton. But I imagine that even they take exception only to sensuous love—the love which attacks the senses exclusively and which takes no count of the soul and the mind. A great love, the real love, involves all three, and that is the only love that I recognize. Psyche, my dear, I love you with my body, my soul, and my mind, or, better, to put them in the order of their importance, with my soul and my mind and my body. I need you, Psyche, I need you psychically and mentally and—yes, and physically. Do you feel any such need of me?"

He paused there, satisfied that he had presented his case satisfactorily. True he had not been very passionate, but he believed that passion was for people of baser clay. With Marcella Maynard, for example, he had quite been carried away. How much saner this was—how much less bestial!

He paused, then, for her to speak. But she, not having prepared an adequate reply in advance, resorted, I regret to say, to the methods employed by primitive woman: she threw her arms around Andrew's neck and kissed him violently on the lips. During the process, unexpected and startling though it was, Andrew had time and opportunity to realize how thin she was. Indeed, her physical deficiencies temporarily quite overbalanced her undoubted psychical and mental advantages. She was a superwoman, true—but a very angular superwoman. He recalled, in spite of himself, the comfortably rounded contours of Marcella, the exquisite smoothness of her skin, the vague yet exhilarating scent of her hair—and then, with an effort, he put such treachery by, for Psyche, having found in the duration of the embrace ample time to marshal her forces, was giving utterance to great soul thoughts.

Said she: "My being takes fire at the touch of your lips, and, though the contact be physical, yet do I seem to cast off the weight of clay that chains me to the earth, and my soul, taking wings, soars high among the stars. I am conscious of new power; new vistas reveal themselves; I seem to see more clearly, as though a veil had been taken from before my eyes. Life, and its solution, has suddenly lost its complexity; the mysteries of existence have dissolved like fog before a wind from the sea. Everything is crystal-clear. That, Andrew, is love!"

"Yes, my dearest," sighed Andrew, patting her shoulder-blades, "that is the morning of love."

V

THEY chose to announce their betrothal to Mr. Cholmondeley at dinner that evening. Psyche, consenting to

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come to earth for an instant, had suggested that her father was always in his most receptive mood at that hour—that before dinner he was apt to be very petulant, and that after dinner he was apt not to remember anything that was told him. Andrew hastily agreed.

Mr. Cholmondeley, having mixed himself several green swizzles was, in truth, very genial and hearty. He received the announcement with enthusiasm, and with so little surprise that Andrew was vaguely disturbed.

"I congratulate you, Mr.—er——"

"Mr. Farley," supplied Psyche.

"Yes, to be sure—Mr. Farley. I congratulate you, Mr. Farley, on your choice of a mate. Freely and ungrudgingly I give you the one flower of my garden—my last and only rose. It is more blessed to give than to receive." And he sat down, wholly unconscious that this last might well be misinterpreted.

Then, already in excellent spirits, he called for champagne.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Cholmondeley had reached a stage in his intoxication when Psyche seemed to him a most precious jewel that he was bestowing upon Andrew. She was more than his jewel, she was his one ewe lamb, she was his ray of sunlight, she was the staff of his old age; in brief, she was all that he had to live for. He sincerely hoped that Andrew appreciated the sacrifice that he was making in giving her up. He liked Andrew—yes, he liked Andrew extremely, but, by heaven, there was no man alive worthy of his little Psyche.

"To me she's always little Psyche," he explained. "Never growshup. All fathersatway, I suppose."

Andrew strenuously endeavored to match his enthusiasm, but Andrew, remaining sober, found it a difficult task. The best he could do was to acquiesce silently to Mr. Cholmondeley's wildest eulogies, or to murmur at intervals: "Indeed she is," or "You're quite right, sir," or "She certainly is a remarkable woman."

This, however, did not fully satisfy his future father-in-law, who began to rebuke Andrew for undue coolness. He wanted to see more warmth, more gratitude for the blessings that had been vouchsafed him. He grew querulous; he was damned if he thought Andrew realized how highly he had been honored. And his parting words, as Shem led him off to bed, were: "You're a bloomin' iceberg. Makes me shiver to look at you. Reg'lar heart of ice, you have, reg'lar heart of ice. Can't you thaw, damn you, can't you thaw?"

Then, with great dignity, he shook Andrew by the hand and, slyly, that Shem might not hear, whispered: "You jus' wait till you know Psyche better. She'll thaw your heart of ice, she will, good and proper. Psyche's a reg'lar Gulf Stream for thawing icebergs."

There was something ominous about this admonition, and indeed, as Andrew looked back on it, there was something disquieting about the entire evening. He found that he could not sleep for thinking of it. More than once as he lay in bed he wondered if he were not engaged in a foolish venture. It was all very splendid, of course, this Lochinvar impetuosity, but . . .

His meditations were interrupted by a succession of shots fired in the hall. At once he recognized the gasping pop of Mr. Cholmondeley's air-rifle, and he thanked heaven that his future father-in-law made use of no more dangerous weapon. The firing continued with short pauses between shots, during which Mr. Cholmondeley's voice could be heard complaining of his lack of success.

"Could have sworn," said he, "that I bagged the bloomin' beggar that time." And then: "Confound his eyes, he's climbin' up the wall!"

Presently Shem appeared from some mysterious region—a frightened, white-eyed, gray-faced Shem. Without a second's hesitation Mr. Cholmondeley turned and pointed the gun at him.

"What the devil are *you* int'ferin' for?" cried Mr. Cholmondeley—"interruptin' my shootin' like that. *You* go back to bed—straight. Can't have you always botherin' me and spoilin' sport."

At this point, when Shem seemed to be in danger, Andrew felt called upon to intervene; so he opened wide his door and, clad only in one of Mr. Cholmondeley's nightshirts, walked barefooted into the hall. His appearance created a mo-

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mentary diversion, for Mr. Cholmondeley swung round on him in a rage.

"Here's another!" he exclaimed—"here's another spoil-sport. Can't be let alone in peace in this house. Here I come out to kill these bloomin' crabs that are swarmin' up the wall—tryin' to protect the sleepin' household, I am—and what thanks do I get? None. Nothin' but int'ference."

"*They* eyen't crabs," quavered Shem. "They's the pattern on the new wall-piper. I told you so last time."

Mr. Cholmondeley drew himself up in cold dignity.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I won't permit a servant of mine to contradict me in mownouse. I say they're crabs, and crabs they are; and they must be 'sterminated."

He aimed his air-rifle unsteadily at a brown arabesque—one of many—that decorated the wall-paper. But the multiplicity of similar figures seemed so to unnerve him that the barrel of his gun wavered from one to the other alarmingly. Finally, he closed his eyes and pulled the trigger, and the bullet embedded itself with a splutter in the plaster.

Andrew, motioning to Shem to help him, stepped quickly forward and seized Mr. Cholmondeley by the shoulders, while Shem struggled for possession of the air-rifle. But Mr. Cholmondeley, righteously indignant at such sly tactics, resisted and shouted for help. They made a great din, the three of them—so great that Psyche was aroused from her rosy slumber, and came, dishevelled, to see what was amiss.

Now Psyche, dishevelled, was no very attractive sight. It is the painful duty of the realist to depict his heroines as they are, not as they should be, and in this case the duty is very painful indeed. Let us harden our hearts to romance, then, and blurt out the brutal truth: Psyche, as she advanced in her night-gown and slippers, was a ridiculous, untidy, unkempt caricature of a woman. Andrew noted with a pang that she had left a great deal of her beautiful hair behind her, and that what remained was scant and stringy and done up in patent curlers. She had applied cold-cream so generously to her face that she shone like a sun at noon. She had angles at unexpected places, some decently obtuse, but many—those at her elbows, for instance—indecently acute. Where one would have expected her to be convex she was concave, and vice versa. She—but no! I can go no further. I am not a Zola. . . .

Andrew, covering his face with his hands, turned and fled, like Æneas from the harpies.

His flight ended for the time in his bedroom, where he cowered, filled with a great revulsion. Crack! His idol had toppled off her pedestal. No greatness of soul, no splendor of intellect could atone for the sheer ugliness of his idol's body.

The clamor in the hall increased rather than diminished, and now there was added to it a woman's voice, Psyche's, shrill and unmodulated. In her excitement she lapsed almost into the cockney of the servants.

"Hush up, you blighter," he heard her say to her father. "Do you want to spoil everything! Wot's Mr. Farley going to think of all this, I'd like to know!"

Mr. Cholmondeley replied that he was damned if he cared what Mr. Farley thought, whereupon Psyche retorted that it was a nice father she had, a nice father, indeed. And, to explain her meaning more fully, she pointed out to him that he was a drunken sot. At this Mr. Cholmondeley, quite naturally, burst into tears, murmuring between sobs disjointed phrases relative to the ingratitude of the young.

There followed a silence; then Shem's persuasive voice urging Mr. Cholmondeley to his room; then unsteady footsteps down the hall, the opening and closing of a door; then more silence, this time prolonged.

But with the silence there came to Andrew no sleep, nor any desire for sleep. His mind was made up to one thing: he would spend not another night in the house that sheltered Mr. and Miss Cholmondeley. The realization of how narrowly he had escaped leading Psyche to the altar struck him like a blow and left him shaking but resolved. He had got himself into a mess—it but remained to get himself out. How to do it? The answer stared him in the face. Flight!

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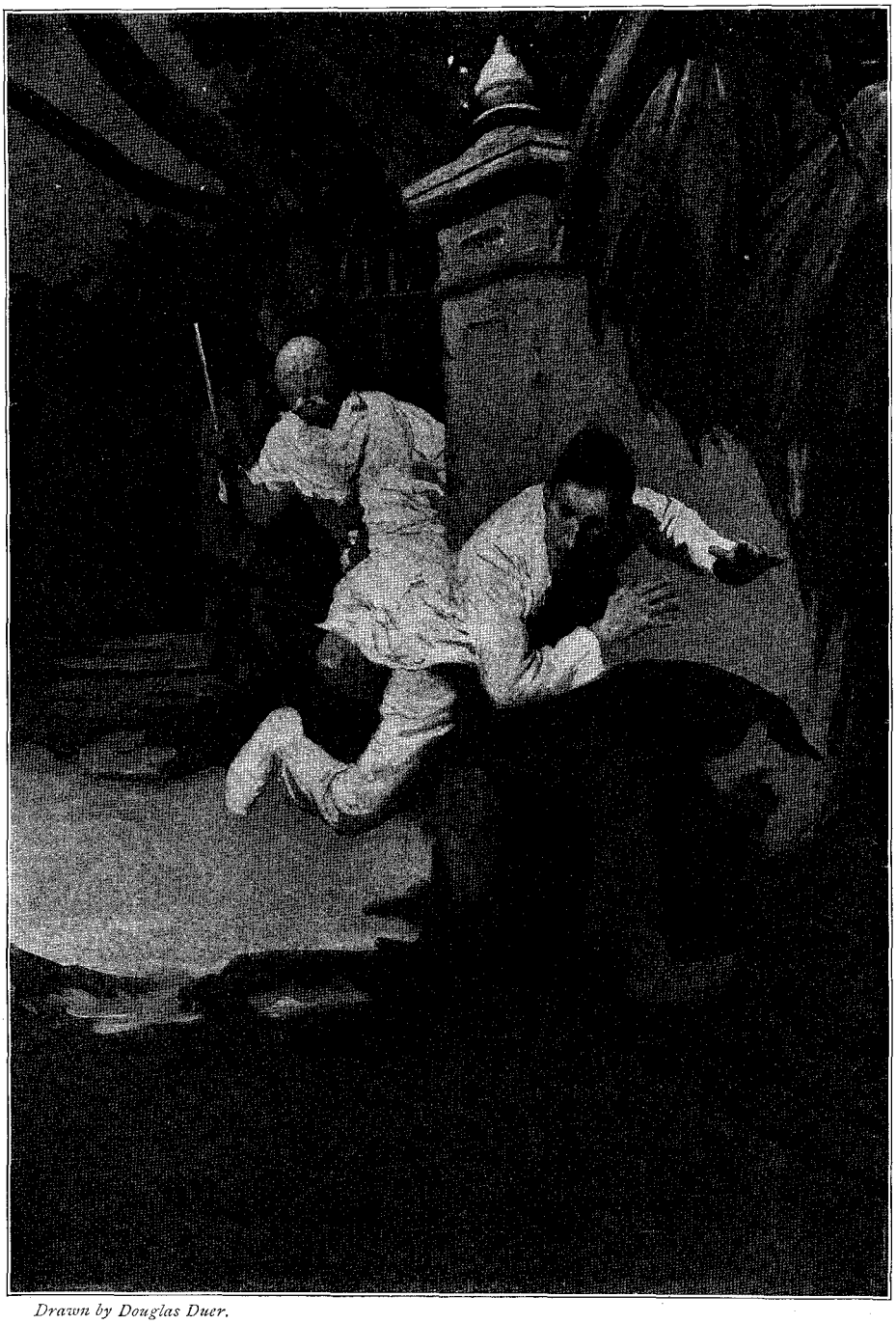

Drawn by Douglas Duer.

To do him justice, however, the more immediate and active cause of his flight was his supplemental woman's father.—Page 722.

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True, he had no definite place to which to flee, and no clothes to flee in save those that he had worn on the day of his arrival. Since then Mr. Cholmondeley had generously supplied him his wardrobe. But there was a steamer in the harbor—that he remembered—an old, sea-battered tramp, come probably for coal, and bound God knew whither. The Panama Canal? Trinidad? Brazil? It mattered not. At that moment the Black Hole of Calcutta would have been more acceptable than Saint Thomas.

Ten minutes later, in his stocking feet, carrying his shoes in his hand, Andrew Farley stepped cautiously out into the dark hall. No convict attempting an escape from Sing-Sing was ever filled with more trepidation; no burglar entering a house was ever so apprehensive as Andrew leaving this one. And, of course, when silence was at such a premium, he tripped idiotically on the stairs and fell to the landing with a great crash.

He picked himself up, dazed and sore, and so miserable that he could have wept. He was filled with an immeasurable self-pity. Everybody and everything were against him.

While he was rubbing his limbs on the landing he heard, above him, the sound of stealthy footsteps—stealthy but erratic; and presently there appeared the light of a candle, zigzagging like a firefly. Holding the candle, and responsible for its uncertain course, was Mr. Cholmondeley, clad now only in his nightshirt and a pair of elastic-sided slippers. But Mr. Cholmondeley carried something else besides the candle—something long and slender and shining, something with a polished wooden butt and a round steel barrel. And Mr. Cholmondeley's eye was filled with the lust of the huntsman.

Andrew did not linger to parley or to speak him soft. He took the stairs in three amazing leaps. Mr. Cholmondeley was slower, but at that he made the descent with surprising rapidity and incredible noise, and at each step he cried: "Ah, ha, you're tryin' to escape, are you!" in a tone that sent a chill to Andrew's already overtaxed heart. At the landing Mr. Cholmondeley flung the candlestick in the direction that he imagined Andrew's head to be, missing his mark by a scant two inches—a very fair shot, indeed. Andrew paused long enough to retaliate with his shoes, one after the other, and the second one elicited a grunt of distress from his pursuer and checked his progress for several very valuable seconds. During this time Andrew was able to slip through the front door and slam it behind him. Once outside, he paused for a quick breath of the night air and started on a run for the gate and the road to Charlotte-Amalia.

Now the night had been made for love, not for hate. It was a night for whispered vows and long caresses—for hands to clasp and lips to meet and eyes to speak fondly to starry eyes. A tropical moon swam warmly in a warm sky; a breeze off the sea bore subtle perfumes of roses from the garden and stirred the plume-like branches of the royal palms so that they seemed to fan the stars. A gentle night, a sensuous night, a very night of love.

But, behold, here was Andrew, philosopher and sage, apostle of the soul and student of the fundamental, fleeing, shoeless and dishevelled, from her who was (or, at least, had seemed to be) his supplemental woman. To do him justice, however, the more immediate and active cause of his flight was his supplemental woman's father.

Did I say immediate and active? Mr. Cholmondeley was both.

At the gate Andrew had a scant twenty yards' start, and as he rounded the turn into the road he heard the vicious spit of Mr. Cholmondeley's air-rifle, and a bullet went ping! in the dust behind him.

Silver-white in the moonlight, and curving easily and gracefully with the contour of the shore, lay the road to Charlotte-Amalia. A low stone wall, vine-clad, bordered it on the left, stemming the green tide of tropic foliage that rolled luxuriantly down from the hills. On the right, screened only by the contorted trunks of trees that persisted, in the face of common sense, in growing among the rocks, was the far-resounding sea. There was no escape, then, either to right or to left. Where the road went, there must Andrew go, a desperately speeding figure under the moon.

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And where Andrew went, Mr. Cholmondeley followed, as swift as the vengeance of the gods and as inevitable. A mad flight, that was—an epic flight, a Homeric flight, with Andrew the Hector and Mr. Cholmondeley the swift-footed Achilles. The gods shook the stars with their laughter.

Andrew and his pursuer ran in silence the first hundred yards, and Andrew more than held his own. Perceiving this, Mr. Cholmondeley began to hurl invective. He called Andrew a Don Juan and a damned Lothario, and, for emphasis, he again loaded and fired his air-rifle. This cost him several yards, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his aim had at last been true; for Andrew gave a little cry, stumbled in his stride and then, spurred on by pain, sprang away with increased speed. Fortunately an air-gun does not often kill.

And now, as Andrew raced along the pale, winding road, he turned his back to the moon and his shadow shot frantically out ahead of him—a long, lean, grotesque shadow, that clutched and leaped and swayed on spider-like legs. For one brief, heart-breaking instant Andrew believed it to be his pursuer's shadow, coming on him from behind; but a glance over his shoulder reassured him. Mr. Cholmondeley was struggling prodigiously a full hundred yards back.

The road, deserting the sea, presently widened and became smoother and an occasional house gleamed pink or yellow behind the palms. They were approaching the village. Soon their footsteps echoed in the quiet streets, rousing a lonely dog from his slumber—a dog that immediately joined whole-heartedly in the chase. But Charlotte-Amalia, undisturbed, or too languid to heed, slept peacefully behind closed shutters.

In the square by the quay there was no one to witness Andrew's hurried arrival. The black boys that plied their little flat-bottomed boats about the harbor during the day, had long since departed, as had the venders of fruit and vegetables. The cab-stand was deserted; even the bar that dispensed "fine sippings" to the thirsty displayed no signs of animation. But out in the harbor, perhaps a quarter of a mile from the quay, swung the lights of the tramp steamer. And the presence of that tramp steamer was all that concerned Andrew at the moment.

There was no ferryman—that was obvious—but there were plenty of ferries, the black boys having drawn their fleet of tiny, brightly colored boats high up on the beach and left them unguarded and unlocked. But Andrew knew himself to be an uncertain oarsman, and observation had taught him that the little boats were first-rate sieves, hospitable to sea water. His momentary hesitation was cut short, however, by the sound of hurrying footsteps and panting imprecations, and, like Macbeth, he realized that if it were to be done, 'twere well it were done quickly.

He selected a nice little pink boat named *Sea Rover*, seized it clumsily amidships, and launched it in the sea. Then he tried to get into it. Mr. Cholmondeley, arriving in haste, stood on the beach and laughed at him—laughed and panted and laughed—and every time that Andrew seemed about to succeed, Mr. Cholmondeley would take careful aim with the air-gun and fire. This proved most disconcerting.

Then Mr. Cholmondeley, perceiving further possibilities of entertainment, began to sing and to do a sort of barbaric dance. For the most part he sang songs of the sea, with many yo-ho-hos and avasts and belays and the like; and he completed the programme by rendering "Baby's bed's a little boat, sailing on the sea," punctuating the end of every line with a shot from his air-gun—thus:

"Sail, baby,—*ping*
Out across the—*zip*
Only don't forget to—*bing*
Back again to—*blip*."

But in all this Andrew could see no humor.

When he finally managed to clamber successfully into the *Sea Rover*, he was smarting physically from the cannonade and mentally from the ignominy of his predicament. He seized the oars in a sullen rage and pulled for the lights of the tramp steamer. Out to him across the moonlit water was borne the sound of Mr. Cholmondeley's voice, wistfully intoning "Crossing the Bar."

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VI

THREE weeks later Andrew landed in New York, sadder and wiser. As soon as he had donned proper clothing he went to see Marcella Maynard, and very humbly begged her to reconsider her decision. He pointed out that during the last months he had suffered much, and that suffering had made him more tolerant, more human. He asserted that he saw things differently now, that he had discovered that the true secret of happiness lay not within the mind, but within the heart, and that a soul, to be truly beautiful, must have a beautiful envelope. He was inclined to doubt, he said, that lilies grew in mire.

Marcella did not understand him until he seized her in his arms and commenced to whisper baby talk into her ear. Then she sighed comfortably, murmured "Now you're my nice, old Andy," and raised her face to be kissed.

And so they were married and lived happily ever after, with many children and few brain-throbs; and Andrew made a huge bonfire in the back yard of their suburban villa, and to it consigned his library of philosophers and psychologists and other purveyors of indigestible mental food, exclaiming as he did so: "*Gloria Veneri!*"

"What does that mean?" inquired Marcella, as she tossed six volumes of Ibsen to the flames.

Andrew hesitated an instant; then he translated freely.

"That," he said, "means: 'Down with the emancipated woman!' "

"Oh," murmured Marcella—"you *have* changed!"

"Yes," agreed Andrew meditatively. "I like 'em old-fashioned and—plump."

TROOP HORSE NUMBER ONE

By Hugh Johnson

Author of "Lascar," "The Manhandler," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

OLD man Medders of the Comanche Pool, intending to improve the breed of his range ponies, bought and brought to the ranch-house on the Eagle Chief, a Turkish barb stallion. Arabian horses need better care than is accorded on a cattle-ranch, and Tarik el Amara promptly died, leaving behind a single son by a big-boned range mare whose pedigree was dark with so many bars sinister that her emblazoned escutcheon would have resembled a waffle-iron. Old man Medders signed the notes-of-hand of too many irresponsible friends, and Tarik's gangly son was sold in a blanket lot of four hundred range ponies at four dollars a head.

He roamed the open range of the Panhandle for three years and never saw a man. An army contractor culled the Panhandle herd, but there were doubts about the lithe colt. He fought the ropes like an untamed demon. Now, cavalry mounts must come from the contractor's hands gentled and halter-broken, but this contractor understood army buyers.

"They're crazy on conformation," he said; "I'll take a chance on gettin' that feller by. He looks like he had blood. Snub him up, shoot him full of dope. He'll pass."

Thus the son of Tarik, who was certainly ungentled and far from halter-broken, went sleepily through his tests, and finally came to the cavalry corrals at Fort Reno, after a nightmarish season of bruising joltings—nights of terror and days of pain and alarm. With a chosen herd of frightened, frowsy remounts, he was turned loose in a bare, high-fenced corral, where men in blue clothes came, poked things at him, and went away when they saw that he was wild as a hawk and seemingly vicious.

There was one soldier who did not visit the corrals to investigate the new horses. Micky Medill clambered hopelessly to the highest rail, placed his elbows on his

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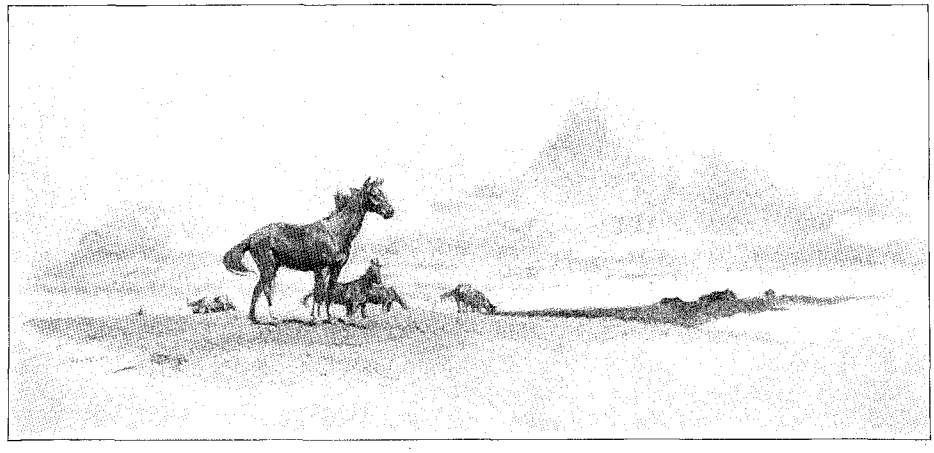
knees and buried his inconsequential chin in the cup of his hands. Micky had gone into the garden to eat worms. He was at the end of his rope. Life had never been a serious thing to him, but it was suddenly serious now. He gave himself over to a divine despair and meditated on his ridiculous career. Micky had begun life in New York's lower East side. Since he a bob-tail—'three months and a kick.'" Then, for the first time, Micky heard himself interpreted in the light of cold language by the tongue of a master. "You're just a sliver of *nothin'*, whittled down to a fine point, Medill. If men were sold by the piece, you'd go in lots of forty, at three cents a bunch. You just *ain't*. Why don't you go out to the post dump



He roamed the open range of the Panhandle for three years and never saw a man.—Page 724.

could remember, it had been the pastime of people to kick Micky Medill. He was a floater and a wastrel, was Micky, and heretofore he had fitted himself into the scheme of things with a sort of amused resignation. He had never done anything right, but, since there was nothing that made any difference, that was a matter of no importance. He had been a "swipe" on the Sheepshead track, and while it was not to be doubted that he had a most amazing way with horses, he would insist on throwing cigarette butts into the hay, so they kicked him off the track. He had been a tramp, and that was a perfect orgy of kicking, but Micky was not a man of sufficient assertiveness to be a good tramp. He almost starved on the job. Then a very careless recruiting sergeant passed him through, and he became an alleged soldier. The trouble with the army was that they would not let it go at kicking. Micky had just had an interview with the first sergeant of K Troop. "You've got five court-martial convictions, Medill. This absence of yours from drill makes six. That means and blow off your can? It'd save the expense of a court martial and Lord knows you owe something to your country."

Micky was seriously considering the alternative. It was not an uncommon move for soldiers destined to spend a season on the Rock, "making big ones into little ones." He sat there a long time, looking down on the milling herd of frightened strangers and not seeing them. They galloped in a frantic but aimless manner about the corral seeking an escape from their prison. They were led always by a beautifully formed black gelding.

A stable squad came down to cull out the remounts of K Troop. An old German sergeant tossed a rope unskilfully across the back of the black gelding. The flick seemed to drive him frantic. He rushed wildly about the corral. Finding no escape, he halted, facing his tormentors. There being no avenue of flight, he accepted the alternative of fight. He dropped back on his haunches, raised his thin muzzle to the sky and fairly trumpeted a defiance. He was smoky black.

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He had just shed his winter frowsiness, and his long, flat muscles fairly rippled under a silky hide. His feet were as delicate as a lady's, but there was power in the bunched haunches, strength in the short, flat cannons. The sergeant thought that the stillness meant capitulation and he approached.

"Look out!" It was Micky's warning, for Micky instinctively knew horses. The colt, trembling with excitement and fear, but brave in his extremity, bared his teeth and charged. Ears flat against a head that darted out like the head of a blacksnake, he rushed forward, reared magnificently, and struck. The sergeant had bare time to beat a lumbering retreat.

"Ouidtlaw—mankiller—sunfisher," he swore. "K Troop von't take dot horse."

Micky Medill sat lost in admiration. He had a Bedouin's inherent failing for a beautiful horse, and he had fallen under a natural horseman's infatuation for this colt. The son of Tarik typified everything that Micky Medill was not. For there was little of either fire or rhapsody in Micky.

"Sufferin' cats," he breathed softly, and after a poetic pause, "*Snickerin'*, sufferin' cats." Something had driven other thoughts out of his head. Despair fell from him like a mantle. He got down from the fence and went straight to his captain's quarters.

"Old Zipsky'll go back and tell the skipper the colt's a mankiller. I might have a chance," he thought. He found the wise old captain not unkindly disposed.

"I only want a chanct, sir," he said. It was the first time he had ever asked any one for a chance. It was the first time he had ever desired a chance. The captain noted that. "I can be of some use to the troop. I can train that horse."

"I've got to think it over, Medill. I can't promise. You're supposed to go to trial."

Both the captain and Micky had reckoned without brand-new Second-Lieutenant Paulding. Despite the rapidly formed opinion of the Sixteenth Cavalry, there was nothing really malevolent in this young man, though there was much that was unpleasant. He was narrow, it is true—narrow as to physique, and amazingly narrow otherwise. If he had read a book, he could tell you what was in it, and if you were not adroit he would do it. Furthermore, he had no gray opinions. Either that book was an effulgent gospel of light, or it was a black crime and its writer a criminal. Paulding never *thought* a thing, he always *knew* it. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," was his motto, and he was always going ahead where archangels would have retreated. Just now his gospel was a book called "Doctor Karrick's Complete Horse Trainer." The doctor must have been a sort of Paulding before the fact. The idea of the book was that there is only one right way to train a horse. Accept that way and a devil's stallion can be made a lamb in one lesson. By the use of "Karrick's Conqueror Harness" you render the brute absolutely helpless by trussing him in an instrument of ropes and pulleys. Then by a series of experiences of frightfulness you let that brute know in one long agony of terrifying experience that you are the master. To cure him of fright, you beat tin pans on his head and fire pistols in his ears. If he offers resistance, you jiu-jitsu him into helplessness.

When "Eatabook" Paulding, as the regiment called him, heard of the advent of a remount outlaw, he seized the Karrick's Conqueror, tucked the book under his arm, and grinned in ghoulish glee. He would show the regiment. He would prove his worth to his new captain.

Somehow, he dropped a blanket over the head of Tarik's son and the experience of frightfulness began. With the aid of a cowed assistant he got the harness on the blindered colt and threw him prostrate. The trembling limbs were jerked this way and that at words of command. Tin pans were duly beaten on the colt's head. Pistols were properly fired in the dazed ears. The colt, so trussed that he could not move a muscle, could only lie and groan. He lay trembling in every limb, pouring sweat in rivulets, terrorized to the point of mania, suffering beyond expression. Latterly a shocked and outraged private climbed to the highest rail and watched these proceedings with terror. The horse was heaved to his knees, bridled over the blind, and saddled.

"You see," exulted "Eatabook" Paulding, "mind triumphs over brute force.

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A blue avenger avalanched from the fence-rail. "Eatabook" Paulding measured his length on the earth.—Page 728.

The untamable is tamed in a single lesson. I mount him. Give some play on the heel-ropes—now—release the blind."

Emerging from Stygian darkness, the black colt stood a moment trembling on his propped-out legs, blinking in a blind stupor. Then, out of the hideous whirlpool of pain and sound, consciousness

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came back. The outraged horse fairly screamed. The lithe black body bounded into the air like a released steel spring. The heel-ropes went smoking through the pulleys, the crazed horse was free for a moment. "Eatabook" Paulding went hurtling against the fence and fell in a heap. The attendant had managed to sieze and snub up the heel-ropes or Paulding would never have risen. As it was, the charging horse went down so close to the disciple of Karrick's retreat, that the snapping teeth closed on his coat-tails.

"If by any misfortune," says Doctor Karrick, "the horse is allowed to feel his power, punishment so severe that it will never be forgotten must instantly follow." "Eatabook" Paulding approached the prostrate form with a new whalebone whip. Perhaps he thought he was acting with restraint. As a matter of fact he was crazy with the sort of rage that comes to stubborn, frustrated little men. He raised that whip and cut down blindly. The welt showed red. He struck again and again. At last, completely beyond his own control, he kicked, but he kicked but once. A blue avenger avalanched from the fence-rail. "Eatabook" Paulding measured his length on the earth and got up spitting tanbark, to face, through a dazzling shower of sparks from his injured eye, the face of a regenerated Micky Medill, who had struck his first blow in self-assertion, and who in doing so had outraged all codes.

"Ain't you got no sense," he panted; "Dontchu know nawthin a-tall? Do you want to spoil that haws?"

The articles of war say that the penalty for striking a superior officer shall be death or such other punishment as a court martial may direct, but in the code of the cavalry abuse of a horse is the unpardonable sin. Captain Pop Grantham weighed carefully the force of the two principles.

"I could press these serious charges against Medill, Paulding," he said, "but I'm afraid it would end your career in the cavalry, for I would equally have to press these charges against you."

"But he struck me," wailed "Eatabook," and black evidence of the truth rimmed his eye like a crescent moon.

"I'm sure he did," conceded the captain, "but you could have struck back. The horse couldn't, you know. You can take your choice."

There was little choice, and Paulding chose wisely.

"But he struck me, and he gets off scot-free."

"No, he doesn't," chuckled old Grantham; "I'm going to give him that horse to train. I think we'll make a man of Medill yet if the colt doesn't make a corpse of him. *There's* a possibility for your comfort, Paulding. And I think, my boy, you'd better hunt another regiment and start over again *without* Doctor Karrick. I know you meant well, but you started wrong."

The son of Tarik fell heir to the K Troop name of Kavass. Experience had not endeared to him the sight of man. Micky Medill spent hours and days simply standing at the end of his stall, crooning to him to accustom him to the sound of voices and to convince him of the lack of danger. It was three full weeks before the colt could be touched without crouching and trembling. Two months passed before he could be mounted.

There is a certain amount of tenderness in the make-up of every man. It was put there for the benefit of women and children. Soldiers and sailors are consistently herded away from the natural objects of this trait, and that is why pets do so well in squad rooms. No one could wish a cur a kindlier fate than to fall in with a company of infantry, and barracks are usually cluttered with every form of animal life from horned toads to monkeys. Micky Medill had known little of affection, but he loved the slim black gelding. He went about the training with the tenderness of a mother for a child. He was sorry for the colt's terror, and he, above all men, could sympathize with Kavass's friendlessness and the dread that K Troop had of him. In the end the colt forgot the bitter experience of his recruit weeks, and finally Kavass of K Troop became—well, Kavass of K Troop. He knew every trick that kindness and patience can teach an intelligent horse. He became the best three-mile horse in the army. He could leap a five-foot hurdle without apparent effort. He won an important steeplechase when the troop was stationed at Fort Meyer, Virginia. He attended a New York horse show and

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Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

Red Ruiz's gang.—Page 731.

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took ribbons in the charger class. He was one of the few animals that were landed in Cuba with the army of Santiago. He was wounded back of El Caney, and so became an army hero. At last he distinguished himself internationally by carrying an important message one hundred and ten miles in fifteen hours, during the threatened Ute uprising—a message that is generally conceded to have averted a threatened Indian war.

No Arab of romance was ever a more devoted master than the regenerated Micky Medill. He had found something that repaid affection. As the rider and trainer of Kavass, he became somebody in his little world. The captain perceived his talent, and he was made stable orderly and finally sergeant. There were no better-conditioned horses in the cavalry than the mounts of K Troop, and between the stable-sergeant's pillow and the manger of Kavass there was only a thin board partition. Good and bad luck came to horse and rider together. Micky's fame as a stable-manager spread, and he was offered desirable details.

"I've neither kith nor kin," he said, in refusing them. "My home's right down along the K Troop picket-line. I don't need no furlough, because I'm right at home where I am."

But an inevitable tragedy always impends over the life of an army horse. He lasts eight years, on the average. Then he must give place to younger, stronger sinews. He is condemned, branded "I. C.," and sold for what he will bring, or, if very old or injured, he is shot. Toward the end of Kavass's service Micky apprehended this danger and prepared for it. In the greasy old buckskin belt that he always wore there were enough skimped savings to buy Kavass and to endow him in pasturage for life.

But Kavass far outlived the average term. Excellent care found him at the age of twenty still able to do his daily bit. The regiment was proud of the veteran trooper. Duty was lightened for him. He was allowed to run loose at horse exercise and sometimes at drill. He knew the trumpet calls as well as any soldier. He seemed to realize the dignity of his position, for without so much trapping as a neck-strap he would fall gravely in behind the officers and lead the column to the drill ground. Sometimes he would stop to graze near the manœuvring troop. Sometimes he would take his place in the line of file-closers and follow the galloping rank with quite the precision of the guided horses. But on occasions of great solemnity,—President's or general's reviews,—the annual presentation of the colors, and nearly always at muster, his mane and tail carefully waved, his hide shining like spun silk, his dainty hoofs polished to mirror brightness, Kavass bore the snapping silken guidon of K Troop at the head of the column and the flank of the line.

K Troop went to the Mexican border with the first troops. Having no captain, it received the most undesirable stations. It was split up into small patrols of water-hole guards, with headquarters on the Rio Seco. The Seco is dry, but it is not a river. There is a bowl-shaped depression in the alkaline Arizona plain, and at the bottom thereof is a clear spring of water that runs off into the sand and dies. It is the only water in a radius of sixteen miles, and any raiding party moving north from Sonora must pass by the Seco or perish. Here Micky and Kavass came with a detail of twenty, and here also Captain "Eatabook" Paulding, gray now and a little softened after eighteen years' absence, rejoined his troop. When Micky Medill heard of the advent of a new skipper, his throat went cold with terror. He seated himself on a sand-dune to think it out. At last he went down where, under a carefully adjusted bagging awning, the pampered old Kavass was nonchalantly munching the best hay in the evening's feed.

"It's all right, Kavass, old cabbage-nipper. He won't do anything. People don't remember things like that up and save 'em eighteen years. Anyway, the colonel wouldn't let him. It's all right, Kavass." But deep in his own heart Sergeant Micky Medill knew that it was not all right. "Eatabook" Paulding might not consciously intend revenge, but he could never look at Micky without remembering what happened in the Reno corral. He could never see Kavass without a clear perception of the duty enjoined by the regulations.

The colonel of the Sixteenth was the same old Grantham that, as captain of

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K Troop, had sent Paulding away. He did not refer to it when the new captain reported. He had other things to think of.

"There are all kinds of rumors along the border, Paulding. I don't credit 'em. I've been stationed on the fringe of Mexico too long. But just the same—keep ready. If that troop isn't fit, get it fit. We may have to go into Mexico. We may have to resist an attack on the line. Don't get caught napping, that's all."

"Eatabook" Paulding intended to see that K Troop was fit. His first act was to examine the roster and the descriptive cards of horses. He inspected the yellowed card of Kavass. It recalled no memories, for Kavass had had no name when Paulding applied the methods of Karrick, but there were the damning figures. Kavass was twenty-three years old. The lieutenant who had commanded merely smiled.

"Of course, you know about Kavass—Micky Medill and Kavass. The troop horses are in fine shape. But you can't pension an army horse, so we keep old Kavass on and feed him oats. He's a regimental lares and penates and a troop tutelary deity."

A burning shame of memories tinged the cheek of "Eatabook" Paulding.

"Is this the Medill—has this man been in the troop since '96? Ah— Do you mean to say that you have deliberately kept on an old, unserviceable horse and fed him government oats? Why, it's misappropriation of public funds. I fail to see how a conscientious officer could certify his forage returns."

The word went out through the camp at the Seco that Kavass was to be shot as soon as the captain could get the survey reports through the sixteen-mile trip to regimental headquarters at Duquesne. A courier rode through every third day. Horses are named on inspection reports by numbers and description and from the returns of an all-black troop the colonel would never recognize Kavass by this description: "Black gelding, 15-2, No. 1. White star. Few gray hairs in off hind fetlock." Conscious of the futility of such a move, Micky Medill yet appealed to Cæsar.

"I know he's too old to do duty, captain," he said, "but don't order him shot. Let me buy him. I've saved up the money. I've got enough to keep him for life. I——"

"Superannuated horses are not sold to irresponsible soldiers, Medill. They are shot. It says so," said "Eatabook" Paulding, "in the regulations. Sentiment may be all right in its place, but its place is not a cavalry outpost where serious danger is threatening."

The face of Sergeant Micky was a mask of tragedy, and "Eatabook" Paulding always believed that he, "Eatabook," was a conscientious man.

"I want you to know, Medill, that I never have personal feelings concerning a soldier. My official life is separate from my personal experiences. I understand that you have become a very worthy soldier. I desire you to know that I harbor no animosity. That is all. The horse will be shot as soon as these papers come back from the colonel."

This happened on the morning of the 17th of June. As every one knows, that evening Red Ruiz's gang of four or five hundred banditti rushed the little outpost on the Seco.

They came near sunset, and in the first charge through the camp they carried away half the horses on the picket line. They reckoned without the efficiency and amazing rapidity of American fire. While they were still milling in the dust and confusion beyond the camp, Paulding and his lieutenant managed to get a fairly respectable line of armed men to the pit's edge. The mêlée of horsemen was scarcely two hundred yards away, and it received the first blizzard of continuous fire with a visible shrinking back. Then their leader took charge. The horsemen opened and circled, and K Troop was very considerably outnumbered and quite effectually hemmed in. The water-hole was not a good place for defense because within five hundred yards there were high sand-dunes from which every cranny of the depression could be searched with fire. The Mexicans had a machine gun, and they used it. Twilight fell, and they called upon K Troop to surrender. Micky Medill was the sole dispenser of Spanish as it is spoken across the border. Paulding told him to return the defiance of the Old Guard at Waterloo, and he did it in this wise:

"Go to hell."

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" 'Sta Wayno," replied Hermenechildo Ruiz; "in the morning we shall have target practice, and we shall see who goes to hell."

There was only one chance for K Troop. Night came on with a blanket of thunder-clouds, drawn like a curtain up from the Baboquievari hills. The night would be so dark that there was a chance for a mounted man to slip through to regimental headquarters on the Bravo sixteen miles away. If that could be done, relief might reach the Seco by dawn. The men, talking in a little group at the pit-edge discussed this. They even drew lots among volunteers and a recruit called Slimmy held up the short end of a broken match. It was then that Medill spoke.

"You got a mother, ain't you, Slimmy? Wot have I got? Nothin'. I speak Greaser and you don't. I'm an old soldier and I know how to ride. The Greasers didn't get Merton's horse. He's the best long-distance horse in the regiment. They ain't got nothin' that can smell his dust. If it was ten years back and I had Kavass as he was then, I wouldn't have given this ride a thought. But you give me Merton's horse and I'll make the Bravo in an hour."

They would not listen to him. He had had his chance and earned his quiet, they said. It was necessary for Medill to speak his mind. Micky Medill addressed himself to the uses of oratory and stood up like Cicero in the forum. "Fellers," he said, "I've rid one haws for twenty years. You may think you know what that means, but I don't reckon you do. I ain't had no family since I can remember. Don't guess I *ever* had one. Livin' down at the stables an' all, I ain't even had no bunkie like most of you. I ain't had nothin'. Just this haws, this one little haws. I used to be a bum. Everybody took a swat at me. I got this little haws when everybody was takin' a swat at him too. We sort of bucked the game together and we pulled out. You all know about me an' him. Well, this mornin' the new skipper, he decided to shoot Kavass. Mebbe it's better that way, but mebbe it ain't. I wanted to buy him. This skipper don't like me, and he hates Kavass. He's got a good reason, and I don't blame him. But if Kavass has got to be shot, I don't want to be here to hear about it—not here nor anywhere. I don't reckon I could stand it. If he had a chanct it would be all right. If he could get shot in a scrap, that's the way he'd want to end his service, just like you nur me. But that ain't in the cards. They're goin' to shoot him out back of a bush just like you'd shoot a sheep. That haws is a soldier, he is, and he deserves something better.

"Now, the colonel, he knows all this. It seems to me that I've got a chanct. If I can ride in with a big grand-stand play—pardon comin' too late, and all like that—if I can ride out of here on Merton's horse and save the garrison, mebbe the colonel will hear about it, mebbe even the general, and mebbe they'll say, 'My worthy man, wot can I do for you?' like they do in books. Then I'll stand up and say: 'Let me buy Kavass.' Don't you see there's a chanct of it. If it don't work out, then that suits me. But I don't want to see old Kavass shot like a sheep and neither do you."

The soldiers were not hard to convince. They understood the sentiment and they appreciated the courage. But "Eatabook" Paulding was not so easily placated. However, Medill was the only volunteer that came to him, and it is not customary to order men on such duties.

Merton's little black gelding was brought down and tied to the same post with Kavass while there was still light enough to see. Medill's saddle was laid on the ground near the headpost of the two horses. Then the little squad waited until the blackness of night, and the first sergeant and Medill went down to saddle up. They could scarcely see their hands, but everything had been prepared beforehand. The first sergeant untied the halter-strap from the post, and Medill turned, feeling in the darkness for the horse that remained.

"I ain't goin' to tell you good-by, little haws," he said, when the first sergeant had led his mount delicately out of earshot. The head he held was impatiently twitched aside. "Fussy—eh—old cabbage-nipper," said the aggrieved Medill. "Uppish at yer old bunkie, eh—oh, little haws—little haws—little haws." He turned, and fumbled through the darkness for the sergeant and Merton's horse.

A whisper ran around the pit that Medill was leaving. The air was heavy with

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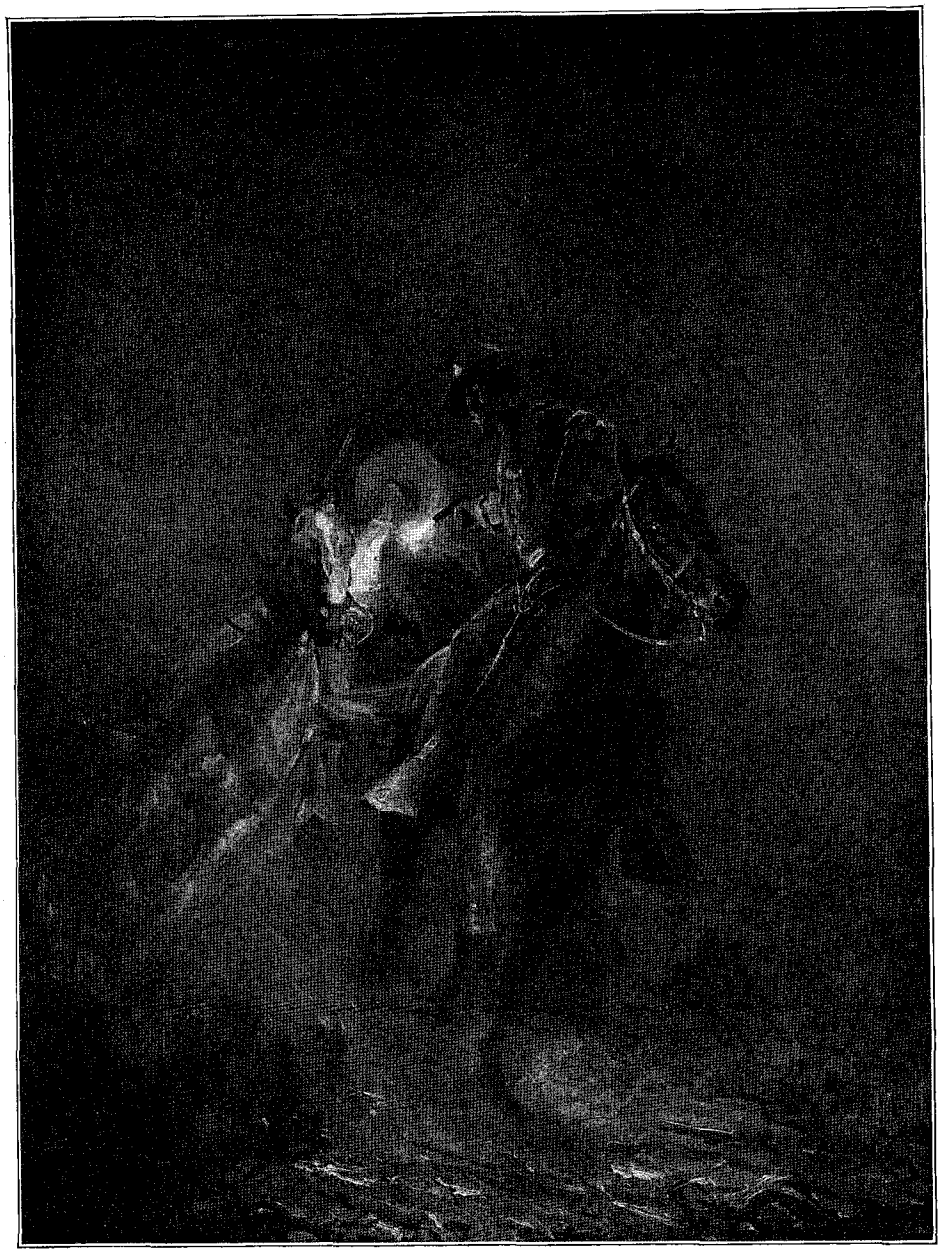

He turned and fired almost in the face of the pursuer, who had drawn up even with his horse's haunches.
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the oppression that just precedes a windless summer rain. The men strained their ears in the dead silence, and they heard the padding of feet in the soft drift, then the swish of loose sand breaking down the pit-wall, then silence again. Once a match flared somewhere out in the darkness—flared and went out into blackness again. There followed interminable minutes. Then a greenish-yellow stab of fire split the night, a rifle thudded on the silence. There was the sound of many voices and the thundering of hoofs, then more shots faintly, far away. Then dead silence again. The remnant of K Troop did not know whether it was saved or doomed.

Medill led quietly out and mounted.

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He had expected difficulty in mounting Merton's horse, but the animal stood perfectly. They walked cautiously through the soft sand. Then a voice spoke at his very elbow. It was a challenge and called for the countersign, but Medill did not know it.

"*Eh, hombre, tiene fósforo?*"

"No tengo," he grumbled, and a rifle went off so close to his face that his cheek was powder-burned. He sent both spurs home cruelly. The horse grunted as no spur-trained horse ever does, but he answered to the spur like a catapult. "Kavass never started quicker in his palmiest day," thought Micky as the rush of air struck his cheek.

He might have been safe had it not been for the approaching storm. A little flicker of heat lightning beginning away off in the north with faint flashes, suddenly flared across the whole sky. Micky looked under his bridle arm and it seemed that half a hundred mounted men were spurring after him. The onrush of darkness was punctuated by foolish shots. A bullet whimpered over his head. He struck the pounded road where his hoof-beats began drumming. It revealed his position and direction, but it was safer, surer footing, and it gave the horse direction in the darkness. When the lightning flashed again he had gained perceptibly. It was on this first rush that he expected to lose his pursuers, but there was something wrong in his calculation. Either Merton's horse was not showing speed or the bandits were better mounted than he had supposed. He gained, but he did not gain enough. He spurred, and the horse always answered with an effort, but the effort soon died. It occurred to him that perhaps a chance shot had taken effect. At last he knew that he would not distance his pursuers at once, so he allowed the horse to take a longer, even, and more rhythmic gait. The next light-flash revealed a dangerous gain to the men behind him. He pressed the horse with his legs instead of the spurs in a way that he had always ridden Kavass. There was an instant answer in speed, a gathering of muscles. He reached forward and patted the wet neck.

"Merton's a better rider than I thought, old horse—can't you let out another notch?"

A big rain-drop flopped in his face, but he was riding the very edge of a storm to north and west. He looked over his shoulder, waiting for light, and when it came he saw that the mass of the ruck was gone. There were black splotches on the road, and he could hear shouts; there were not more than five men on his trail. But they were very close. He urged the horse again. Suddenly fear choked him. The horse was giving out. He knew it by the rasping wheeze of breathing, by the sudden pumping of the powerful heart under his own calves. He had pounded forty minutes at a killing gallop. That was enough to break a cold-blooded horse, but not Merton's horse. The terrible feeling of riding a horse to death overcame him. It is a hard thing to urge a beast that is giving you everything; to urge him until he gives all. A cold-blooded horse cannot be so ridden. He will refuse, slow down, and stop exhausted. It is the nobility that gives more that makes it hard to demand so much. Micky urged continuously now—not with spurs, because the horse answered knee-pressure better, and the answer always came, though the effort died almost at once. The rise of the shoulder became labored, the spring from the haunches was sluggish and lifeless. The men behind him were so close that he could hear the labored breathing of their horses. He spurred mercilessly. He unholstered his automatic. He knew the futility of galloping shots, but he hoped to make the pursuers draw back, and he fired three times into the darkness behind him. Beyond the flash a big man was drawing upon him not ten yards away. He spurred again, knowing that the failing horse was giving his best. He ran his hand all along the neck and haunches, thinking that the horse might have been hit, but there was no sign of a wound. A shot sounded close behind. A biting pain ran up his bridle arm. He turned and fired almost in the face of the pursuer, who had drawn up even with his horse's haunches. He saw rider and beast go down in a floundering heap. The lightning flashed in one long search-light flare. Behind him men were still riding, but when he turned to look ahead he shouted aloud.

"One more little spurt, old Merton. One more jump against it. One more if

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it kills you, and I reckon it will." And he spurred again, for at his very feet the narrow valley of the Bravo dropped away. In infinite detail, like the startling effect of a movie through the negative film, every motte of stunted sage-brush, every little hummock and swale was pricked out in blinding white and inky shadows of blackness—the turn of the road beyond the stream, the black streak in the limestone outcrop, where the Bravo has worn itself a miniature canyon below the surface of the rock, a ditch with perpendicular sides fifteen feet from brim to brim. There was a hand-rail bridge at the crossing of the Bravo, and half a mile away was the first outpost camp. Medill saw sanctuary.

"Just a little half-mile, Merton," he coaxed. "Just one little jump." The horse was failing fast, the rise and fall of his stride was weak and floundering. He was being ridden to his death, and yet Micky spurred him, for the clatter of hoofs was drawing in again on the harder road.

Suddenly the plain lit up with that glaring black-and-whiteness once again. They were splashing through freshly caked mud. The storm to the north had been spilled on a long mountainside in what is called a cloudburst. A bore of rushing water had filled the whole Bravo valley with a flood that receded almost as soon as it had come, leaving the road soapy with caked clay, but ahead of him, not fifty yards, he saw that the bridge was gone. He groaned and closed his eyes. It was not too great a leap for a fresh horse—the wet ditch of the Bravo—the young Kavass would have taken it in a breeze, but Merton's horse was already gone. Medill knew it—knew that there was scarcely a chance in ten with the men already at his back, knew that he was cut off at the moment of safety.

The horse was weaving in his stride, but suddenly Medill felt him stiffen. No one who has ever ridden a horse at hurdles can fail to know that feeling. It is the horse's acceptance of the wager, his promise to try the jump.

"Good ol' fool," said Micky; "go to it, you wild wallopus, I'm with you to the last jump." He closed his legs in support almost convulsively, and as he leaned to the take-off he instinctively used the words he always spoke to Kavass at the moment of final effort.

"Hup, good man. Hup if it's the last hup you ever do."

The horse left the take-off like a rock from a catapult. The bank caved under his spurning feet, and Micky set his teeth and closed his eyes. He expected to crash against the opposite wall, and he nerved himself for the shock. It was not a great jump for a hunter, but it broke this horse's heart. He rose dying and fell almost dead, but he fell safely. The bank gave way under his feet, but he stumbled blindly along the road, his knees failing at each stride. He staggered, recovered, stumbled, and fell in a headlong heap. Shots sounded at that instant. Micky Medill went down amid an avalanche of horse flesh. The men of the Bravo outpost came out with a lantern and picked him up. He was still dazed and uncertain, but he stretched each leg in turn. He was whole. He gave his message; a soldier ran to headquarters with it.

Another man with a lantern was bending over the horse.

"Yes, and Merton's horse," said Micky; "is he dead?——"

"Merton's horse? Where's Merton? That ain't Merton's horse. That's Kavass, and he's almost in."

Medill did not have to argue. Suddenly, in memory of a hundred incidents of his ride, he *knew*. He had been blind. The horses had been switched in the dark, but he had had no time to think.

"Kavass!"

He rushed over and sank down beside the stretched-out head. The great eyes were already glazing. There was not a movement save the faintest flurry of a nostril out of which a little blood was trickling.

"He's whickerin' to me—oh," said Micky Medill. "Kavass——"

The old head fell limp. The sergeant with the lantern placed a sympathetic hand on Micky's shoulder.

"I don't know how to tell you how sorry I am for you, Micky," he said. "It was a turrable thing."

But Micky stood up courageously.

"It wasn't a turrable thing at all, sergeant. It was the finest thing in the world. It's the way he'd 'a' wanted to go. He was a soldier, that little Kavass."

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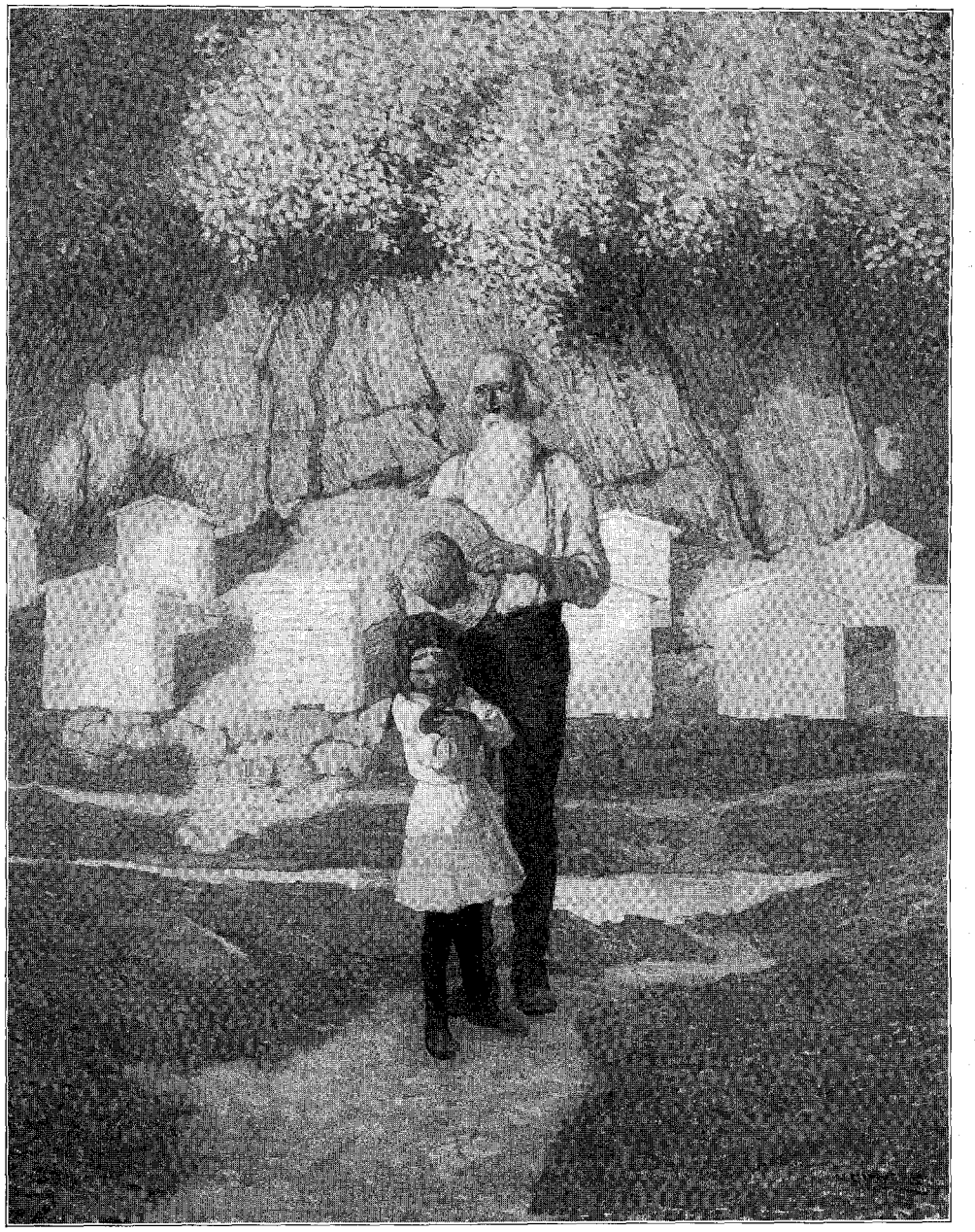

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

Miss Margery and Bee-Man John.

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THE GARDEN OF BEE-MAN JOHN

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

Illustration by N. C. Wyeth

BEE-MAN JOHN was going away. This was sad news for Miss Margery, who had no other friend in all the high, lonely hills; but for Bee-Man John it was glad news, and as he spoke of it there was a light in his kind old eyes that Miss Margery had never seen there before.

"You'll come back?" she asked wistfully.

"I'm going to Jean," he said.

Then she knew that he would not come back, for the bee-man's wife, Jean, had gone to God years before—a journey that Miss Margery's mother had also taken before she was old enough to remember, and from which, she had somehow come to understand, there is no returning.

She longed to cry, but the fierce pride of seven years upheld her. Yet as she looked down at the tiny glen with its grass-fringed spring, its sloping garden, and the terraced ledge where the white dwellings of the bees caught the late afternoon sun, she snatched at a last hope.

"But the garden," she reminded him in a low voice.

"There are gardens where I am going," said the bee-man, his eyes on the far horizon. "My Jean has walked in them many a year."

"And the bees," she pleaded desperately.

The old man's gaze came back to the small face at his knee.

"Ah, to be sure!" he murmured with an air of recollecting something. "I wanted to speak to you about them. Your father will take care of the hiving and honey, but there's another thing I doubt he'll remember." He leaned forward confidentially.

"The bees may try to follow me," he said. "You see, I've been their master a great many years. So I want you to come up and tell them yourself, Miss Margery, and explain to them that they're to stay here and make honey for the little girl I love. Could you do this for me?"

Miss Margery slipped her warm hand into her friend's and nodded. Already she felt less desolate, for the bee-man talked as if he were not going so very far, after all.

"There's the garden, too," he went on, after a pause. "Your father has the fine big one below, and I rather thought I'd like you to look after this one for me. In the years before you came I used to let the rabbits and squirrels share it with me, they were such gay company. It's not much to take care of, and I should like to know it was being useful still—a sort of place for the hunted to have peace," he added softly.

"Oh, yes!" whispered Miss Margery, her clasp tightening on his hand. "I'll do it. It'll be a great deal for me to do, won't it? I expect I'll be pretty busy." She swallowed a lump that had been bothering her throat and hoped the bee-man hadn't noticed it.

"Then I may depend on you," he said, leaning back with an air of relief.

As she went down the rocky trail Miss Margery's thoughts were not so much of the bee-man's going as of all the things he was depending on her to do for him. The old man watching from his doorway above knew that this was so and smiled, for now he could go quite gladly to his Jean.

Two mornings later Miss Margery's father stood by her bed and told her how Bee-Man John had been carried down to the valley in the night, the first stage of the journey to his Jean. For a moment she forgot the important secret in her desolation, but through the first rush of tears she caught sight of a tiny pilgrim buzzing in through the open door. It darted seekingly about the room, then out again into the sun, and at the sight Miss Margery's sobs ceased abruptly.

"Oh," she murmured, scrambling to

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her feet, "I must hurry and go up before it's too late."

"I don't think you understand, dear," said her father gently.

"I do," said Miss Margery. She was a child of few words. "But there's something I have to tend to for him."

"Oh, the garden," said her father; for the bee-man had made sure of his purpose.

"And the bees," said Miss Margery, fussing at a refractory button. "I almost forgot them when you—when you told me."

In a few minutes she was plodding, a sturdy, serious little figure, up to the garden of Bee-Man John.

The bee-man's cabin stood with wide-swung door above the hoary boulders of the glen. Miss Margery would not look at that, for she had a feeling that the sight of its emptiness might snatch away the comfort of her mission. Instead she climbed carefully down to the terrace where the beehives hung like a Swiss hamlet above the bubbling spring. It was very still, except for a regular humming sound, so faint as to be almost inaudible. But Miss Margery heard and her face brightened. She was not too late!

At the end of the terrace stood a large hive a little apart from the rest. It had good reason for its exclusiveness, for Bee-Man John had often retailed to Miss Margery the proud Italian lineage of its queen. These bees were the gentlest of all, and she put her lips quite fearlessly to the fragrant door.

"Bee-Man John has gone away," she whispered. "He's gone to Jean, who lives in the gardens of God. There are bees there, I think, so he wants you to stay and make honey for us. I'd like you to stay, too," she added wistfully. "It'll be lonely if you don't."

A brown bee slipped through the narrow opening, circled above Miss Margery's head, then returned within its dusky house.

"That means they understand," she said contentedly; and she went on down the line, making sure of each hive, even to the fierce little native bees that had taken up their abode in an old fruit box against the hill.

"Though they're so cross, it didn't really matter about them staying," she said to herself as she got up from her knees.

Miss Margery's father accepted with amused tolerance her jealous appropriation of the little garden in the upper glen.

"I must take care of it myself," she announced, "for he told me what to do, and he's depending on me."

"But what are you going to do with the things when they're grown?"

"The hollyhocks and roses are for the bees. And the vegittibles"—she accomplished the word with difficulty, then repeated it to show how naturally it came—"the vegittibles are for the things that were his friends before we came, the—" She broke off sharply as she caught sight of a clumsy, box-like thing on the ground beside her father. "Oh," she cried, "you're not making it to catch my rabbits!"

"Run along," said her father with guilty haste. He had meant to keep the trap hidden.

"But they're such little rabbits," pleaded Miss Margery; "and I'll feed them, truly I will, so they won't go into your garden. I'll give them my lettuces that I don't like, anyway."

"Unfortunately, their taste runs to young squash plants," murmured her father with a rueful smile.

"But I can't have them hurt!" wailed Miss Margery. "Oh, don't set the trap there!" She sprang passionately forward, only to meet her father's restraining arm. The expression on the handsome, care-worn face of the man was oddly reproduced on the defiant brow of his little daughter.

"Run along, Miss Margery," he said curtly. "I wouldn't do it if I didn't have to."

She turned away with a little choking sound and began to climb the hill, the broken shovel that she had appropriated as her special gardening tool trailing disconsolately after. She could not know how hard it was for the man not to follow and try to comfort her. The struggle for livelihood for himself and her was harrying him to this seeming cruelty, but that, too, was beyond her understanding. All she knew was that her father, pitiful even

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of a scratched finger upon his little daughter, was planning to kill the shy, soft-eyed creatures that had been her greatest joy since Bee-Man John's going.

"If only they lived in *his* garden," she thought bitterly, "not even Daddy could have touched them there!"

She looked across the canyon to where the giant boulder that was the rabbits' home slept under the warm sun. Each morning as she climbed the hill she had looked across at the boulder with a glow in her heart to think of the bright-eyed family of cottontails cuddled underneath. Sometimes she had made a détour across the canyon and, lying flat, had wriggled her way into the hollow, so that her face was thrillingly close to the watchful furry balls pressed against the rock. The mother cottontail had grown so used to her visits that she would even tolerate a gentle caress.

"Maybe they would let me take them up to his garden!" thought Miss Margery with sudden hope. She dropped her shovel and, scrambling down through the tangle of wild lilac and manzanita bushes, sped across the canyon. "A place where the hunted," the old bee-man's words rang through her memory like a refrain, "a place where the hunted may find peace!"

The mother rabbit was just hopping out of her underground hallway, but the sight of Miss Margery's head at the entrance sent her scuttling back again. Provokingly enough, she seemed to scent something unusual in the wind and made her benefactress's task one of difficulty. By a deft sweep of her hand, however, Miss Margery at last captured her and tucked her securely inside her blue sailor suit.

"Though you don't deserve to be saved," she said severely as she picked up the two palpitating babies and started to back carefully out of the hole. "You ought to have known I wouldn't hurt you."

She climbed the trail with deliberation, thrilling deliciously to feel the wild little hearts against her side. The glen looked unusually beautiful to her happy eyes, with its clump of wild hollyhocks catching the mellow afternoon light and its ancient elder by the spring flaunting a glorious second youth in the embrace of a crimson honeysuckle. Even the crisp rows of lettuce and blood-red beets had borrowed loveliness from the hour.

"And you shall live under this big rock here," crooned Miss Margery as she knelt with her burden, "and there will be no traps or anything to hurt you. And it'll be most convenient to the vegittibles," she added with a sudden drop to the practical.

"Is this Bee-Man John's place?" asked a low voice above her. Miss Margery, startled, let go her hold upon the mother rabbit. Fortunately, the frightened creature sought refuge in the very hole that had been selected as her future home.

"But she might have gone somewhere else," said Miss Margery, looking up reproachfully, "and it's important for her to stay where she's safe. Oh," with sudden recognition, "it's the dark lady from Squaw Creek!"

"How did you know me?" asked the stranger, a faint accent of surprise piercing the tired listlessness of her voice. Miss Margery paused as if gathering her associations with the face whose rare beauty was marred now by lines of weariness and spent emotion.

"We stopped at your ranch when Daddy was bringing me here to live," she said, "and I was thirsty, and a very nice man gave me water in a tall glass. And his hand shook so he dropped the glass, and then you were angry——"

She applied herself to the task of reminiscence with zeal until she became aware that these details were terrible to the dark lady. She had hidden her face in her hands.

"Even the child noticed it," Miss Margery heard her mutter. "Oh, I did right to leave him!"

"What did I notice?" asked Miss Margery with puzzled brows.

Instead of answering, the visitor raised her head and, sweeping back her hair with a passionate gesture, disclosed an angry welt across the whiteness of her forehead.

"Well?" she demanded harshly.

"You've hurt yourself!" cried Miss Margery in distress.

"My husband struck me. The very nice man whose hands shook." Her laugh was not pleasant to hear.

"Oh," protested Miss Margery. "He didn't mean to! He was a kind man!"

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"Very kind, kind and charming when he's what he calls 'himself.' But that's very seldom lately, and this morning something I said made him angry and he did—this. He can die alone like any drunkard now, but I'll not go back to him!"

Miss Margery was silent before a tragedy too deep for her understanding; yet her tenacious little heart made excuses for the blue-eyed man, even in the face of his terrible deed. The woman's jarring scorn when she named him dimly suggested a provocation.

"But I don't know why I told you this," murmured her visitor, sinking into apathy again. "I must find Bee-Man John. He helped me once before."

"Bee-Man John isn't here. He's gone to God," said Miss Margery.

"You mean he's dead?" asked the dark lady in a startled voice. Miss Margery winced at the baldness of the question. She had never put it to herself that way.

"What shall I do, then?" asked the stranger helplessly. "I'm so tired, I can't go back!"

One of the baby cottontails began to scramble about inside Miss Margery's blouse, and she drew out her two charges quickly. "I'd almost forgotten them," she explained. "These are some of the hunted, so I'm bringing them here. Bee-Man John said this was a place for the hunted to have peace."

"For the hunted to have peace," repeated her visitor with a curious softening of her voice.

"They were eating my Daddy's garden," nodded Miss Margery. "He—he felt he must set a trap for them. He had to," she added with some vague instinct of loyalty; "he said he was driven to it."

"A familiar excuse," murmured the dark lady with curling lip. The tone rather than the words roused Miss Margery to sudden anger.

"You mustn't say anything about my Daddy," she cried, stamping her foot. "It isn't nice of you! I—I wish you would go away!"

"But what if I were too tired to go away? Child, what if I were one of the hunted, too?" And all at once Miss Margery's extraordinary visitor sank down among the boulders, her face gone white as ashes. Stricken with remorse, the little girl dropped the baby rabbits into the hole and scrambled up beside her.

"Is it your head?" she asked, leaning over her anxiously.

"I'm just tired," said her visitor with a wan smile. "I don't know what you'll do with me, I'm sure!"

"There's Daddy," suggested Miss Margery.

"No, don't bother him," said the dark lady, struggling to her feet. "If I could get up to the cabin and rest a little"—she swayed as she spoke, and Miss Margery put a small but sturdy shoulder under her hand. "That'll do nicely," murmured the woman with a faint gleam of amusement in her tragic eyes. "I'm afraid I'm giving more trouble than your rabbits."

The climb was accomplished with difficulty, but at last Miss Margery had the satisfaction of seeing her patient safe in the worn old rocker by the door. She fetched a dipper of cool water from the spring, and the stranger drank it greedily.

"How good it tastes," she sighed. "I thought coming over that hot trail I'd never see water again."

"I know," assented Miss Margery. "That was the way I felt when he—the man you called Jerry—" She floundered helplessly as she remembered what the man called Jerry had done. The dark lady's face flamed.

"Will you never cease reminding me of him?" she cried. "Oh, go away!"

With a look of level, wordless reproach Miss Margery turned and went out the door.

"This isn't a nice world," she confided to the universe at large as she picked up the decrepit shovel and began to dig with fierce industry at a neglected corner of the garden. "She's hurt and she must stay. But she shouldn't have talked that way about Mr. Jerry. He was hurt, too. His hands shook."

A tear trickled down her nose at the thought of the dark lady's ingratitude, but she dashed it away and went on with her digging. The sun had left the glen, though on the jutting rocks above the hives a golden light still lingered. Little breaths of coolness began wandering up and down. Shy fragrances crept forth from tiny plants, from the deerweed and southernwood that clothed the wild hills

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above. The pilgrim bees came humming home, their legs heavy with pilferings. It was an hour of peace, and gradually Miss Margery's depression lightened.

She was still more cheered when a slight rustle drew her attention to the other side of the garden, and she saw the mother cottontail busy among the lettuces. She fed a little, her nose twitching daintily over the luscious morsels, then scampered back into her hollow under the boulder, with an air of being perfectly at home.

"That's all right, then," thought Miss Margery. "If only——"

Her unspoken thought was interrupted by the approach of the dark lady, who came slowly down the path from the cabin. Miss Margery greeted her gravely, for the smart of injustice was still rankling. But this was a different dark lady from the one who had flamed out against her an hour ago. Her face was very lovely and gentle as she smiled down at the little girl from her royal height.

"I came to ask you something," she began almost shyly. "Do you think Bee-Man John would have minded if I stayed in his cabin all night? I could hardly tell you why, but it would help me so. It has helped me already." Her voice was very eager.

"He'd be glad for you to stay," said Miss Margery soberly.

"And I'd rather you didn't say anything to your father to-night about my being here. Tell him in the morning, and ask him if—if he would be so good as to drive me home."

"And you can have some of these vegittibles for supper!" exclaimed Miss Margery, suddenly waking to the pleasure of the garden's definite usefulness. Her visitor's laugh rang out gayly among the boulders.

"What a quaint, incurious child you are!" she cried. "You haven't even asked me how I come to be going home. But I'm going to tell you, anyway." She knelt so that her delicate face was very close to Miss Margery's. "I'm going home to help Jerry when he's driven," she said softly. "He told me once that if I'd only love him and help him he could get well. But I—despised him!" Her voice sank to a penitent whisper.

"And he'll get so his hands won't shake any more?" asked Miss Margery eagerly.

"I hope so," sighed the dark lady.

"Then when I say my prayers to-night I'll have them tell Bee-Man John. He'll be interested to know, even in the gardens of God," said Miss Margery.

FEMINISM IN FICTION AND REAL LIFE

By Robert Grant

Author of "Unleavened Bread," "The High Priestess," etc.

WHAT will the woman of the future be like? What sort of person does she really aspire to become? After all, it is the vision of the future in the mind of every intelligent woman that is the most vital factor in her chronic restlessness. For she knows that the moulting process begun more than a generation ago is still incomplete; yet, realizing that she has renounced the static condition of slave, drudge, parasite, or plaything, to which society according to her sphere in life condemned her, she is still a little at a loss as to exactly what she has developed into and as to where she is coming out. On the strength of her success in revolutionizing society's pristine attitude toward her sex, she is experimenting with herself and with man—experimenting with a vengeance.

That is, she was when the great European war broke out. Prior to that cataclysm events all over the world, and especially in the United States, had been playing into her hands. It was an era when not the virtues but the failings of humanity were catered to—on the theory that the social justice of the past did not

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allow sufficiently for the inability of the mass, through lack of opportunity, to cope with temptation. The doctrine that it is undemocratic and hence unchristian to be hard on anybody was in the air, with the result that many standards of conduct were relaxed and various points of view embraced which hitherto would not have been given house-room. There was never a more well-meaning period. Social uplift with an utter disrelish for precedents was its keynote, and if the leaders were women even more conspicuously than men it was because it seemed for a while as though the millennium was in sight by reason of the fervent impulse to eradicate those evils most obnoxious to feminine sensibilities—poverty, sexual vice, and the rule of physical force. The hope was cherished that the day was not far off when the creed of the brotherhood of man and sisterhood of woman as promulgated by American democracy would provide a living wage for everybody, abolish the double standard of sexual morals, and put an end to war. Not a few believed that they might live to see a world or at least a nation eternally at peace, safeguarded from intoxicants and debauchery, and with not a fly in a shop-window where food was exposed for sale.

No wonder the vision was alluring, even though the cynical murmured that life would become an interminable afternoon tea; we all of us fell more or less under its glamour, and were ready to admit that remarkable progress had been made in a very short time. And then out of a clear sky—or now that we look back a very murky one—came the dynamic European tragedy deluging the world with blood, a contest unparalleled in the numbers engaged, the deadliness of the projectiles, and the inhumanity of at least one of the participants. In the twinkling of an eye we have gone back a hundred years; then Europe was an armed camp, yet scarcely so ruthless; our vision seems the very stuff of which dreams are made, for the golden youth of the world except our own is in the trenches, and all the energies, latterly so restless, of womankind are focussed on the old-fashioned duties of mothering, nursing, comforting, and bearing her load of sorrow. Force —brute masculine force—is in the saddle again, and the hushed statistics of this carnival of blood and fire attest the price which women as usual have had to pay as inhabitants of an invaded country.

Although our souls are racked, some day there will be peace and society will be taking up where it dropped them the problems which only the other day seemed to the sanguine nearly solved. Yet in the light of what has occurred, should not woman, and especially the American woman, feel sobered and a little less positive that she has discovered the path to the millennium? At least it is an appropriate time for her to pause and think: to summarize the progress she has made, to examine the grievances of which she still complains, and to define her real hopes for the future.

One must assume a certain amount of sympathy. The point of view of those to whom the word "feminism" is chronically irritating because they are satisfied with woman as she used to be, and as they choose to believe she still is, rivals in futility that of the malcontents who would cure the shortcomings of democracy by reimposing a property test. The repugnance in either case comes too late. The position of the modern woman is parallel to that of the automobile; we meet her at every turn and, whether we like her or not, if we get in the way we are likely to be run over. Sexagenarians can remember when it was the first duty of a marriageable woman to sit at home and do fancy-work until she was asked. Now even the conservative take for granted her right to make the most of her own life, as the phrase is. It would be trite to enumerate the bread-winning callings open to women. Indeed, the pendulum has swung so far that the daughter who stays at home to tend the old folk is apt to think she makes a sacrifice.

As to the wrongs which have not been redressed and the rights, if we except the power to vote, which woman does not enjoy, what are they? I speak of equality before the statute laws. In my native State, Massachusetts at least, she stands on a complete parity with man as regards her person, her property, and her children. Under the law as it read when I came to the bar the father was the natural guardian of the minor children; now very

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properly both parents share the right in common, and neither has more power of control than the other. But even under the old law the inequality was one of form rather than substance, for, if discord arose, the courts invariably gave the custody of a child of tender years to the mother, unless she had forfeited the right by meretricious conduct. To-day one hears it urged by feminists of a certain type that a wife should not be deprived of her child for mere infidelity. It is indissolubly hers because she gave birth to it —such is the plea. But this is parenthetical. Woman has suffered so much in the past from oppression that it is not unnatural she should think of herself as still oppressed. The law is merely crystallized public sentiment; and this country still contains too many men, not all of them recent emigrants, who treat their wives as vassals, especially in money matters, doling out to them a niggardly pittance which is never paid until prodded out of them. The Turks still require, I believe, for the proof of a will two witnesses if both are men and three if one is a woman. It took a long time to persuade the English conscience, either lay or clerical, that it was inequitable to grant a divorce for infidelity to a husband and yet refuse one to a wife unless she could prove that her lord and master's transgression was coupled with cruel and abusive treatment or was so flagrant as to be termed notorious. She was expected to bear her cross with becoming resignation, lest the foundations of the family be imperilled. Yet reverence for the adage that an Englishman's house is his castle succumbed in the end to the democratic doctrine that what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander.

Nevertheless, public opinion all over the civilized world has been busy for half a century in levelling the discriminations of the statute law against the physically weaker sex. I do not mean that the process of amelioration is complete any more than I mean that in every State of the Union the equality of the sexes is established so thoroughly as in Massachusetts. But it would be surplusage to submit proofs that woman's battle is already won and mainly by her own initiative, or to demonstrate that what remains to be done in the way of correcting discrimination is chiefly a matter of detail and on the eve of accomplishment. I make one reservation, let me hasten to add, so as to anticipate the same stricture from a score of feminine voices; but even this is a matter of lax administration rather than of positive inequality. I refer to offenses against chastity. Somehow the woman continues to be haled into court, while the man slips through the net in which they both were taken. I was assured the other day by an engaging feminist at dinner that a woman in New York had been sent to the penitentiary for six years for having stolen two dollars from a man with whom she was too intimate. While expressing utter disbelief in the authenticity of the story, I agreed that it was sorry justice.

But after noting this exception, it is safe to assert that the woman who pauses to think has to-day little cause to complain of being penalized on account of her sex, and least of all in these United States, where she is indulged as no other women in the world have ever been. Who are the chief beneficiaries of our liberal divorce laws? Seventy-five per cent of the libellants are women, and, as every one familiar with the subject knows, we far outdistance every nation on the globe in the number of divorces granted annually, with the single exception of the Japanese. I am not among those who regard liberal divorce laws as an evil; the point which I seek to bring out is that frequent divorce and the emancipation of woman have gone hand in hand. It was her continuous knocking that caused the doors of legislation to open wide, and it was her refusal to put up with intolerable conditions that has made her such a frequent petitioner at the bar of social justice. It is chiefly because it relieves women from the unhappiness caused by some form of masculine abuse that the remedy of divorce has such a firm hold on the conscience of democracy.

And yet, with this knowledge available —that in the eye of the law men and women stand on an equality—it could not be said that at the time the war broke out there was any abatement in feminine

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restlessness. On the contrary, woman's demeanor, as she stood with the remnants of her chains clanking about her heels, suggested one who had seen a vision and been exalted. Far from being satisfied with having altered the written law, she thrilled at the prospect of being able to modify that whole body of public opinion known as the unwritten law or social conventions. Here is the modern battle-ground. She reasoned that men having managed the world hitherto, and in the main made a mess of it, the time had come for her to try her hand. The vision was world-wide, but in this country its appeal was especially entrancing, for the American man has never counted for much æsthetically, as the critics and our own countrywomen have frequently pointed out. No wonder that, with all the modern facilities for swinging great bodies of women into line, it seemed possible to her to train her big guns so effectually on social conditions that (for instance) illegitimate children would inherit from their fathers as well as their mothers, although the number of women preferring spinsterhood to matrimony would, owing to financial independence, be constantly increasing. When these rosy expectations were at their prime the great war brought its reminder that in attempting to cope with human nature she had undertaken a larger task than she had anticipated.

While this desire on the part of woman to alter the unwritten law is world-wide, her perspective varies according to nationality. It is well to remind any audience of American women, at the risk of displeasing, that as intellectual companions to their husbands they are far inferior to their Gallic sisters, who aim to look at life from the same angle as the men they marry in the interest of an equal mental partnership. French husbands and wives play together much more sympathetically than ours for the reason that they are more apt to have tastes in common and to view existence through the same lens. The wife's ruling motive is to retain her hold on her husband's fancy. If he were to become indifferent, it would be partly her fault (so at least she automatically reasons), and she must not fail to keep herself attractive. She recognizes that if she bores him she is lost; consequently she is ever on the qui vive to keep up with him; and with all her audacities she never forgets that she is feminine.

The national theory of the American marriage is that it is a mating of kindred souls. Yet in numerous cases the American husband has the appearance of lagging behind or his wife of soaring ahead, according as one chooses to put it. It has long been axiomatic that the American wife felicitates herself on her superiority to her husband, though she refrains from telling him so. On the other hand, the American business man has ever been accused of sacrificing his wife on the altar of his own absorption in money-making, and of salving the wounds due to his neglect with the ointment of unlimited credit. This is not the moment to inquire who is the more to blame. My purpose is merely to point out that despite the devotion which each takes for granted the American husband and wife are far too apt to neglect "team-work." They do not think about the same things, and largely for the reason that the wife after child-bearing is over prefers her own tastes to those which might render her a factor in her husband's advancement. The vast majority of American wives make no deliberate contribution to their husbands' fortunes. If we seek a reason why they do not cultivate more telepathy, one may be found in their absence of concern lest their men get away. They take for granted that their husbands will not bolt, but go plodding on, and the American husband generally does. He is universally known as the most docile husband on earth. Instead of emulating her French sister, the American woman has succeeded in throwing the burden of worrying, if either is to worry, on man. Her position is that he bores her at his peril, and that he must provide for her lavishly or she will be disappointed, a reversal of sex emphasis which seems to be partly indigenous and not wholly to be laid at the door of democracy.

When we turn to England, the thoughtful recognize that the antics of the militant suffragettes, which seemed so obnoxious to many of us, were the expression of a deeper revolt than mere resent-

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ment at the denial of "Votes for Women." After centuries of standing third or fourth best—for Tennyson's lines "somewhat better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse" were not unduly bitter—the Englishwoman has been vouchsafed some of the privileges long withheld by law and discountenanced by tradition. Accustomed as she was from infancy to be the echo of masculine opinion; if married, to subordinate her inclinations to her husband's will; if single, to follow the narrow ruts prescribed as womanly, pinching herself to promote the careers of "younger sons," and condemned to joyless parochial tasks in the name of spiritual contentment, is it strange that she should drink so deeply of the wine of liberty as to become a little auto-intoxicated? The ferment in her brain represents the protest of the ages, with the result that the eddies (or perhaps we should say whirlpools) of advanced feminism in England to-day foster a breed of women who claim the privilege of sowing their wild oats and, if we may credit a recent writer in *The Atlantic*, would reserve to a wife the privilege of abandoning the father of her child whenever he has ceased to be companionable.

Conventional preconception of the German wife and mother dovetail rather closely with the experiences of the heroine of "The Pastor's Wife" (by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"), whose uxorious husband was at a loss to understand why she found the marital régime so uncongenial that she broke down under it. We are often assured that the modern German *Frau* glories in her sex life and has no ambition to extend her kingdom beyond the three K's which long have bound it. In a book entitled "Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia," published about a year ago, the American author, Katharine Anthony, says in her preface: "For want of adequate accounts and specific reports of feminist activities abroad, there is a mistaken impression that the German woman still sleeps silently in a homespun cocoon. . . . This impression is due to our meagre knowledge. English translations of the literature of Continental feminism are few and almost the only foreign echoes which have gained currency in this country are obviously misrepresentative—such as what the German Emperor regards as woman's sphere, what the German Empress thinks of woman-suffrage, and what Schopenhauer has written against the sex." An extract or two from the book itself will indicate the movement made popular by the writings of the Swedish author, Ellen Key, and of the Scandinavian, Frau Ruth Bré, whose ambition it is to equalize illegitimate children before the law and give every child two parents. "For certain historical reasons which need not be discussed here the feminist movement of England has developed along other lines than the feminist movement of Continental Europe. . . . The difference is brought out in the two most famous slogans of twentieth-century feminism. These are the English slogan, 'Votes for Women,' and the German slogan, 'Mutterschutz.' . . . 'The protection of motherhood' is a colorless transcription of 'Mutterschutz,' and no possible combination of German words can give the note of hastening solidarity that rings to-day in 'Votes for Women.' . . . The extreme feminists of both groups have pushed on into fields of controversy which have estranged the more conservative spirits of their own ranks, but which have nevertheless been the logical outgrowth of the selfsame faith. The feminism of the English-speaking countries has culminated in the militancy of the English suffragettes, and the feminism of the German-speaking countries has culminated in the literary propaganda—much abused but little understood in this country—for a 'new morality' (Die Neue Ethik)."

Though the angle of approach varies with nationality, it is upon the unwritten law or the body of social conventions that feminine attention is now focussed. The attention of women in all lands is centred on endeavors to modify popular opinion as to what they ought to do, say, or think. Up to a certain point society has been no laggard in showing sympathy. Who longer demurs that women come and go unattended, simulate men's hats and coats so far as they can without disillusioning the beholder, carry latch-keys, have their separate clubs and separate bank-accounts, read everything under the

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sun, and discuss almost everything with nearly everybody? These are but random symbols of liberties galore which the world's changing temper has granted almost by acclamation. The barriers to individual freedom are down and progress virtually unimpeded until we reach the firing line, that battle-ground of contemporary life and modern fiction—the obligations of husbands and wives toward each other and the world's attitude toward single women who choose to be a law unto themselves. When women talk of inequality to-day it will generally be found (if we except the ballot) that what they have in mind involves the sex relation.

Three-quarters of the plays and half of the novels written during the last twenty years have dealt with one or the other of these themes, which have become more or less intermingled because of a lurking growth in the feminine mind that maternity is a right and that the sex relation may be casual without detriment to the eternal scheme of things. Some years ago a clergyman now deceased told me of a visit from a prepossessing but respectable-appearing young woman who asked him to take charge of her bank-book. She was going to the hospital; if she did not survive he was to use the money for the baby's benefit. In the course of conversation it appeared that she was self-supporting and single, but loved children and had longed to have a child; that acting on this impulse she had picked out the man of her acquaintance who pleased her best and lived with him until sure of what she desired. She had left him then and never seen him since. For the benefit of the literal it may be added that a few weeks later she reappeared and claimed her bank-book. An exceptional instance, you will say. Yes, but significant. If we approach the situation from an opposite angle, no end of women formerly married for a home. Now an increasing number look askance at matrimony from behind the counter of an earning power sufficient to supply an able-bodied and not too extravagant spinster with all the necessities and some of the luxuries. Henri Bordeaux's novel, "*La Peur de Vivre*," depicts the dangers of soul timidity—a preference for the shallows and lagoons of life to the mighty deep with all its transports and its perils. What am I offered in exchange for my liberty? is the first question the self-supporting modern woman puts to herself. Some men are brutes, and comparative poverty jars on one accustomed to the snugness of an apartment where art and thrift or comfort and social service walk hand in hand. But this power to choose may prove a two-edged sword if brandished solely in the interest of "safety first," as the example of maternal craving just cited suggests. The modern woman who turns her back on matrimony unless it promises dividends of eighty to one hundred per cent must perforce atrophy her natural instincts unless she can exact some concession from a sympathetic world.

The hope is nascent that the day is coming when women will reserve as one of the conditions of marriage the right to break away later without the loss of self-respect or social prestige. The signs are multiplying that this is what she is after. Chief among them is the alteration in the world's attitude toward the woman who has "erred." We all know what it used to be—social ostracism; and that the penalty was fixed by other women. Consider the change of sentiment. As we look back we might almost describe the last quarter of a century as the golden age of the heroine of irregular life. How many a dramatist and novelist of this period has devoted his wits to trying to rehabilitate her. It is a long remove from the copious yet crocodile tears that we shed at the death-bed of the Camille of our youth to the sophisticated apologies we make for her latter-day successors. In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," published in 1894, the chivalrous middle-aged hero takes as his second wife a beautiful woman of twenty-seven with a notorious past, and you all know with what consequences. Yet it is with an undisguisedly mournful air that the dramatist, Pinero, reaches the conclusion that the venture did not justify itself; for he puts into the mouth of the irreproachable daughter who could not stomach her stepmother's personality, and was thus the moving cause of the catastrophe, "If I'd only been merciful!" as the closing tag of the play. Some

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months ago I attended the performance of an agreeable English comedy where the curtain descended on the mutual orthodox embraces of a sturdy recluse with scholarly tastes and an alluring female nomad whose shadowy past was so far glossed over that the audience, skilfully kept in the dark as to the exact nature of her indiscretions, was sent home feeling that it really didn't matter much what they were, seeing that she was so attractive and he so satisfied. Unless closely examined "The Two Virtues," by Alfred Sutro, passes muster as a highly moral drama.

I can remember when morganatic marriages were deemed the only pardonable variation from marital regularity; and, though I wondered a little at the lack of logic, I accepted the current excuse that sovereigns were in a special class and also the women whom they were forbidden to marry. A little later we were all taught to exonerate and even to extol George Eliot on the plea that much is forgiven to genius. Nowadays we lend an ear so readily to extenuating circumstances that it is scarcely necessary to devise excuses for anybody, especially if attractive, whether in the lower or the upper classes. I am not cavilling; I am merely reporting the general drift of public sentiment. Men never were especially severe on women for such shortcomings, though they drew the line at marrying them. It was their own sex which kept them social outcasts, and to their own sex is mainly due the more lenient attitude of the present day. The current popularity of the Bible text, "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her," is but the reflex of a feminine demand for more exact justice, which can be reduced to the query: "Why should the world be so much harder on women than on men?" Here, of course, we are confronted by the fundamental facts of biology. But when one informs the advanced feminist that men and women never were alike and never will be, and that a creed which would fix exactly the same standards in sexual matters for both with the same penalties for their infraction would conflict with the laws of human nature, in the framing of which neither were consulted—she flares up and says she knows better. And so, as Henry James would have said, there you are. Not content with the compassion for and readiness to befriend the fallen woman which a sympathetic world has generated, the feminists would restore her social position into the bargain. Only they put their grievance this way: "If men do not lose caste by lack of chastity, why should women? They ought to stand or fall together." If we except her inability to vote, this is what the modern woman has at the back of her mind when she talks of inequality.

When we turn to the reciprocal obligations of husbands and wives we find ourselves on the firing line. The conditions are essentially in a state of flux, with the inquiry uppermost: "What is to be the limit of woman's new-found liberty?" I refer not to the orthodox masses, but to the tendencies of those who claim to be leaders of thought. Who but a ninny would exchange the modern woman as she often is for the old-fashioned one as we are apt to imagine her? It being woman's nature—observe the word, please—to be sweet and charming, compassionate, self-sacrificing, loving, and tender-hearted, can any one regard her exchange of docility for self-reliance, and an outlook limited by her garden-wall for the initiative which enables her to see the world as it really is as anything but a gain? There used to be dread in the days of our grandmothers that the new woman would dress like man. A few women did and were nearly mobbed. So impressed, on the contrary, is the new woman with the importance of looking her best that she has been apt during the present generation to ape the fashion-plates of the demi-monde in order to attract. When we compare our female acquaintance with the portrait-galleries of the past the loss of mystery and cajoling helplessness is more than made up for by their spirited independence and truer comradeship. Yet how that portrait-gallery holds us despite the old-fashioned aspect of the sitters! Evelina, Olivia and Sophia Primrose, Belinda and Lady Delacour, Elizabeth Bennett and her immortally foolish mother, Fanny Price, Lucy Ashton, Dora Copperfield, Mrs. Nickleby, Amelia Sedley, Rosamond Vincy, and

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Lily Dale—I chronicle almost at random. What a delightful coterie, yet how vibrant with the elements of weakness which the modern woman is taught to despise! Not an ounce of sophistication, as we now understand it, in the company. There were arrant yet charming geese among them, notably the two daughters of the Vicar of Wakefield and dear Dora Spenlow, who, judged by modern standards, scarcely knew enough to go in when it rained. Yet, while agreeing that if they had known more of life they would have been spared some very harassing experiences, I shrewdly suspect, reactionary as the sentiment is, that the sophisticated woman of our day often knows too much for her own happiness.

You will recall that David Copperfield, after his aunt Betsey Trotwood lost her money, goes to tell Dora, and release her, if she wishes, from her engagement. "'How can you ask me anything so foolish?' pouted Dora. 'Love a beggar!' 'Dora, my own dearest,' said I, 'I am a beggar!' 'How can you be such a silly thing,' replied Dora, slapping my hand, 'as to sit there, telling such stories? I'll make Jip bite you! I declare I'll make Jip bite you,' said Dora, shaking her curls, 'if you are so ridiculous!' But I looked so serious that Dora left off shaking her curls, and laid her trembling little hand upon my shoulder, and first looked scared and anxious and then began to cry."

If you read the entire scene, you will agree that no one could be more charmingly inconsequential and bewitchingly vapid. Yet if one were obliged to choose, I, as a mere man, should prefer to take my chances with Dora, assuming that she was not merely a figment of Dickens's fertile brain, than with the very competent young woman whose letter to a woman's column of the newspaper I read the other day. "My husband stays at home evenings, reads, and smokes. He gives me fifteen dollars every Saturday to run the house, and expects me to do my own work. He earns four dollars per day. He has quite a bank-account for the children's education, and won't give me one cent over fifteen dollars except that in sickness he pays the doctor and the nurse. . . . I think he is unfair. When I married him I was well dressed and belonged to several clubs, but now I am asked to give up my clubs. I think he ought to give me five dollars a week to do the work and be able to dress like other well-dressed women."

This correspondent, who signed herself "One Who Wed While Love Lasts," a thoroughly modern *nom de guerre*, wrote to inquire if she would be justified in leaving her husband. Read in parallel columns, does poor Dora's prattle sound less incredible than this epistle? Of course, Dora Spenlow and "One Who Wed While Love Lasts" belong to different social classes; but the essence of this modern wife's demand is that she should be kept beautiful and amused on penalty of revolt. Her state of mind is akin to that of other working men's wives, who write to inquire if it is not reasonable that their husbands, who go to work fairly early, should prepare their own breakfasts—one of the bones of domestic contention most frequently aired in public. Yet, as we all know, the housewife has more time on her hands than ever before, thanks to the blessings of electricity, cold storage, and her ability to buy ready-made all sorts of things which her predecessor had to manufacture or go without. Even the kitchen of the working man's wife is a paradise compared with what it used to be; and it is fortunate that the "movies" should have been discovered just at the moment when she has leisure enough to enjoy them.

Turning from concrete reality to the portrait-gallery of contemporary fiction, who are the successors to the list of obsolete heroines just enumerated? We should expect to find inspiring examples of what woman would be now that she has so nearly entered into her own; and, if progress and charm go hand in hand, the very latest type ought to be the most engagingly representative. Deliberate contributions are not lacking; indeed, the latter-day novelists have vied with one another in depicting her. We need not dwell on the meritorious heroines of that middle period when woman's cause still hung in the balance and writers were moved to level their scorn at the prejudices that denied woman brains and the right to think, or rankly discriminated

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against her. Dorothea Brooke, Tess of the d'Urbervilles, Esther Waters, Marcella—to cite a few offhand—were women trying to shake off the shackles of sex or who were mercilessly pilloried. They had as a contemporary one Daisy Miller, the frank and artlessly poised young woman who walked out of Mr. James's inner consciousness into the lime-light and demonstrated to an astonished Europe that an American could paddle her canoe on any river and yet remain irreproachable. Alert as she was and attractive as she was, her personality like a shellacked surface radiated piquancy rather than charm; and undoubtedly her distinguished author had his tongue in his cheek in offering her as a national asset for cosmopolitan scrutiny. Yet as we look back at her to-day she seems almost old-fashioned, and her audacity becomes primness when we compare her with her British successor of a quarter of a century later, the emancipated Ann Veronica. In Ann we have the very stuff of which the new woman's dreams are fashioned, if we are to credit her creator, a would-be psychologist as well as gifted novelist. On the river where Daisy Miller paddled there were no rapids, and, if there had been, she would have skilfully avoided them by wading ashore; but in her successor's case not to take the plunge was to refuse to live, and her sponsor would have us believe, when we finally behold her in the slacker water below the falls, a bedraggled, miry figure, clinging to her overturned canoe with one hand and waving to the spectators with the other, that she had "made good" and distanced her less enterprising sisters.

Do you remember the edifying tale? The heroine with whom we were fain to sympathize in the earlier stages of her struggle for liberty rounds up her career by throwing herself into the arms of a minor professor of biology who not only had a wife but who gave Ann Veronica to understand in the most unvarnished terms that he was already steeped in licentiousness. Their honeymoon, if it may so be called, was passed in Switzerland, where amid the rare atmosphere of the mountain peaks each was transfigured in the other's eyes so as to seem blameless. Not long after their return to England the professor's undivorced wife dies and we leave the happy pair making overtures toward social recognition. Young girls devoured the book freely when it was published, and, though there were murmurs of disgust here and there, the reading public accepted it, as it has accepted Mr. H. G. Wells's later books, as a study in social progress piquing to the curiosity. "Who knows," they said to themselves, "but this may be the coming woman?"

Her creator, who stands in the front rank of contemporary novelists, and whom many regard as the most interesting living writer of fiction, is evidently sure she is and has taken pains to say so. I bow low to Mr. Wells's art. I gratefully acknowledge the interest of his novels and his ability to create living, breathing characters. Nor do I seek to impugn his philosophy; to do so would be begging the question; I am merely putting him in the witness-box—using his own dogmas and his own creations as evidence of his belief and hope that the enlightened normal woman of the future will consort with man whenever and for so long as she likes and leave him for some one else in case she tires of him. It will be "up to" him to keep her steady; and the license of course would be reciprocal, insuring individual constancy only so long as love lasted on both sides. When I inquired the other evening of an agreeable and not too sophisticated lady if we were coming to this, her reply was "surely," and when I asked her how often people would separate before they were content, she said "not more than once or twice," and the answer seemed to satisfy her completely. So there you are.

In "The New Machiavelli," on page 238, we find Mr. Wells the philosopher and social seer moralizing as follows, and many modern women must have read the passage with supreme satisfaction: "After two generations of confused and experimental revolt it grows clear to modern women that a conscious, deliberate motherhood and mothering is their special function in the state, and that a personal subordination to an individual man with an unlimited power of control over this intimate and supreme duty is a degradation. . . . I confess myself altogether feminist. I want this coddling and brow-

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beating of women to cease. . . . I want to see them citizens with a marriage law framed primarily for them and for their protection and the good of the race, and not for men's satisfaction. I want to see them bearing and rearing good children in the state as a generously rewarded public duty and service, choosing their husbands freely and discerningly, and in no way enslaved by or subordinated to the men they have chosen. The social consciousness of women seems to me an unworked, an almost untouched, mine of wealth for the constructive purpose of the world. I want to change the respective values of the family group altogether, and make the home indeed the women's kingdom and the mother the owner and responsible guardian of the children."

Fine words butter no parsnips, and the proof of the pudding is in the eating. We have a chance before the end of the book to see a practical working out of these theories, the net consequence of which is another case of hero and heroine going over the falls together. Isabel Rivers, who does not appear upon the scene until after the middle of the four hundred and ninety pages, becomes so essential to the hero that he abandons his intelligent if not very interesting wife, who has shared and sought to embellish his fortunes, and here is their dialogue on the eve of eloping: "We have made a mess of things, Isabel—or things have made a mess of us. I don't know which. Our flags are in the mud, anyhow. It's too late to save those other things! They have to go. You can't make terms with defeat. I thought it was Margaret needed me most. But it's you. And I need you. I didn't think of that either. I haven't a doubt left in the world now. We've got to leave everything rather than to leave each other. I'm sure of it. But we have gone so far, we've got to go right down to earth and begin again. . . . Dear, I *want* disgrace with you."

The italics are Mr. Wells's, not mine. It would be easy to offer abundant evidence to substantiate that this is the drift. I have put Mr. Wells in the witness-box partly because he is so well known and is in a literary sense authoritative, and partly because he is a protagonist in social progress and high priest of feminism. What he says is regarded as expert testimony by a public which includes a host of women and the people who prefer fiction which makes them think. He makes no secret of his own evolutionary aspirations for the sex of which he is an outspoken champion.

I might have begun this paper by saying that I feel by no means sure what sort of a person the woman of the future is likely to be, and by no means certain what I hope to see her become. The evolutionary forces pay precious little heed to current morals or individual preferences. The sanction of one age is often the anathema of its predecessor. Yet, talking of heroines, it is pertinent to wonder whether democracy can find no better cure for social injustice than to crown the woman of unstable virtue as a symbol of enlightenment—crown her in the name of individual liberty, nicknamed "the great adventure," with the assurance that all the rest are cowards. To one old-fashioned enough to believe that woman at her best should be not merely charming to the eye and senses so far as nature gives her grace, but spiritually also, so that she serves as an anchor in the storms of life—the new doctrine, which ignores the immutable laws of human nature, seems to invite the ironic laughter of the gods. Yet advanced feminism was more than half-ready to set this newer type of heroine on a pedestal at the moment when the tremendous war convulsed society. If the noble spirit and the self-sacrificing efficiency shown by woman in carrying on her present work of succor and alleviation are the world's best promise of her development after the present conflict is over, it is well, nevertheless, to give her a glimpse of what her leaders were planning for her when their activities were interrupted.

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THE SOCIAL SECRETARY

By Vesta Tharp

Illustrations by Blanche Fisher Wright

CLARA BELLE stood still in helpless dismay. She stared at the mass of unfriendly school-children before her.

"G'wan 'way!"

"We don't want you, you stuck-up smarty——"

"Yer mother don't 'low you to play with us—but my ma'd kill me if she caught me playing with you."

"Go hide yerself—maybe them ribbon bows won't stick up so grand then——"

Clara Belle swallowed hard, endeavored to speak, but could utter no sound. The only sin which she had committed was an attempt to join in a game of "black-man" on the school playgrounds.

"Jes look at her white stockin's!"

"White socks! White socks!"

"You don't need to think yer so smart 'cause yer pa owns a factory—he's nothin' but a robber——"

"He is not—my father's a good man."

Defense of family honor enabled Clara Belle to recover her vocal powers.

Derisive shouts of mirth greeted her declaration.

"'Good man! Good man! Good man!'"

"Who pays starvation wages? Who works his men to death?"

"Who gits all the dough in this here town—who's sendin' us all to hell——"

Youthful voices hurled at John Andrews's daughter the anathemas of their fathers.

Clara Belle's chin quivered, but she stood her ground.

"My father is, too, a good man—he worries lots about this strike—and my mother, she's worried——"

"Yer mother! Yer mother! Lots she cares—yer mother don't even want you to speak to us 'uns."

"She does, too, care, and she likes to have me play with you. Don't she, Mamie?"

Clara Belle turned appealing eyes toward lanky, shabby Mamie Eaves, who as yet had been a silent partaker in the fuss.

"Sure, she does," Mamie agreed. Mamie was wearing Clara Belle's new signet-ring. She did not care to dispense with the pleasure of its presence.

"Huh! Yor ma wouldn't have us in her house," declared belligerent Georgie Wilson. He was itching for a fight.

"She would, too."

"We've never been there, have we? Any of us ever been up to yor place?"

"Well, just the same, my mother'd like to have you——"

"Uh-huh! Oh, yes! Yes, she would!"

"Sure, she would," insisted Mamie. Mamie intended to keep on the good side of Clara Belle. Signet-rings do not grow on trees.

"Never had any parties, have you, Clarie Belle?" insinuatingly questioned a checked-aproned, long-nosed, sarcastic individual.

"Well, but I'm going to have a party."

"Oh, you are, are you? It'll be a cold day when you have a party." Ralph Murray wiped his sweaty face in scorn.

"I am, too, going to have a party."

The children shrieked with laughter.

"I am going to have a party," stated the tortured child with sudden determination. "I am going to have a party—to-night."

A startled silence fell over the group.

"Yessir. Sure she is," confirmed Mamie. "Sure Clarie Belle's gonna give a party—that's why she come to school early 'nuff to play with us. Her ma sent her early to invite us; didn't she, Clarie Belle?"

Clara Belle nodded willing assent. The party idea was so sudden with her that Mamie's explanation of the situation seemed a welcome solution.

"Who you gonna invite, Clarie Belle—me?"

"Ask me, Clarie Belle—ask me."

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"Kin I come?"

"Ev'rybody's invited, ain't they, Clarie Belle?" said Mamie.

"Yes," echoed Clara Belle. "Ev'rybody's invited."

"What you gonna have to eat—candy?"

"Candy!" snorted Mamie in scorn. "Shame on you, Tillie! Candy! When Clarie Belle Andrews gives a party she does it up right—ice-cream an' choc'late cake an' bananas an' pie—an' lem'nade an' candy—an' all them things. Ain't you gonna have all them, Clarie Belle?" Mamie's unsubdued appetite and vivid imagination were getting the best of her.

But again the aristocratic little petitioner into society nodded in confirmation. Mamie seemed a safe pillar to lean upon. The thing was becoming rather too complex for Clara Belle to handle competently.

"Sure," announced Mamie. "It's gonna be a big, swell party where you all stay fer supper."

Hungry children's mouths watered in blissful anticipation—watered as only mouths can water after days and days of cheap meat and cheaper bread rations. The strikers' children had ample reason to resent the complacent, well-fed appearance of Clara Belle Andrews. It does not take much to arouse the ire of folks with half-famished stomachs. If mere wishes were facts Clara Belle would have been choked, kicked, rolled in the mud, slapped, starved, and killed long ago. They hated the child because she was her father's daughter.

But now friendly faces smiled at her on all sides. Clara Belle could not quite grasp the entire situation; however, intuition told her that the way into the hearts of these children must be paved with a lavish supply of food. The thing seemed simple enough. Clara Belle was willing to turn the world upside down if they would treat her as one of them. She wanted to play; she wanted to have some intimate friends; she wanted to be in the midst of things—she wanted to "belong."

"To-night," said Clara Belle with an appealingly anxious look at her audience, "I'll have my party—ev'rybody come—there'll be a great big supper—an' lots of fun—you'll come, won't you?"

"Bet yer life!"

"Sure, I'll be there."

"I'm comin'."

"So'm I."

"I'll come early——"

"Naw, you won't come early," interposed Mamie. "A supper-party's a big job to git up—don't you kids dare come 'til about supper-time."

"You'll come early and help me, won't you, Mamie?" pleaded Clara Belle. She was beginning to feel frightened.

"Yeh—I'll come early. I'll help you fix ev'rything. I know all 'bout parties." Mamie did not intend to allow this chance for a good square meal to get botched up.

Clara Belle breathed a relieved sigh and immediately shifted all responsibility onto her helping friend's willing shoulders. If Mamie knew all about parties, Mamie was the very person to manage the business. Clara Belle was glad Mamie was so interested.

"Come on, Clarie Belle, let's go over by the fence an' plan the party," suggested Mamie, slipping a skinny arm through Clara Belle's and starting to pull her aside.

"All right, Mamie, you kids go fix it—'crack the whip's' the game—I'm gonna be leader—I'm gonna be 'it.'"

"Naw, I'm cracker; I'm 'it'——"

The bunch broke up with loud shouts of fun; children scattered to get in line for the new game. Clara Belle stood still despite Mamie's urgent pulling on her arm.

"Say, Mamie," she pleaded, "let's get up that party at recess—let's go play—I want to play——"

"Aw, come on, we oughtta fix 'bout our party quick; we don't wantta play——"

"Yes, I do," insisted the factory-owner's little daughter, breaking away from her captor and running toward the swaying "crack-the-whip" column. Mamie followed reluctantly.

"Here, Clarie Belle, you kin git in here."

"Come, stand by me——"

"Aw, Clarie Belle, this's a good place!"

With shining eyes and beating heart the happy child accepted a place in the broken ranks. Her soft, fastidiously manicured hands gratefully closed in on the hard, grimy paw of dirty Mike Fon-

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"Huh! Yor ma wouldn't have us in her house."—Page 751.

tana on the right and the black-skinned palm of Rosa Lily Johnson on the left. Then, through the wiggling, twisting, strenuous "crack-the-whip" line, Clara Belle Andrews made her risky début into society.

The exhilaration of the event lasted throughout the morning session. Clara Belle found it a pleasant sensation to look up from her work and encounter smiling faces everywhere. Her heart overflowed with joy. She willingly loaned her supply of good pencils and fresh tablet paper right and left. And when Mamie Eaves stealthily slipped a note into her nervous fingers she thought she would die with ecstasy.

"Dear Clara Belle," said the note, "have you got some nice paper? It is no real partie unless you give invatashuns."

Clara Belle was thoughtful for a few moments. Mamie's expectant gaze was fixed on her. Clara Belle intently studied the ceiling. Suddenly she moistened her pencil and slowly wrote with painstaking care. She was two years Mamie's junior and did not possess her versatile friend's literary fluency. "i no some good at hom. at reces i can go hom."

This note received Mamie's complete approval. "All right," she whispered. "I'll write 'em fer you."

Clara Belle nodded and then ducked behind her big geography book as she caught the teacher's surprised face turned her way. Miss Johnstone was not accustomed to seeing John Andrews's child in interested conversation with any of his employees' children. In deportment Clara Belle was the model child of the small factory town's only school. Several times during the past three weeks, since the men had been on a strike, Miss Johnstone had felt nervous concerning the safety of the little Andrews girl among the unruly, undisciplined, and resentful factory children. She often had seen reflected in her pupils' faces and actions the bitter unrest that characterized the atmosphere of the whole town. She knew Mrs. Andrews was an invalid, and wondered if the mother realized how unpleasant it was for Clara Belle among her hostile schoolmates.

Clara Belle wasted no time at recess. Her white-stockinged legs flew over the ground toward the big house on the hill. Panting for breath, she softly opened the

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heavy front door and slipped into the deserted library. She knew her father was out of town on a business trip and her mother was up-stairs in her own room. Clara Belle could not remember the time when her mother had not been worn out and tired and quiet. Jane, the sharp-tongued girl for general housework, was the real person whom Clara Belle knew nine years of her life. Mrs. Andrews and her little daughter held different views concerning the social standards of the townspeople. In fact, Clara Belle had never been invited to a party—no one had ever cared to invite her.

She gently shut the door, tiptoed to the front door, and left the house. Then, without a backward look, the half-fright-

Selected a generous supply of paper and envelopes.

she must look out for on this trip. Jane had a deep-rooted conviction that the proper way to bring up Clara Belle was to object to everything that the child tried to do. Every time she thwarted some pet plan of Clara Belle she felt that she really was earning her wages. As a result the child tactfully avoided the presence of the omnipotent hired girl.

Clara Belle quietly opened a drawer of her father's big desk and selected a generous supply of paper and envelopes. The stationery bore a printed business heading, but she knew that Mamie would not object to that. The smooth whiteness of the paper and the crisp stiffness of its texture were enough to delight the heart of any secretary. Clara Belle had never been to a real party in the whole ened youngster ran down the walk and made for the school-building. Thump-thumpety-thump pounded something within her; every instant she expected to hear Jane's rancorous voice yelling for her to stop. But at length the corner was turned and nothing had happened.

In the meanwhile, at school, Mamie was employing the recess period and Clara Belle's absence to good advantage. She had the children gathered around her in an attentive bunch. Mamie was of the alert, executive, wilful, never-say-die type that in polite, educated circles would have been called progressive; but in her own unappreciative neighborhood she was dubbed a nosey and bossy "buttinsky." However, there was not a child that did not realize the truth of Mamie's words

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and her ability to make the planned party a real thing. Past experience had shown them that during certain crises Mamie's judgment was to be relied upon. In other words, Mamie was a diplomat.

"Yer all know mighty well," she was saying, "that our folks 'ud beat us black and blue if they caught us up at that Andrews house—they wouldn't let us take nothin' off o' them—why, my pa'd kill me——"

Reminiscent faces nodded in confirmation.

"But if Clarie Belle wants to give a party—a big supper-party—it'd be a shame not to go and to have all the good eatin' stuff wasted——"

Again the hungry audience expressed its approval of her sentiments.

"Besides, Clarie Belle would feel awful if we didn't come."

Mamie actually was making herself believe that Clara Belle's feelings were an item to be taken into consideration. She was beginning to make her followers also desire not to injure the sensitive Clara Belle.

"We ought to go," declared Mamie emphatically.

"Yessum, we oughtta," burst out Rosa Lily.

"Yer bet, we gotta go."

Countless voices expressed determination to attend the banquet.

"Then," stated Mamie with grim finality, "we're gonna go."

The children breathed deep sighs of relieved satisfaction. The matter was settled—they were going to go.

"But," went on their self-appointed boss, "we gotta keep our mouths shut—we better not tell anybody about this party, or"—Mamie paused and glared vindictively at the cowering little town tattle-tale—"you all know what'll happen to us. You understand, you Annie Stone; do you hear me?"

Annie nodded in terror.

"You kids better not come 'til dark—then sneak up to Andrews's a few at a time—so's our folks won't ketch us—an' I'll be there already. I'm gonna help fix the supper——"

"We kin git 'way, all right," declared Georgie; "there's somethin' doin' tonight, anyway. My pa told ma so."

"Yeh, it's a meetin' or some kind o' strike doings—pop was talkin' 'bout it and cussin' a lot this mornin'," added another child.

"Well, they'll be busy, all right, then," decided Mamie. "We kin have our party without them knowing it. An' let's don't tell Clarie Belle our folks wouldn't let us come—she'd feel bad. Mum's the word."

"Mum's the word—mum's the word," went the order from lip to lip.

At that moment Clara Belle's breathless figure came dashing around the corner. She waved the paper in the air.

"I got it! I got it!" she gasped.

"Goody," ejaculated Mamie. "Gee! that's swell paper, that is. I'll write our invitations soon's we git in school."

Mamie was as good as her word; she spent all of her spare time and also all of her working time laboriously writing invitations copied from an invitation form in her language book. It was a long and a hard task, but Mamie did not give up; she kept steadily at it until noon.

"Wait for me, Clarie Belle," she whispered at dismissal time. "I gotta finish my 'rithmetic paper."

Clara Belle obligingly waited outside the school-building for ten minutes. During those ten minutes she had ample time for reflection. It was a solemn and dejected girl that Mamie finally joined. Clara Belle was wiping tears from her eyes.

"Why, Clarie Belle, what's the matter?"

Mamie was quite sure that she wanted her signet-ring back and was crying about it. Mamie did not intend to part with the ring unless she had to.

Clara Belle raised a pitiful face to her helping friend.

"Oh, Mamie," she sobbed. "I'm afr-fraid, my mother didn't say I c-could have any p-party—she won't l-let m-me—an' Jane won't, either."

"Oh, is that all—shucks, Clarie Belle, don't you worry. I'll fix it, I will."

But the child sobbed on in an absolute abandon of grief. She knew Mamie had no power over her mother and Jane.

"Now, you wantta have a party, don't you?"

"Y-yes."

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"Well, it ain't any business o' Jane's, is it?"

"She'd have to git the supper—and she wouldn't do it—sh-she wouldn't let me have a party, anyway."

"Aw, git out; I kin fix that grub myself. We'll let Jane take a night off."

"She won't go—and, besides, mother'll say I c-can't h-have any p-party—and papa's out of town, but he'd say n-no——"

Clara Belle broke down completely. The enormity of her crime was too great to bear.

"Now, listen here, if Jane takes a night off, an' I get that supper, an' yer mother don't know nothin' 'bout it 'til we're all there an' eatin', why—why——"

Clara Belle stopped crying to listen. A wonderful light had broken over Mamie's face. Clara Belle could see it through her tears.

"Why, Clarie Belle, it'll be a surprise-party—a surprise-party on yer ma; we'll keep awful still, an' git ev'rything ready, an' have all the kids come—an' then we'll let yer ma know all 'bout it. Then won't she be so surprised an' tickled!"

Mamie was waxing enthusiastic; she could see her way through. Mrs. Andrews could do no more than send the guests home, and Mamie did not intend for the hostess to discover the surprise-party until refreshments had been served. Clara Belle was dubious. She could not imagine her mother being delighted over such an affair. Still, the cornered child could see the possibilities of the plan.

"You kin order groceries yerself, can't you?" questioned Mamie.

"Uh-huh, 'most every day Jane sends me to the store with our order or lets me telephone it."

"Gee! that's a mighty good thing," Mamie exclaimed thankfully. "I kin make out our party order an' you kin git it."

"Why, Clarie Bell, what's the matter?"—Page 755.

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"But Jane, sh-she'll stop me—she w-won't let me have any party."

Clara Belle again relapsed into despair.

"Aw, Jane be darned; don't you see—Jane ain't in on this—she is gonna take a night off."

"This's her afternoon off; she's going to her fancy-work club; she can't take the night, too—she never does."

"Well, what o' that; we'll give it to her, anyway—she'll take it. That Jane ain't no fool."

Mamie stood for a long time in deep silence. Clara Belle continued wiping away her silent flow of tears. All at once a knowing grin spread over Mamie's face.

"Say, what's Jane's feller's name?"

"Joe Wilkinson."

"I've got it. Clarie Belle, you go right home this noon, keep a good straight face on you, an' you tell yer smarty ole Jane that you saw Joe Wilkinson on the street an' he said fer you to tell her to meet him at the Mystic picture show between seven and eight—say he tried an' tried to git her over the 'phone, but the lines was crossed—say he's goin' to a big strike meetin' an' maybe he'll be late, so fer her to wait 'til he comes, but to be sure an' come early 'cause he maybe kin git there by seven sharp."

Clara Belle smiled weakly. "I g-guess she'd go, but she'd get me afterward."

"Aw, say, she dassn't touch you. But, Clarie Belle, whatta you s'pose all the kids you've invited would do if they come to the party an' you didn't have any at all——"

Clara Belle gasped. She knew only too well the fate that awaited her; never would she dare show her face at school again. Never!

"Well—we'll have the surprise-party on mother; I'll order the things sent up 'fore Jane gits home from fancy-work society—I'll git Jane to go meet Joe, and—and you'll h-help me, won't you, Mamie," faltered the little girl.

"Sure, I'll help you; I'll stick right by you. Ain't I writin' the invitations an' plannin' the eats an' ev'rything?"

Clara Belle could do nothing but agree.

"Listen, you start to school early this noon an' we'll git most o' our things ordered—I'll meet you 'cross the street from Spearman's grocery," suggested Mamie.

Once more her friend acquiesced. Then they parted to hasten home for lunch.

"Say, Clarie Bell," called Mamie, "you better tell Jane Joe's got somethin' awful partic'lar to tell her—now, remember!"

Clara Belle nodded and hurried on up the hill.

A meal of fried fat meat, water gravy, and stale bread stimulated Mamie's spirits to the soaring-point for the evening's banquet. As she ate she planned an elaborate grocery list. She noticed with satisfaction that her mother, father, and uncle were engaged in a heated

She was occupying the time by jumping rope backward with a peculiar jerking twist to her left leg.—Page 758.

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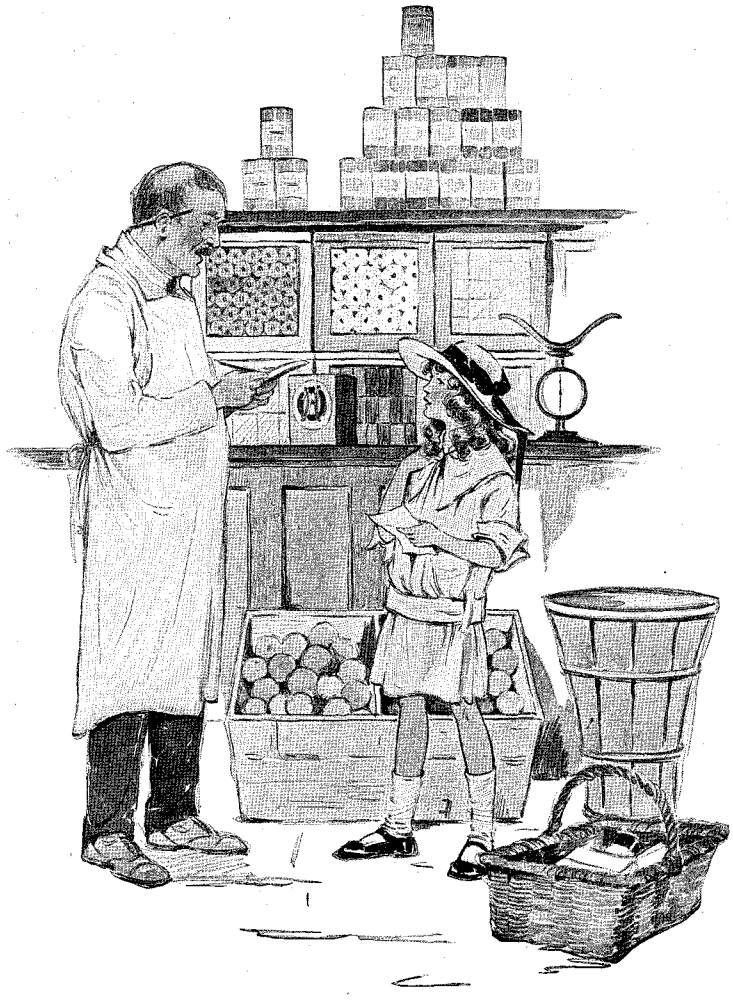

If the child had attempted to buy the whole store he would have been willing.—Page 759.

discussion over the planned strike meeting. She hoped their fussing would extend well over into the evening. Sometimes Mamie's mother got a nagging streak and insisted upon personally supervising Mamie's after-school duties. But if Mrs. Eaves happened to have something else on her mind the coast would be clear.

One o'clock found Mamie patiently waiting on the corner for her friend. She was occupying the time by jumping rope backward with a peculiar jerking twist to her left leg. When Clara Belle put in an appearance she knotted the jumping-rope above her lanky hips, and got ready for business.

"Here's the groceries," she said, producing a scrappy bit of writing-paper. "How'd you git along with Jane—will she go?"

Clara Belle's visage wore the tranquil expression of complete victory.

"Yes, she was real nice. She said it ain't often she takes any extra time off, and she guessed she was entitled to this evening——"

"'Course she is," grinned Mamie. "She's got our permission."

"And," continued Clara Belle, "she said she'd lay out a piece for me on the table 'cause she'd have to dress early——"

"Good!"

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"I told her all right, and if she'd just fix mother's lunch I could take it up to her room—she didn't need to bother 'bout asking mother 'cause I'd wash the dishes——"

"Sometimes, Clarie Belle, I believe you have got good sense," admiringly blurted out Mamie.

"That's what Jane said, too," remarked the child with satisfaction.

Then she began to examine the list of party supplies. It was remarkable what a weighty assortment of delicious edibles Mamie had managed to get on her little two-by-four bit of paper. As Clara Belle, aided by frequent translations and explanations from Mamie, slowly waded through it her face became doubtful.

"Remember, this's a supper-party—the kids'll be hungry—they sure will call you a stingy, cheap skate if you don't give 'em 'nuff to eat!"

Again family pride came to the rescue. Clara Belle was willing to charge any amount of groceries. Mamie was sick with longing to select the food in person, but discretion forced her to forego the pleasure. She knew her presence would arouse suspicion, and so, after much tutoring and exhorting, Clara Belle entered the store alone.

If the obliging groceryman felt any surprise and curiosity concerning little Miss Andrews's strange and enormous order he did not betray it. Andrews was good pay, and business had been slack since the strike; if the child had attempted to buy the whole store he would have been willing. Therefore he took her order for two bunches of bananas, a crate of oranges, five pounds of every kind of candy the store possessed, a big box of chocolate cookies, the same amount of cocoanut macaroons, two dozen lemons, two dozen pies, and ten pounds of bologna without the flicker of an eyelash. Not even when she emphatically requested that the things be delivered before half past four did he evince any wonder. Spearman, the grocer, was wise enough to keep still and grasp a lucky thing when it came his way. Clara Belle finished her instructions and left the store with the same politely solemn and unassuming manner which usually accompanied her ordering of four chops, a pint of cream, and a loaf of bread.

"Well?" inquired Mamie as the child rejoined her. Mamie had been somewhat nervous since the daintily gowned little miss had disappeared within the store door.

"All right," responded Clara Belle. "Only they didn't have 'nuff licorice and gum-drops; but he said he'd send what they had——"

"Well—just so they send plenty o' choc'lates."

The two children pursued their way toward the combination cigar, confectionery, and drug store. Again Mamie waited outside while Clara Belle went in. Here she left an order for ten gallons of ice-cream—five vanilla and five chocolate—also to be delivered before four thirty.

"Now," sighed Mamie, "all the fixin's done 'cept finishin' them invitations—guess I'll go in early an' write 'fore school begins."

Clara Belle also sighed, but it was a happy sigh; there was nothing more to do—just to let the children come and eat. She was certain that her troubles were over. Occasionally the surprise element on her mother intruded upon her peace; but she refused to think of it. Mamie had said that she knew her mother would be glad—and there did not seem to be anything that Mamie did not know.

"Hey, kids!" yelled Mamie, when the school-yard was reached, "here is Clarie Belle. She wants to play——"

"Come on, Clarie Belle! Come on!"

"Hurry up, Clarie Belle——"

Countless voices welcomed her. Mamie left at once and disappeared within the school-building. She carefully polished her recently acquired signet-ring and then started to work on the unfinished invitations. Even if those invitations dared not be taken home, Mamie intended that they should be distributed before recess. She believed that no party should be conducted without a necessary amount of dignified procedure.

At a quarter of seven that night Clara Belle, with a nervously beating heart, watched Jane depart for the picture show. The hired girl was in such good spirits that the child decided it would be wise for her to slip in and sleep with her mother. It was dangerous to be in Jane's

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"Won't you have some ice-cream? Please do!"—Page 762.

vicinity when her temper happened to be aroused.

At exactly seven Mamie slipped in the back door.

"Gee!" she gasped, "I run all the way —now we gotta work hard, the kids 're comin' pretty soon—I told them they was to keep awful quiet—that we wasn't gonna let Mis' Andrews know we was here yet. Come on, let's git out the things——"

Already Clara Belle was leading the way toward the small sewing-room. "I was s-scared to d-death," she chattered. "I was so 'fraid Jane would see this door was locked——"

"Aw, shucks," placidly remarked Mamie as she inserted the key in the lock. "She couldn't find out anything, anyway —didn't I have the key with me?"

Mamie had accompanied Clara Belle home from school in the afternoon and seen to the storing away of their supplies.

"Say, Clarie Belle, where's yer ma—up-stairs?"

"She's up in her room reading—maybe she's asleep—she hardly ever comes down-stairs."

"Well, we won't bother her—we'll let her sleep a long time. Let's shut all the doors up tight after the kids git in—then their little bit of noise won't 'mount to much."

There was only a small crowd at the Mystic picture show. Jane patiently sat through a four-reel society drama. Its alluring sensationalism thrilled her to the very core; but as the clock's hands crept around to the hour of eight the beautiful, wronged heroine began to pall upon her. At eight thirty she felt nervous. The operator had started to run a mirth-provoking comedy. Jane sat through its most ticklish moments without cracking a smile. Little did Joe Wilkinson dream of the terrible thoughts that

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were being directed toward him at about that time.

Over in the Labor Hall a hot, excited meeting was in progress. Fiery speeches were being made; harassed laborers were ready to burst forth into rebellion; John Andrews's hated name was on every lip. Three weeks of brooding inactivity without weekly pay envelopes had made the men desperate enough to dare anything. And something had to be done. The entire assembly was united against Andrews. They could find nothing too mean to say about him. Andrews was a hard-hearted devil. Andrews would steal the very pennies off a dead man's eyes. Andrews paid starvation wages and drove his men to perdition so that he could donate his thousands to the church and Y. M. C. A. He was all for hot air and show. Andrews worked his men to death four days out of the week so he could lay them off the rest of the week—he got six days' labor and paid four days' wages. He ought to be run out of town. Such a man had no business living. His men were nothing but slaves. But they would show him a thing or two.

It did not take much to work the angry crowd up to the fighting-point. When the leader said Andrews was coming in on the eight-forty train, and suggested an immediate interview with him, the mob howled its acclamation. Full time but shorter working hours with an increase in pay was their unconditional demand—that or nothing. A breathless silence fell over the hall as the speaker emphatically stated "or nothing." An unconfirmed rumor had been whispered. Gallons of kerosene and sticks of dynamite were stored in a certain place. If Andrews was too bull-headed to give in—why, no other force of men would have a chance to start the machinery whirring in his damned factory.

"That or nothing—or nothing!" Deep-throated men took up the words of their leader. The mob was ready for action. There would be no compromise.

Andrews had run his car into the garage and was starting toward his house when the gang accosted him. He tried to face the angry employees calmly, but realized from the very first that he was playing a losing game. He was in for it. An ominous quiet hovered over the desperate crowd. Andrews was sure they would stand no opposition. He did not know which way to turn. The spokesman began to state the emphatic and unconditional demands of the strikers.

Andrews listened in silence.

The leader finished. Determined followers waited for the reply.

"Men," began Andrews, "I want to do the square thing by you—can't you send a committee——"

Mutters and curses were heard on all sides. Andrews had kept backing toward the house and the men kept following him up.

"Won't you listen to reason, men? I'm up against it—can't you understand that the scarcity of supplies has driven me to the wall—the war has——"

"The war—the war!"

"To hell with the war!"

"You can't stall us——"

The storm burst forth. Andrews got up the front steps and stood against the door.

"Now, look 'ere, Andrews, you got the dough an' you gotta shell out—shorter hours, full time, an' more pay—that or nothin'!"

"That or nothin'," came the defiant cry from dozens of voices.

"Lack of imported materials already has about finished me up—it's been hard to keep the factory going—I can tide the crisis over by running half-time—why, I'm almost bankrupt right now——"

A brick crashed through the plate-glass door. Still calm, Andrews stepped inside the house and faced them. He attempted to speak but could not be heard. Down the curving stairs in the lighted hall swiftly came a frail, slender woman in a loosely flowing dressing-gown. Her eyes opened wide with fear as she caught the meaning of the threat being hurled at her husband.

"Andrews, damn you, we've stood too much from you already—give in quick 'fore somethin' happens—right now yer back porch is bein' soaked with kerosene. The minute yer house's fired it's the signal to send yer old factory straight to hell. Hear me?"

The woman gasped. Another brick flew through the open door and struck the wall beyond. Andrews darted back

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toward his wife. Excited men pressed into the wide hall. From somewhere came a smell of burning wood.

"Give in, Andrews; do you give in?"

For a minute there was a terrible silence awful with tenseness and suspense. The mob was waiting.

Suddenly upon that silence there burst a sound clear as a bell and unmistakably real. It struck its listeners with the force of an electric shock.

It was the pealing laughter of a child.

"Oh, Clarie Belle, lookee, lookee! Here's a penny in my choc'late man's tummy!"

Then more children's voices joined in the hilarity.

The mob stood spellbound. Not a man stirred. Through the open door a soft breeze wafted the odor of smoke.

"God! Good God!" choked out an agonized voice. "That's my kid—my kid's in there—put out that fire——"

Several men dashed out the door.

"Quit—stop that fire—stamp out them torches—there's kids in there—quick!"

Excited feet could be heard putting out the firebrands.

As in a dream, Andrews threw open the heavy sliding-doors and exposed to view the scene within. Startled children stared back at startled men. The place was full of children—children and piles of food. Clara Belle's supper-party was on in full swing. Orange wrapping-papers and banana peelings were scattered over the polished floors, heaps of cookies and candy covered the chairs; over on the library table Clara Belle was setting out plates of ice-cream as fast as Mamie could dish them up.

Clara Belle looked at the newcomers and smiled weakly. Even Mamie had lost her voice.

Mrs. Andrews grasped her husband's arm for support. She swallowed desperately and struggled to collect her senses.

"We—we are having a party," she began. "Wouldn't you l-like to join us. Refreshments are j-just being served."

Abashed men gazed in silent wonder at the party. The angry, violent mob spirit was gone—they were nothing now but every-day, respectful working men with hearts big enough to appreciate kindnesses shown their children.

At her mother's words Clara Belle's face became radiant with joy. Grasping two plates, she hastened forward.

"Won't you have some ice-cream? Please do! We're glad you've come to the party."

The two foremost men accepted the plates and awkwardly mumbled their thanks. They could not think of anything else to do. Mamie followed closely behind Clara Belle with another load of refreshments. Mamie felt satisfied; both her heart and her stomach were full to the bursting-point.

And so the strikers' mass-meeting ended with refreshments at Clara Belle's party. In five minutes every man in the crowd was busily digging his spoon into a generous supply of ice-cream. Not a soul could find it possible to hold resentment against the household that was entertaining their children so royally. Perhaps there was something to Andrews's statement about being hard pressed at the factory. They were willing to listen to reason. By mutual consent it was understood that the factory would open in the morning under its usual working conditions, and also a committee would meet with Andrews for arbitration.

The children romped and played to their hearts' content. Clara Belle was having the time of her life.

"Let's have one more game," Mamie suggested. "Let's play 'London Bridge'——"

"All right," cried Georgie. "Clara Belle, you be a leader——"

"No—I'm not company—let some one else be leader——"

"Yeh, that's right—let some one else—an' we'll let Clarie Belle be 'it' all this week at school," said Mamie.

"Yes," breathed Clara Belle happily, "I'll be 'it' at school."

Clara Belle could see many glorious days ahead of her; she knew that at last she "belonged."

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A SUPER WITH SALVINI

By Algernon Tassin

IT must have been during my senior year at Harvard that I formed the romantic and radical project of suping with Salvini during his entire Boston engagement. In these days, when Harvard and most metropolitan colleges have become halfway houses to the theatre, this would be nothing unusual. But then it was different. It was an ordinary practice, to be sure, for adventurous spirits to contribute their support to the short Boston opera season, but it could scarcely be called a professional voyage. As an experience it was well enough, but one's function was too merely decorative to be satisfactory; and one always had the unpleasant consciousness that he had been chosen for his bulk alone.

For some time I had longed for other flights. I had gone occasionally, by grace of a friend in the company, to the Boston Museum of blessed memory, to figure not among the hired supers—mere swellers of numbers and blind mouths uttering concerted cries at a given signal—but in the very "ballet" itself. This was attached with more or less permanence to the theatre for the higher supernumerary functions and trusted with individual action which one might characterize to the top of his bent if he wished, provided only it did not outtop the stage-manager. On these rare adventures I was never without a secret expectation that the eye of that gentleman might light up with approval at my singular absorption in my part. But if he ever felt surprise at his lucky find, he never looked or spoke it; and I was forced to console myself with the lesser and social distinction of chatting with the actors in the wings or of discussing, with some connoisseurship, the shortcomings of the various performances with the stage-manager himself. But I had been forced to own to myself, however, that in no way had he disclosed any awareness of my ability. I was even galled with the suspicion that he regarded me as stage-struck.

Consequently, I felt that my real opportunity had come when I read an advertisement that supers were wanted at the stage-door of the Tremont Theatre for the Salvini Company at eleven Monday morning, and observed with approval that it did not state any inartistic preference for tall men. Here, at last, were promised a real rehearsal and some opportunity for genuine initiative. I was not to "follow the man from Cook's," or, if I were, all of us would at any rate be new, and I should be able to exhibit my native gifts for leadership. Also, it was a repertory company, and with good luck I should be able, in some one of the plays, to watch Salvini at close range. And furthermore, I should, not occasionally but for three weeks continuously, pace my secret orchard nightly after prosaic days. Before I had fully made up my mind to so large an enterprise, I found that I had cut a class and was on the car to town. I did not wait long in the little crowd at the stage-door before destiny smiled upon me. The superior perceptions I had always hoped to encounter singled me out promptly. The agent of destiny was Alexander Salvini himself; and as I had seen him play D'Artagnan and Don Cæsar with fine romantic dash, I felt that he could be trusted to detect ability even in street clothes and in a mob.

The play was "Othello," and I was to be one of Iago's lieutenants. Several times I was to appear amiably dogging my superior's heels with an underling whom I was to treat in friendly fashion. But in the great scene I was to stand alone. This was in Desdemona's bedroom after the discovery of the murder. We rehearsed with Mr. Salvini walking through his father's part. When Iago, who treated me with entire indifference, had fallen back into my arms after Othello's onslaught and had been led away by the officers, Mr. Salvini impressed upon me that it was of the utmost importance to note carefully the exact position where I had been standing, and to take it and

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keep it that evening. "When you are not there," said he, "Iago falls on the floor and makes a bad impression." After he had assured me of this several times, I began to doubt if he really possessed the perceptions I had credited him with. It seemed to me that even an ordinary person might find a spot on the floor two feet south and a little above Iago and catch him as he fell back. Since Mr. Salvini did not explain to me how it might happen that I should not be there, I felt somewhat underestimated. I wished there were some way for him to discover, without my baldly informing him, that I was a senior at Harvard College.

That evening we were to have run over this scene again with the star himself just before the play. But when I arrived I found everything under the stage in confusion. The wardrobe trunks had not come, and young Mr. Salvini was in a whirlwind of curses and tears. I think if it had not been for that foretaste of Italian temperament I might have deserted my post later and ignobly allowed Iago to fall upon the floor and create a bad impression—which would perhaps have served him right for his entire indifference to a person who was to perform so great a service for him. At eight o'clock the costumes arrived; and Mr. Salvini diluted his curses and tears with prayers and maledictions upon us for haste, as he frantically helped us to dress. He would switch in a moment from volcanic abuse to the most winning entreaty, smiling like a rainbow through both curses and tears. At last we were ready and were marshalled up to the stage.

Here, as I knew the play well enough to place my goings in and comings out, I was at ease to observe (with a little dexterity to elude the stage-manager) the great man himself. He, too, was in an Italian temper at the delay. Throughout the evening when we were not together on the stage, I was as near to him as I could squeeze. In his acting he had exhibited the same varying tempest of physical expression as his son had shown down-stairs over the tardy costumes. So abandoned was he at times that it was difficult to believe that the force was at all governable. Though there would have been time just before the fifth act to run over my important scene with him, it was not done. In this act Desdemona's bed was placed in what seemed from in front to be an alcove, but the alcove was not boxed in and I could stand right up against the bed. Before the act began Miss Brookyn, who played Desdemona with sweetness and appealing grace, implored Salvini to be gentle. "Now, Mr. Salvini," she begged, "do be careful, won't you?" He playfully promised. When, after she was asleep, he drew the curtains of the bed aside and gazed down upon her, I stood within five feet of him. The scene that ensued was, at such close range, very poignant. I did not wonder that she had implored him to be gentle. As he was choking her with the pillows, she kept gasping in broken whispers of real terror between her heard outcries and moans, "Oh, Mr. Salvini! Please, *please*, Mr. Salvini!" Sickened and fascinated, I watched him; and I did not make connection with the real world again until Emilia—that vigorous and intelligent actress Mrs. Bowers—made her round-off scene at the back of the stage calling, "Murder! Murder!" Then I rushed headlong to Iago, for I knew that I must shortly go on.

Of what happened that first night I have no clear picture. I was dazed by the sudden transition from the darkness, where I had stood and seen Desdemona strangled a few feet away, to the torches of the stage and a world which in comparison to the one I had just left was palpable acting. Docilely I hurried after Iago and took my appointed place. But I should not have been in it when the time came had not terror rooted me rather than given me legs. For the ferocity with which Othello ran at Iago and the rage that distorted his features were unexampled. It was one thing to have seen it directed elsewhere and another to find it plunging your way. But before I was aware Iago had fallen back into my opportune arms, which caught him automatically, and had been led away by the officers; and I had saved him and myself from creating a bad impression. I understood why Mr. Salvini had so disconcertingly insisted upon my staying put. It had been quite involuntary on my part, and I was rather ashamed of myself when he gave me a pleasant word of commen-

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dation. I might so easily have received curses and tears instead, had my emotion been dynamic rather than static. Though in after performances I learned not to palpitate with Desdemona's terror in her death-struggle, I had always to suppress the alarm (which *did* get into my legs after that first time) when Salvini plunged at me standing behind Iago two feet to the south and a little above.

The great speech of Othello to the senators Salvini, it seems to me, decidedly varnished. Even granting the warmer key of the Italian language and of his large temperament, the speech appeared almost to exist by itself as a vocal stunt, somewhat detached from his characterization. His "Farewell to Arms" was marked by the same lyric quality, but it was happily free from vocal sophistication. Here he caressed each syllable. Youthful impressions of acting are quite unreliable, and one longs to carry back to the past his present eyes and ears to weigh them; yet, as I read that speech, I can hear now Salvini's extraordinary flexibility and silky range of voice, and I am almost sure that I should think the same still. As a revelation of the inflectional capability of speech it was supreme; but it was the voice of a very conscious artist and not of Othello at his simplest and manliest.

In "Samson," an Italian version of large effects which only sheer physical vitality and enthusiasm could keep from toppling over into the ludicrous, Salvini's personal force and charm were constantly exerted; yet an American audience stood always on the tittering line. The play was quite Elizabethan in its juxtaposition of high-flown romance and perilous concreteness. The jaw-bone of an ass is not a tragic weapon when visualized. Especially when verisimilitude demands that it should, however discreetly, fell at least two of the more conventionally armed Philistine host. These two, of course, were actors belonging to the company and rehearsed to die heroically. But for the rest of us—surging down the rocky pass and surging back again as Samson, else unarmed, seized the jaw-bone from the ground and laid low our leaders—the situation always had something of an impromptu quality. Having borne so well, by chance and with a fortitude I was far from feeling, his savage onslaught in "Othello," I was naturally selected to follow immediately the devoted pair. I was assured that the curtain would fall before my turn came to bite the dust, but I must own that I had little confidence in it and planned to die without a struggle. If the curtain had not prevented me from receiving a blow with that glistening white jaw-bone, I know that my premature death would have done so. For Salvini's rage in this ticklish scene was never merely simulated. The pass was contrived of one of those netted foliage drops which come down to meet the rocks built up beneath, and "that craves wary walking." But it is difficult for a dozen men with spears and shields to surge warily through a narrow defile and in alarm surge back again. I never knew just what happened, for I was valorously in the van; but regularly after the curtain fell Salvini exploded. I, secure in the consciousness that his rage was directed past me, would turn to behold the Philistines still plunging over one another in crowded flight and the whole forest wabbling like the woods of Dunsinane. A delighted audience usually drowned their tittering in applause and demanded a call. I always felt that call saved some Philistine from certain slaughter. For by the time Salvini had bowed his thanks they had escaped down-stairs and he had grown less murderous. One night, however, when the scene terminated in a shout of laughter, and the forest was still shaking like a leaf on his return from professional amenities, he rushed up and down in a frenzy, tearing at the bushy curls which Delilah was to shear away in the next act. With a final paroxysm, which even then he had the curious effect of somewhat restraining, he kicked his feet against the brick wall of the stage until the sandals had been torn off and I saw the blood stain his fleshings. Young Salvini always moderated his own rage to soothe his father after this trying scene; and now, in a moment, according to the bewildering Italian manner, they were smiling and embracing as the son hurried him to the dressing-room to change for the next act. Possibly it was then that he had to put on the extraordinary trick wig the curls of which Delilah, paying careful attention to the joinings, was to snip away

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one by one while we Philistines stealthily gloated in the background. In the final temple scene where Samson shakes down the pillars, the great man himself personally gave me instructions—to my immense gratification. I was to shriek and run, but by no means to let my emotion compel me in any other than one direction or I should be hit by a falling block. This, too, he said, "would create a bad impression." In these days, when the last scene of the operatic performance has a well-nigh miraculous realism, the handling of the destruction of the temple would be called primitive enough. There was only a front scene with two pillars, and when the few blocks fell they disclosed a back cloth of ruins. Yet I was always relieved when the temple came down decently and in order, without a mishap.

The crowning moment of my suping with Salvini was in the Italian version of "The Gladiator." This the supers rehearsed as usual without the star; and there was little work of importance for any of them to do. Except myself. I was to bear two short Roman swords to the gladiator in the middle of the arena, hand them to him, and after he had chosen one retire with the other. This simple action young Salvini assured me was extremely important. I did not dream until that night how great was my distinction. Then I found that it was a piece of solo work. Tier on tier the seats of the arena arose, but they were thronged with only painted ladies and gentlemen. Salvini held the exact centre and declaimed his big speech. I stood in the wing with the two swords spread upon my arm, arranged by young Salvini with injunctions that they must be held just so and when the moment came extended just so. They were heavy, and as I gathered that I was to advance alone to the centre of the stage and stretch them out to that geyser so hotly spouting there, I began to have stage-fright. The moment came and I was prodded from behind. Dutifully I walked forward and, reaching Salvini, waited for a pause in the torrent. He turned and eyed me with the utmost ferocity. Snatching both swords, he swung one and forced the other back upon me. Then, to my utter consternation he said to me in English, conversationally but with a voice still colored with savagery, "Very goot, that is very goot!" Then he hurled himself at once into the fiery close of his speech without a break in the emotion. It had not occurred to me that every one in the house could not hear him; and mechanically I walked to my exit. How I preserved my gait I do not know, for inwardly I was in the utmost confusion. My blunder must have been terrible indeed, if in the midst of that cyclone of passion he could pause to deride me! I prepared to flee from the wrath to come. But young Salvini, waiting in the wings, nodded his head and paid no further attention to me. After the play he came to me and said that his father had asked that I be told that my performance was just right. Swelling with pride, I nevertheless could not but own to some modest amazement at its singular merit. "It is difficult to do it," he explained, "in such a way as to attract no attention whatever. My father wants you to have a better pair of fleshings, and he says he will take you with us on the road." I stammered my thanks, and told him that I was a student and didn't want to break into my college course. But for the moment my exultation was lost in wonder. It was extraordinary enough that in the midst of that ringing speech Salvini could have paused to commend me chattily—even if in a voice that roared as gently as a sucking dove—but that he could, with that look in his eyes as of a lion at bay, have noted that my tights were baggy confounded me completely.

Afterward, I fear, I swaggered considerably among the amateurs at Cambridge for having been asked to travel with Salvini on the score of my superfine suping. Some envious souls wondered how my meagre opportunities had been sufficient to disclose my undoubted talents. I did not tell any of them that the offer had come through my peculiar success in attracting no attention whatever.

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"IMMORTAL LOVE"

By G. E. Woodberry

I

O THOU who clothest thyself in mystic form,—
  Color, and gleam, and lonely distances;
  Whose seat the majesty of ocean is,
Shot o'er with motions of the skyey storm!
Thou with whose mortal breath the soul doth warm
  Her being, soaring to eternal bliss;
  Whose revelation unto us is this
Dilated world, starred with its golden swarm!

Thee rather in myself than heaven's vast light
  Flooding the daybreak, better I discern;
The glorious morning makes all nature bright,
  But in the soul doth riot more, and burn;
A thousand beauties rush upon my sight,
  But to the greater light within I turn.

II

I know not who thou art to whom I pray,
  Or that indeed thou art, apart from me;
  A dweller in a lone eternity,
Or a participant of my sad way.
I only know that at the fall of day
  Fain would I in thy world companion thee;
  Upon the mystery of thy breast to be
Unconscious, and within thy love to stay.

I lose thee in the largeness when I think;
  And when again I feel, I find thee nigh;
The more my mind goes out to nature's brink,
  The more thou art removèd like the sky;
But when concentrated in love I sink,
  Thou art my nucleus; there I live and die.

III

Immortal Love, too high for my possessing,—
  Yet, lower than thee, where shall I find repose?
  Long in my youth I sang the morning rose,
By earthly things the heavenly pattern guessing!
Long fared I on, beauty and love caressing,
  And finding in my heart a place for those
  Eternal fugitives; the golden close
Of evening folds me, still their sweetness blessing.

O happy we, the first-born heirs of nature,
  For whom the Heavenly Sun delays his light!
He by the sweets of every mortal creature
  Tempers eternal beauty to our sight;
And by the glow upon love's earthly feature
  Maketh the path of our departure bright.

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When Youth is Youth

FATE having ordained that I should find myself shut up in a country house not so long ago, with a number of extremely good-looking and well-turned-out specimens of American youth of both sexes, I discovered myself making some interesting observations. While I have always held it desirable that youth, maturity, and age should fuse, and mix, in social ways, to as great an extent as the well-defined limitations of each render feasible, I have unqualifiedly rejected the notion that maturity and age should seek to "cultivate" youth, going three-quarters of the way in an endeavor to put it "at its ease," and to make this same fusing process come about more facilely and painlessly. My remembrance of my own youth, which is clear and keen, gives me an advantage, I find, over my contemporaries, who, to my astonishment, seem, almost without exception, to have entirely forgotten the "feel" of that bygone period of their lives. If they remembered they would recall the perfect self-sufficiency with which they were imbued, and how much they felt themselves central to life, with their elders circumferential to it, having futilely, in many instances, outlived their significance. To approach youth from these outer spaces with the air of seeking it because of the invaluable contribution that it can make to the worthwhileness of life, is to encourage youth unduly in its estimation of itself and its scorn of what is not itself. It is, by the same token, to fail to get out of youthful companionship the real good that it has to offer. It is when youth is quite off its guard and unconscious of itself and of you that it gives forth its essential quality. And this condition comes best about, I believe, when young people realize that their elder may, perchance, also have something up his sleeve —something that is richly satisfying to him, even though it quite count out the young person. The young person then issues forth from his hard little shell and curiously opens his mind to get a new truth.

In short, my idea is that the young person make the advances, as is proper that he should; whereby a mutually advantageous association may ensue, one having something of the equilibrium of those (generally harmonious) marriages in which the wife has a little the upper hand—to balance the latent fact that if it came to a question of brute force the advantage would lie with the husband.

There are young people of both sexes, and always have been, who can make companions of persons of any age, and be agreeable comrades to them; and among my country-house co-visitors were some such; but there were more who appeared to regard it as an impossibility to have anything in common with contemporaries of even a year's or two years' start of them. The college man of three years' seniority, the débutante of a season or two back, had totally different group-affiliations. This was the natural outcome of an extremely integrated social circle; of second and third generations of friends' children all growing up and coming out into the world together; and it surrounded these boys and girls with a dense atmosphere of warm childhood friendships and suggested innumerable supporting hands stretched forth should they be needed through life. This was well; yet I was reminded of a clever woman's saying that one could not have both imagination and cousins. It was apparent enough that these young people had no particular imagination. They had, in fact, so little that they struck one, though so richly becousined and befriended, as upon the whole very poorly equipped. Even their youth appeared factitious, or only a matter of firm contour and radiant surface. If one could have abstracted these, what would have remained would have been not the quality of youth but immaturity. Some of them had already a full measure of the sorry conventionalizing of the horizon which is the most middle-aged thing there is. With all the new experiments in education, in a land so eager about such experiments as ours, was it still true that youth in America, which so fills the stage, which so absorbs attention, was less young than youth in any other country?

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The desire for good drama is coming to be one of the most living interests of large numbers of educated Americans; and one hears more and more often the complaint that there are no true *ingênues* on our stage, few young men who correspond to the *jeune premier* of the French. Our American playwrights do not conceive characters of this type, our stage professionals cannot act them if they do. Yet for sheer, intensive absorption in youth, and exploitation of it, where is the equal of Broadway in the world? In spite of all our European interchanges, then, it continues to be the fact that, for the great masses of us, youth means something different from what it does to other nations. To a typical European, of course, American youth is scarcely youth at all.

Yet if one chance to be thrown with a group of young painters and poets, in these days, one changes one's view. The *Vie de Bohème* has always had the full scent and flavor of youth, not because of its imitation picturesqueness, but because of its airy, fearless embarkation on the winds of the spirit. That sort of adventuring is the eternal, secret way by which the human being—in whatever country and at whatever age—may be, and may remain, young. In such centres one may really see the young face, the young eyes—the countenance that has vision, that is open and dream-swept, not hard and shut-in. My country-house companions did not often looks as if they had wings. The Broadway countenance is always old, though it have the surface of sixteen.

One wishes that it were possible, in a general way, to poetize American youth a bit. It is not the national fashion to rate imagination high among the necessary virtues. We regard it rather as diminishing efficiency. We should like, apparently, to make youth more and more sharp of outline, more keen upon the immediate job. But is it always these things? It is, with all the fuss about education, rather an under-educated youth, when compared with some others, and one quite careless and undisciplined. It might "pay" to experiment for a while with methods of rearing that took more thought of some of the remoter, vaguer contingencies of cultivation; that made the young man and young woman a little less the creatures of their present, and a little more the creatures of their future. Perhaps there would be a gain even on the efficiency side.

Moreover, when youth is youth, truly the whole of life becomes for everybody a richer and fuller thing. If the young cannot dream dreams, how are their elders, under any circumstances, to see visions? My youthful house companions were pleasant to the eye, but they soon ceased to stimulate the mind. Having no imagination themselves, they kindled none in others. Since we are being told on every side that want of imagination is the fatal American fault, let us begin the cure early—inoculate the boy and girl.

MUSIC, Herbert Spencer tells us, takes its rise from the modulations of the human voice under emotion. The cadence of our speech is the commentary of the emotions upon the propositions of the intellect. A composer of music, therefore, should be a commentator on human adventures; and if he be peculiarly sensitive he will tell us, through his music, of things which we have never known and can never know of ourselves. There is scarcely any one whose spirit is not stirred by the notes of a trumpet, or whose heart is not moved by a familiar melody. Who has not heard the church-bells pealing of a Sunday evening without experiencing vague, unsatisfied longings which he cannot name? Troops will march for miles to a brass band after they would have fallen with exhaustion in its absence; and the chorus with which the birds welcome the sun in the early morning is a never-failing inspiration to man to renew his attack on the day's work.

Those the Opera Delights Not

But what of the opera, that culmination of the musician's art? Is it an unfailing source of emotional recuperation? Does it give satisfaction to mankind at large, and meet the needs of a civilization whose emphasis sometimes appears to be placed too strongly on commercial practicality and too little on spiritual development? The box-office receipts of the Metropolitan make reply—a rejoinder positively overwhelming when measured in the units of utilitarianism, but questionable, perhaps, when analyzed from an æsthetic point of view.

It cannot be denied that thousands of persons take delight in the opera as it exists to-day, and derive from it a pleasure which can only be the envy of an equal number

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who would rather be locked for three hours in a cell than attend an evening session. Nor is the line of demarcation between these two camps defined by education, wealth, or temperament. The most ignorant and undemonstrative will sometimes spend their last dollar to hear Wagner or Verdi; and the most learned and poetical are often found insensible to or even horrified at such a prospect.

One cannot but sympathize with these latter. One goes to the opera for emotional commentary on depicted situations or intellectual propositions. The opera is conducted in a foreign tongue, which renders almost impossible any close appreciation of the trend and movement of the plot, the proposition to be demonstrated, or the relation in which the characters stand to one another. The presentation is couched in a splendid display of costumes, scenery, and stage machinery, the distracting effect of which is only increased by the truly extraordinary deportment of the audience, which at times seems to imagine itself at a horse show rather than an intellectual feast. The singers are physically disenchanting, to say the least, and disseminate an atmosphere of mock heroics to which it is most difficult to rise superior—even if we could forget the amount of the leading tenor's salary while he is imposing his notes upon us.

But the antipathy of sensitive and poetical persons to the opera is grounded far more deeply than in these superficial defects. The whole theory of the thing is wrong. It is the common human experience that the greatest happiness, satisfaction, and enjoyment come, not from cultivating pleasure extensively, but intensively. One beautiful woman is a source of more delight than six; for six make for distraction and division of attention. One glass of wine is more desirable than six; for six produce a satiety where none can be appreciated, and even the pleasing remembrance of the first is effaced. Who would stand solitary on a mountain, and look far off, and yet insist that his pleasure would be enhanced if, at the same time, a clown cracked jokes at his right and a prize-fight were conducted at his left? Yet it is this species of offering to which our attention is invited at the opera.

The poet and the philosopher sit in the stalls. The pageant opens with a burst of music and song. "Wait, wait!" they cry, "for we would ruminate on these things!" But on it goes, with the remorseless march of a melodrama, in an increasing confusion of sound and color and dramatic presentation of events that never were, and, thank Heaven, never can be. From an inspiration it becomes an impertinent assault; and then a nightmare. If only one could speak; could discuss, clarify, and develop the message received on the rising of the curtain; but convention holds one silent. Even flight is denied.

So it continues, with ever-growing horror, until the ears are glutted with sound, the mind is exhausted with futile analyses, and the emotions are cloyed and stifled with more stimulations than they can possibly respond to. It means nothing. 'Tis monstrous, outrageous; and yet it is fashionable to ascribe peculiar virtue to those who can endure it with pleasure—as though they were, perhaps, of finer clay than us clods of another mind.

I do not believe it. An emotional make-up which can support unscathed a session of opera must be of such pachydermatous construction as would defy almost any kind of an assault. Yet it is patent that opera-lovers are just as sympathetic and just as sensitive as the rest of us; though their peculiar dispensation should not necessarily be accounted an absolute superiority. A certain assistance in the pursuit of happiness it is undoubtedly; but since full appreciation of all the fields of art and intellectuality is denied to any one individual, it may well be that we are compensated for our lack of opera by such subtile pleasure in other fields as they can never know.

Country Life and "Mrs. Sparrowgrass"

I HAVE just been rereading that almost forgotten skit on American suburban life in the fifties, Frederic S. Cozzens's "The Sparrowgrass Papers, or Living in the Country." And if it isn't one of the pleasantest back-to-nature books in my library, why, then "Elizabeth" never sighed for perfection in her German garden and "Barbara," that most strenuous of commuters' wives, never mixed Uplift with the seeds for her spring planting.

That these readable mid-century sketches have not appeared in a new edition since the gardening craze struck America frankly puzzled me when I was remaking the acquaintance of Mr. Sparrowgrass, especially as his wife would be so attractive an addition to

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one's list of garden-book heroines. "She is really nicer than Elizabeth, or that independent Barbara," I found myself saying aloud, and then I suddenly realized that the very quality of that old-fashioned charm was fatal to her chances of election to the country-life sisterhood. Sweetly subordinate to her husband's ideas about things rural, recognizing him, quite as a matter of course, as "boss" of their suburban paradise, little Mrs. Sparrowgrass absolutely and utterly fails to qualify as a garden-book heroine. In all books of the kind "Elizabeth" made famous the female of the species is more masterful than the male.

When this great truth first came home to me, I felt quite sure that nothing but laziness prevented me from getting what reporters would call "a new slant" on garden literature. Let me rewrite the Sparrowgrass couple, giving them a surname less suggestive of mid-century humor, and modernizing their modest acres by the addition of a garage and a pergola, and reviewers who never browse in an old-fashioned library would hail me as the daring genius who created something absolutely new in gardening heroines. "What a relief," I could almost hear them saying, "to get away from the tradition of the capable chatelaine who builds silos and runs model dairies, while her husband looks on admiringly in the intervals of signing the very necessary checks! What could be more charming than the attitude of this little lady who knows nothing about rural conditions, and who accepts so unquestioningly the gardening and farming whims of her better half?" But at this stage of my dream I woke up to realize that such a flattering appreciation of my (so-called) originality would be from a man's standpoint, and . . . it is the women who buy and read the garden essays and whimsies. Enough said.

Granted, then, that there is no use in rewriting Mrs. Sparrowgrass, as no enthusiastic country dwelleress would approve of a twentieth-century commuter's wife with such clinging-vine traits. But the book, just as it stands, is worth your attention, dear Elizabeth and Barbara, if only to show you how thoroughly and satisfactorily you have broken away from the traditions, manners, and customs of eighteen-fifty-something. In almost every chapter you will find statements over which to curl a scornful lip. Susan Sparrowgrass ("Mrs. S." is her husband's archaic pet name for her) is no back-to-the-soil enthusiast, she is just a city woman who lives in the country because her husband wants to. She thinks of her suburban home as a good place to bring up the children, not as a few acres on which to raise prize chickens. She says that one of her chief reasons for liking the country (for she does like it, in a sweet, inadequate, mid-Victorian fashion) is that it makes her husband "more domestic." But she can remind him, a bit wistfully, that "we were very happy in that little house in town. We had a great many friends there." (What do you think of that, you unsociable hostess in "The Solitary Summer"?) Mrs. S. reads "Wolfert's Roost," a new book in those happy days, instead of seed catalogues and florists' magazines. (Is that an anachronism? Did they have those first aids to bankruptcy in that decade? I am rather out of my depth here.) It is Mr. Sparrowgrass who plans rustic arbors and rose-beds. Mrs. S. says, "Yes, dear" at the proper intervals, and placidly goes on patching little gingham aprons—no ready-made overalls and rompers in those prehistoric days. It is the husband who gets up picnics and river parties; the wife is no Mrs. John Gilpin, with a genius for arranging excursions. Mr. Sparrowgrass waxes poetical over the roaring wood fire; Mrs. S. sighs as she computes the cost per cord. The one time when she takes the lead is when she buys chickens, "so that we can have plenty of nice fresh eggs" . . . and every one of her hens is a fine rooster.

Elizabeth and Barbara, you are distinctly out of patience with me by this time and I hardly blame you. It is wasting your valuable time to make you read about such an out-of-date simpleton, when you want to whitewash the new hen-house, or make a wild garden, or read Thoreau in the rye-field (but perhaps it is Masters in the village graveyard nowadays!). At any rate, whatever you are doing, you have little or no time to survey the sweet country landscape from Susan Sparrowgrass's point of view. As a garden-book heroine, you find her a hopeless "back number."

I suppose she is. But I have enjoyed her because, to use a modern catchword, she is so "different." As "different" and as full of old-time charm as the ideal garden of her day, with its artificially "natural" glades,

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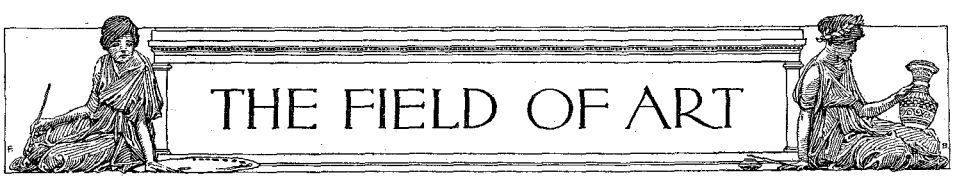
its rustic arbors and Gothic summer-houses, its "porches" or "piazzas" that have never dreamed of turning into loggias or pergolas. Have you ever seen some quaint fashion-plate in an old *Godey's* or *Harper's* where madame is dressed for a morning walk in the country? If you can see something attractive and appealing in its impossible rusticity, you can find, as I have, that Mrs. Sparrowgrass is an altogether charming little person. That is the touchstone.

"I think"—says Mrs. Sparrowgrass in one of her sudden flashes of astuteness that should make the most captious critic forgive her the episode of the cherry and the purchase of the hens that were roosters—"I think there is a great deal to be said about living in the country, a great deal yet to be said." A true prophecy! Much water has flowed under Hudson bridges since the Sparrowgrasses moved to Yonkers because country life was good for the children, and much has been written about the proper way to build bird-houses and lily-pools, squash-courts and model kennels. And still "there is a great deal yet to be said," which is being said in print just as fast as the machines can set it up. Conscientiously and appreciatively, we try to keep up with it all, but sometimes (dare I say it?) we tire of reading about the kind of country life that is just another name for Efficiency, Uplift, and all the rest of the modern virtues. That is the time to take a bit of a holiday and to call on Mrs. Sparrowgrass. Let us hope to find her on her "vine-clad piazza," waiting for her husband to come back from town, in the costume that lucky man described as "bewitching," that "dress of white dimity set off by a dark silk apron with tasteful pockets, and a little fly-away cap on the back of her head." *O tempora, O mores!* How utterly foolish, futile, and inappropriate a costume for country life, and how inadequate (according to modern standards) that country life that spelled happiness for our contented little chatelaine of the Yonkers cottage sixty years ago! But then——

"But then, how it was sweet!"



"PAULINE" (MR. MANSHIP'S PORTRAIT OF HIS DAUGHTER AT THE AGE OF THREE WEEKS)

THIS little figure was a main topic of conversation in New York last spring, when it was shown with a collection of Mr. Manship's other works in relief and in the round and then given by Mrs. Edward F. Dwight to the Metropolitan Museum. Every one praised its technical excellence, the skill and the beauty of the handiwork. Every one familiar with young babies marvelled at its verisimilitude, and even the less competent were interested by the novelty of the theme. But here discussion began: there were some who limited praise because, they said, so young an infant was not a fitting theme for a work of art.

It was refreshing thus to be encouraged, even by authoritative voices, to feel that the subject of a work of art is a proper matter of debate, so frequently, so dogmatically, are we enjoined never to care what an artist chooses to do, only to think of how he chooses to do it. It was refreshing to be told that a sculptor "ought not" to have portrayed a three weeks' child, and to suspect as the reason for the verdict the simple human fact that the critics did not enjoy, or felt sure that they would not enjoy, the contemplation of so young an infant in the flesh.

The rest of us, however—and this means the great majority of the critical and the uncritical—are grateful to Mr. Manship for not waiting, like almost all other depicters of infancy, until the child was older. It seems to us that in recording an aspect which is soon outgrown—that air of infinite wisdom which vanishes when intelligence develops—he has produced a little masterpiece, valuable alike for its unusual documentary and

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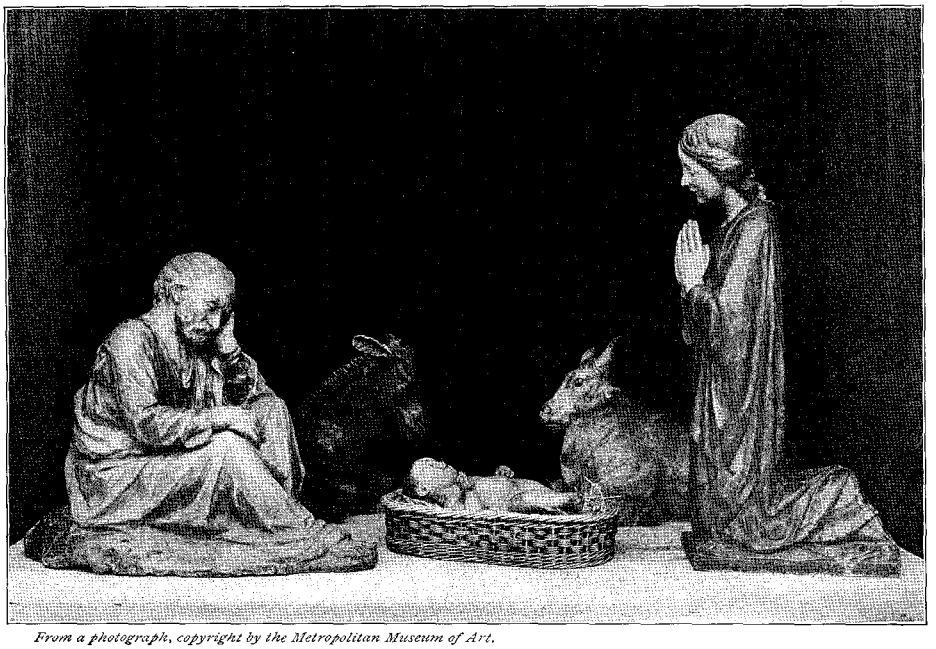
for its purely artistic qualities, highly individual, distinguished, interesting, and also charming to the eye.

Of course a new-born child is not blind; nor is it deaf, although this is by many believed. I had once on my arm a babe only a few hours old which started, as would an elder child, at the sharp sound of a falling coal. But whatever may reach the brain through the eye or the ear, the brain as yet does not pay conscious heed. Nothing attracts evident attention. Nothing wins response but the offer of food. Therefore, excepting when distorted by hunger or pain, the countenance is impassive. As there are no emotional changes to be recorded, there are no changes of expression. Yet, although the outer world hardly exists for the new-born soul secluded behind veils of physical inexperience—or, as it may be put, although the soul that will be awakened and developed by physical experiences is still asleep—nevertheless, it is there, and it must already be dimly trying to begin to learn its lessons. It is receiving impressions, too feeble though they be to excite emotional reactions. Perhaps this is why the features have their air of intentness, an air which is enhanced by the wrinkled brow that most infants show for a time. But as we are accustomed to associate unresponsiveness with introspection, intentness with deep thought, we seem to see a being wiser than all the sages and not so much unable to deal with external things as profoundly indifferent to them, resolvedly undisturbed by them. Infants differ in this as in other respects. But most of them seem as absorbed as Pauline in rumination upon important and mysterious things. If, as we have been told, the young soul comes from its home in heaven trailing clouds of glory, only our imagination perceives the fact. But our eyes ask us to believe that it comes with a precious freight of wisdom—of a wisdom that unfortunately will dissolve and be swept away in the floods of alien knowledge poured by the outer world upon the nascent consciousness.



From a photograph, copyright by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"Nativity." Terra-cotta group by Rossellino.

We can see this change in progress. As the child begins to notice its surroundings, while still unable to understand them, its face becomes more mobile and at the same time more vacuous. Then, as gradually it comes to recognize, to understand, to feel the purport of what it sees and hears, it loses

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its vacant look, growing alert of air, responsive, intelligent. And as it is likely at this period to grow prettier in physical ways, it becomes pleasing even to eyes that could find nothing of interest, less than nothing of charm, in its earliest phases. A few months —of course there is no universal rate of development—suffice for all this; and babies of a lesser age have seldom attracted an artist's hand.

The many children portrayed by the mild and domestically minded Egyptians include few infants. Almost all are able to stand on their own two legs. And even in the fine group of Sanmaout, the steward of Queen Hatshepsut, holding an infant princess, she is several months of age. Naturally we cannot expect to find children of any age among the soldiers, hunters, and courtiers of the warlike Babylonians and Assyrians, where even a woman's figure is a rarity. In Greek art they often appear, especially in its later periods, but seldom rendered with the triumphant truth and charm achieved in the figures of adults. Strangely enough, the most striking example of this disparity is one of the very few originals from a great Greek chisel that have been preserved for us—Praxiteles's group where the Hermes is so marvellously beautiful, the little Dionysus so unsatisfactory. Praxiteles did better than this, if the various groups we have of Silenus holding the infant Dionysus are rightly thought to be copies of an original by his hand. But often, although not always, in other Greek works, as in the statuettes prolifically produced by minor artists, we see instead of a real child a diminutive or even a dwarfish adult. It almost seems as though the Greeks, adoring more than any other race the physical perfection for which they found the basis in adult human forms, could not perceive, as we do, a dissimilar kind of beauty in the dissimilar proportions of immature bodies with their relatively larger heads. Moreover, almost all Greek examples are children large or small, not infants. On the grave-steles of women we do find infants bound in swaddling-clothes. But the one that is best preserved on any of the well-known steles is a mere accessory figure in the background, seemingly of less importance to the mother than the jewel-box on her lap; it is hooded as well as swaddled, so that only the face appears, and the face is an adult's in miniature.

It was in Christian iconography that the child grew important; not by any means at once (for centuries Christ was always portrayed as a man), but as a necessary feature in that cult of the Virgin Mother which, sanctioned by the church but born of the popular heart, did not begin to play a great rôle in religious faith and practice until the middle of the twelfth century, a time when the popular will was in many ways making itself felt—when, for example, ecclesiastical architecture was passing from the hands of clerics into the hands of laymen.

No theme has ever had such a vogue in art, a vogue so intensive, so extensive, and so prolonged, as the group of mother and child, at once divine and human, religious and domestic in its meanings, and infinite in its possibilities of physical and spiritual beauty. And with the infant Christ, thus reigning as over a kingdom in painting and in sculpture, came many other childish figures, human and angelic. But in all the bewildering multitude of differing conceptions, varied presentations, we seldom find even the Christ himself as a very young infant. Of course there was no reason why an artist should not make the child in merely symbolic groups several months or several years of age; and for the sake of physical and spiritual beauty, of dignity, of interest, of dramatic effectiveness, he usually preferred to do so even when, in scenes like the "Nativity," the "Adoration of the Kings," or the "Flight into Egypt," it meant a violation of literal truth. So, in a sculptured group of the beginning of the thirteenth century, the "Flight into Egypt," in a lunette over one of the doors of the baptistery at Parma, we see a child, sitting upright on its mother's knee, which might be two or three years of age. And even older than this, four or five years old, is the playful little creature, with long, curling hair like a girl's, in Correggio's picture of the "Repose in Egypt," the "Madonna della Scodella." Yet it is in Correggio's "Holy Night," at Dresden, the picture which started the fashion of making the light radiate from the babe itself, that we find perhaps the most veracious of all the infant Christs of this period, a real new-born babe, so placed, however, that we see not its face but the top of its head.

In many early Flemish pictures where the

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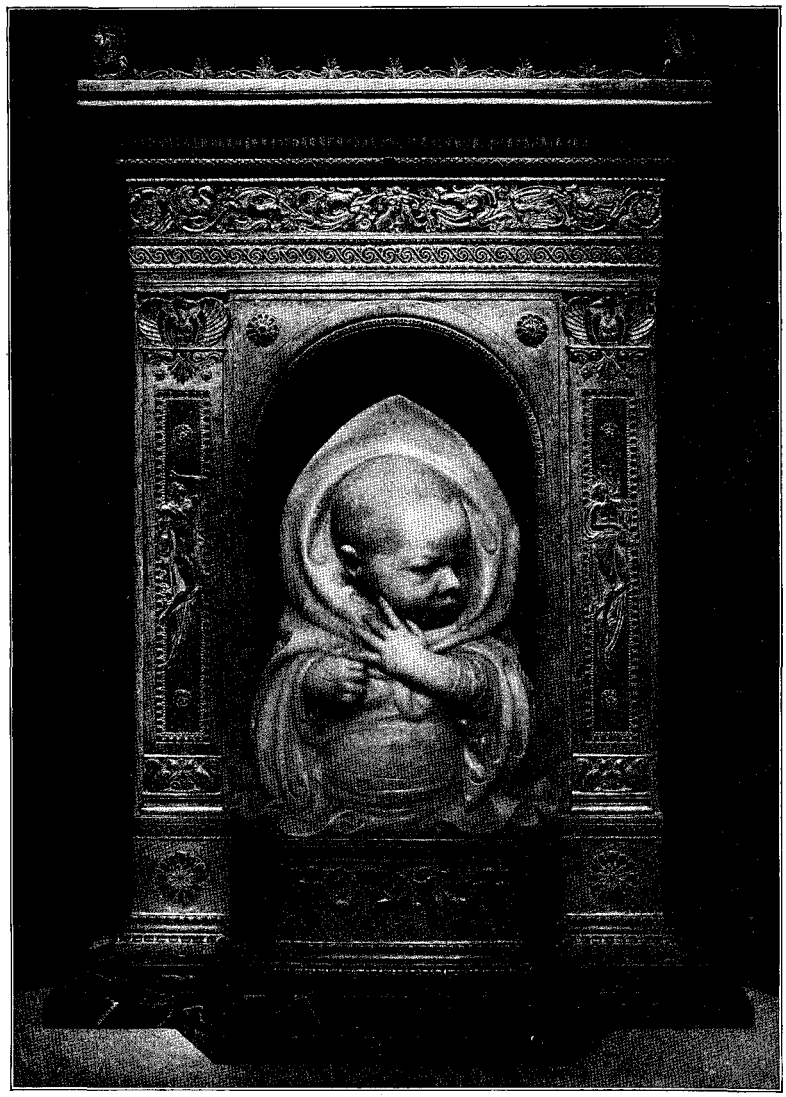
child should be new-born it is a nude little figure, almost small enough but much too active and intelligent, often with a melancholy *maladif* look as though it were filled, not with wisdom acquired at the sources of all life, but with sorrow for the sins of an unwise world. On the other hand, once in a long while we find a figure, such as a swaddled infant in a relief by Donatello at South Kensington, where the artist has tried to render the self-absorbed air of early infancy but has made the child much too large. More often it is made, quite frankly, both too large and too animated in pose and in expression, as we may see in three important pictures, of three different schools, at the Metropolitan Museum—in Luca Giordano's large "Nativity," where the dignified visitor is admiring the hand that the child graciously extends to him, in El Greco's "Nativity," and in Gerard David's "Repose in Egypt." Here the child, reaching for the



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Pauline. By Paul Manship.

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grapes that its mother holds, is about two years old. And, at the Metropolitan again, the babe in Rossellino's delightful terra-cotta group of the "Nativity" is perhaps six months old.

Wide and varied are the fields of the art of the more recent past. Anything that may possibly exist in some part of them—who shall venture to say that it does not exist? But there is small risk in saying that such truthful individual portraits as the bust of a baby a fortnight old (just the head supported by the mother's hand), which all the lovers of Edith Woodman Burroughs's beautiful work will remember, and Mr. Manship's relief are rarities in the full sense of the word. Not that independent figures of children have been rare in sculpture; but, again, they are apt to be, as in Andrea Della Robbia's medallions on the hospital in Florence, little children rather than young infants. Pauline is a real and a very young infant, and not generalized, "idealized," but portrayed with exact truth and all possible respect for the nascent personality, studied with the utmost care and rendered with the most delicate precision. In the truest and most intimate sense this is a portrait, no more to be mistaken for any other baby than Memling's old man in the Altman Collection for another person of his age. The hands, of course, cannot thus express a personality, but quite as truly as the head they express early infancy, for the hands at this age are rarely quiet and never lax, but always vaguely moving, with the fingers either closed or widely spread apart.

But, truthful though it is, there is more than truth in Mr. Manship's "Pauline." Not idealized, still less prettified or sentimentalized, the figure is, nevertheless, not a bald prose rendering of facts. It is an artist's vision and version of facts, where dignity in the arrangement and beauty in the handling have given æsthetic interest and distinction to a theme that did not easily lend itself to sculpture. The way in which the blanket behind the head, while it supplies for our eyes the support that we know the head of so young a child demands, also unifies and dignifies the composition, may be appreciated even in a reproduction, and so may the way in which the pose of the hands, with their suggestion of undirected motion, adds animation of effect and variety of line, and, again, the masterly management of the methods of relief. But we need to see the warmly toned marble itself to value at their worth the beautiful and explanatory treatment of the surfaces, the skilful achievement of "color" in the sculptural sense; and also—a detail not to be overlooked—the expression of the softness of the flesh by the touch of a finger on the cheek.

This technical skill, this power of perfect craftsmanship, does not surprise us when the hand is Mr. Manship's. Nor does the delicately conventionalized treatment of the hair. Nor does the echo of Oriental art in the prominence (nevertheless, quite truthful) of the lower part of the body and in the leaf-like lines of the blanket behind the head—an echo that poetizes the soberly ruminating little figure and adds to its artistic distinction by giving it, faintly and without at all impairing its individual character, an air as of an infant Buddha.

More exceptional in Mr. Manship's work, which has been so largely decorative in intent, is the personal feeling he has put into his "Pauline" without, I must say again, the least approach to sentimentality. No one can look at it without being sure that he loved his task, his model, in a human as well as an artistic sense; and this, of course, is one reason why it appeals so instantly to the uncritical as well as the critical eye.

His instinct for decorative effect shows in the placing of the ivory-toned figure in a niche, colored a deep blue, within an elaborate architectural framework, gilded and touched with blue and red, and set on a black marble base. Were the architectural details more broadly conceived, were they simpler and, may I say, less fantastic, some of us would be better pleased; and some, I think, if there were no such strong contrasts of color, if the enframing had been kept near in tone to the marble figure.

But perfection is not too large a word to use of the figure itself; and it is seldom, indeed, that we get a perfect rendering of a novel conception, an unhackneyed theme. We may safely believe that so fresh and so vital a work of art will prove to be one of those that repay their debt to nature by opening many eyes to the interest and the significance of natural things which they had never really seen before.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

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PROPHECIES

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

IN some regards, the most striking aspect of the American business community's mood, even at this moment of overflowing prosperity, is the continued insistence on the altered conditions which will come with the ending of the war. It is true that the Stock Exchange has appeared at times, in the excited speculation of this autumn, to throw aside such misgivings. The same disposition has seemed on the surface to prevail in other speculative markets. This attitude, however, has resulted mainly from increasing belief of such markets that the war was bound to continue much longer; that early peace was now entirely improbable.

Fears of the Great Readjustment

Even in the face of that prevalent conviction, we saw in October an upward movement on the Stock Exchange abruptly halted by a statement, given out from a Wall Street banking institution, that its information pointed to an effort by Germany to secure the mediation of our government. Furthermore, in the face of the jubilant stock-market speculation, the mercantile and manufacturing community has continued to qualify all its plans and expectations by reference to the great readjustment of conditions which will come with returning peace. Perhaps at no time since the war began has the question, just what those conditions will be, received such wide discussion as in the past five months.

During that period—especially in connection with the political campaign—we have been hearing much as to how the country's existing prosperity is entirely a consequence of the war. European war, it has been explained to many audiences, could not help creating American prosperity. Business was bad before the war began. We should have suffered uninterrupted adversity if there had been no war. Therefore we shall have adversity again, as soon as war is over. This is the substance of a multitude of public utterances, between June and November.

Now I shall not undertake to argue the question, whether business depression would or would not have continued, in the absence of a war. There is something to say for the argument that it would not. Respectable grounds have been adduced, indeed, for belief that the bad times in business, at the end of 1913 and in the first seven months of 1914, were far more directly a consequence of alarm over Europe's political conditions than of the Underwood Tariff of October, 1913. This aspect of the matter, however, I prefer to waive. What is of more importance to our present discussion (for reasons which I shall try to make clear) is the fact that the present assumption, to the effect that the European war was a necessary cause of prosperity in America, was not at all the assumption of August, 1914.

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THE successive incidents which led up to our present immense prosperity, and the direct relation of those incidents to the war, are now so clear that any one can see why the sequel could have been no other than what it was. Cause and effect, indeed, are so obvious in the light of actual facts, that very many people undoubtedly believe to-day that they never expected anything else. Such a frame of mind is one of the amiable weaknesses of human nature. Yet the truth is, that the financier or business man who, when the war broke out, should have predicted exactly what has happened during 1915 and 1916 would simply have been laughed at. I personally recall one or two individual predictions of the sort (though very qualified in what they promised); but I also remember definitely the verdict of the financial community on their authors, as people of unregulated judgment.

The Feeling in 1914

Now in August, 1914, some of the economic influences which have caused the present American situation were already clearly in sight. Others were not; and it hardly need be said that the actual bearing of the influences which were foreseen was greatly misjudged. The purpose of my present inquiry is to put the question, how far a similar result may or may not be looked for, from to-day's predictions as to the character and result of economic influences, prevalent when the war ends. To do this intelligently, we must first compare the actual predictions of 1914 with the actual influences, now perfectly well known, which have caused the country's present prosperity.

ANY observant man who should undertake to sum up categorically the economic changes which have been most noteworthy in our own affairs, during the period since the war began, would probably state them thus, in the order in which they came into sight in American finance: First, the sale by Europe to New York, on an enormous scale, of its holdings of American securities. Second, loss of our trade with the blockaded part of Europe—especially serious to our cotton growers, who in previous years had sold to Germany about one-fifth of their entire annual production. Third, loss of access to certain seemingly indispensable raw materials for American manufacture, notably chemicals and dye-stuffs.

Economic Changes Brought by the War

Fourth, however, a huge exportable surplus from the American grain crops of 1914 and 1915, at an hour when Europe was in urgent need of it. Fifth, increasing export of merchandise to neutral countries, previously supplied by Europe. Sixth, enormous demand by the Entente Allies for war material, at first for metals used in making guns, shells, and shrapnel, but afterward for the finished war munitions themselves. Seventh, and as a consequence, very remunerative prices for those commodities; rapid increase in our production of them; immense increase of our export trade through shipment of such merchandise, and unprecedentedly large gold imports. Eighth, and the final influence, London's formal surrender to New York of its place as financial centre of the world, with flow of neutral capital to New York as a necessary consequence, and the placing in our market of large loans both for belligerent and neutral states.

I have stated in this summary, I believe, all of the really essential influences which the war brought to bear on American finance. Such other notable incidents as occurred grew out of these. It is a striking and spectacular list. But if the reader who recalls the predictions of 1914 will examine the list again, he will make some interesting discoveries. Of the eight pri-

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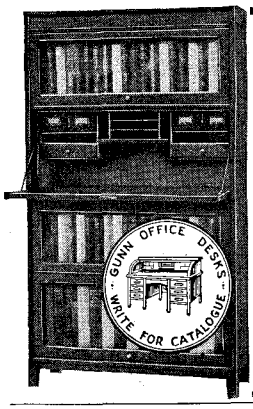

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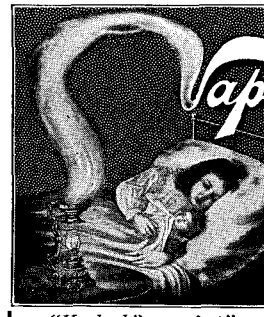

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(Continued from page 778)

mary influences above summed up, only the first five were visible to the prophets in the "war-panic week." Europe's all but unlimited demand for war materials from America stands out to-day as a quite inevitable outcome of such a war as this. So does the huge expansion of our export trade; and so, now that we know what the

(Continued on page 109)

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(Continued from page 108)

war has cost, does London's abdication of its financial supremacy. But the point is, that nobody then foresaw these results, that nobody predicted them, and that therefore (very naturally) they upset all the other predictions actually made as to the sure effect of war.

Only Two Influences Rightly Foreseen

OF the governing influences which were in fact foreseen in 1914, only two were reassuring—the wheat exports and the trade with neutrals. The importance of the first, however, was underrated, and in the judgment of the day both were offset by the other and very alarming probabilities. Furthermore, all of the predicted occurrences on which were based the unfavorable forecasts of 1914—Europe's "unloading" of our securities, the crippling of our cotton export market, and the loss of raw materials—actually did materialize in accordance with the prophecy. Europe has thrown on our markets upward of $1,500,000,000 American securities. Our export of cotton, in the two-year period ending with July, 1916, did decrease 3,500,000 bales and by $407,000,000 from the similar two-year period preceding. With many important raw materials, we have had to extemporize an American production or do without; of dye-stuffs, for example, we were able to get from abroad only $3,300,000 worth in 1916, as against $7,200,000 in 1914, and the whole decrease occurred in our trade with Germany.

In short, it is quite imaginable that, if the character of the war itself had been different, and if Europe's abnormal industrial and financial requirements from the United States had not ensued, the longer result on our own finances might have realized the expectations of 1914. Those expectations were, that Europe's liquidation on our markets would utterly demoralize investment prices, draw

(Continued on page 110)

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(Continued from page 109)

away all our gold, deplete our bank reserves and cause tight money, and that blockade of Central Europe would severely curtail our export trade. The things which happened, and which had been correctly predicted, did not have these predicted results. But that was because other things—neither foreseen nor predicted, but with an opposite and vastly greater economic influence—occurred a few months afterward.

Let it be added, as a last word on this aspect of the problem, that until those other and larger factors came into sight (around the close of 1914) the actual economic results were quite in line with the prophecies of August. The country did ship $100,000,000 gold in the four months after war began. Its bank reserves actually were low during that first four-months' period, and its money rates very high. Prices of securities did decline in the irregular "curb market," and would possibly have fallen further but for the fact that the Stock Exchange was closed. Our export trade in the same four months did decrease $261,000,000 from the year before, or nearly 30 per cent.

Almost up to the close of 1914, therefore, the gloomy prophecies of August were realized. The trouble with the prophets was, not that they did not reason correctly from visible causes, but that they did not or could not see far enough ahead to detect the much more powerful economic causes which were bound to operate after the period of readjustment.

Cock-Sure Prophecies of Little Value

WHAT assurance have we against similar mistakes, in predicting the economic effects of the ending of the war? The predictions of 1914, as to the influence of the war itself on American finance, were certainly not less plausible, not less convincing on their face, than current predictions as to the influence of returning peace.

(Continued on page 111)

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(Continued from page 110)

The one set of forecasts, like the other, is based on a few known facts, and on inferences from those facts, derived from previous experience. But the economic history of the war has proved that previous experience was valueless—at all events as indicating what would happen in the present war. It was so, because this war has been radically different, in both its military and its financial phenomena, from all previous wars. But how, then, can we be wholly confident regarding the aftermath of war?

The cock-sure prophecies and off-hand description of conditions at that time, which naturally played their part in the recent political campaign, roused something like irritation in the mind of the economic student. It will be said, however, and quite correctly, that the general feeling of the business community has been moulded by similar expectations of severe reaction. The decline in the stock market, on every tangible rumor of peace negotiations, certainly points in that direction. Let us see, then, precisely what those expectations are, so far as the business community has formulated them.

They may be thus stated: When the war is over, the abnormal European demand for our products, especially war material, will cease at once. European manufacturers will be relieved from a serious handicap to competition with our own, through return of European working men from the front. The prosperous United States will be the natural objective point for disposing of such competitive production. Europe, ridden with debt and taxes, and with a host of foreign obligations calling for payment either in money or in merchandise, will have every imaginable inducement to capture our markets, even at a heavy sacrifice of prices. Finally—so runs the argument—this country

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will then be in possession of the greater part of the "free gold" of the world, whereas belligerent Europe will be confronted with a mountain of war-time paper-money issues of its own, which can be reduced or regulated, in the effort to restore normal conditions, only through redemption in gold.

Getting Ready for the Worst

ALL of these facts are incontestable—just as the facts regarding European liquidation, loss of the German market, and scarcity of certain raw materials were incontestable when the war began. The prevalent inferences from the facts set forth in regard to ending of the war are that the violent fall in prices for war materials will derange the industries now engaged in making them; that our export trade will be enormously reduced; that our manufacturers will be driven out of neutral markets and hard pressed at home, and that our gold will be so rapidly drained away, through these and other causes, as greatly to weaken our banking position. So much for the apparently convincing deductions. One can scarcely wonder at the attitude of Wall Street, or at the constant talk of prudent business men about putting their house in order against the coming readjustment.

If an armistice and peace negotiations were to be suddenly arranged today, there is little doubt as to how the markets would receive the news. A great decline would certainly occur in prices of numerous staple commodities and in the shares of companies producing them, even though offset by rise in such articles as cotton, in such securities as Anglo-French 5 per cents and British "collateral loans," and by a sharp movement of exchange rates in favor of belligerent Europe. The fact that none of these things happened on the markets, when the recent curious report of the Kaiser's intended overture for peace was circulated, was the best evidence that no-

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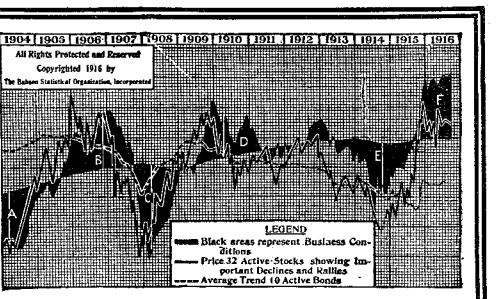
body really believed it. In short, there would presumably occur on the speculative markets, and to at least some extent in the actual field of trade, as immediate a fulfilment of the gloomy prophecies as the fulfilment, in the first four months of war, of the gloomy prophecies of August, 1914.

BUT what then? That was the question which arose in the confused and bewildered markets toward the end of 1914, and the answer came in events which are now a part of economic history. Whether the inevitable and disturbing period of readjustment after war is to be longer or shorter than was the corresponding period of readjustment to the war itself, two years ago, it is worth while to ask, even though the answer can be only tentative, if we may not have ahead of us, in the longer future, another great surprise for the financial world, such as occurred in 1915 and 1916.

Some intimation of such an idea has been heard already, in tentative and fragmentary suggestions. We have been reminded from both home and foreign quarters that, so far as concerns immediate and destructive competition by Europe, we must not overlook the facts that Europe will emerge from the war stripped of the raw materials of manufacture; with her labor supply to at least a very formidable extent depleted by losses of able-bodied citizens in battle; with urgent need of materials to rebuild the devastated districts, and with a tax-roll which, combined with the actual reduction of the labor supply and the increased power of the labor party in politics, will absolutely preclude any such "starvation wages" as prevailed in Europe after the wars of Napoleon. If it is answered that European labor will adapt itself to the economic necessities of the hour, we have a number of intimations to the

Readjustment to Depleted Europe

(Continued on page 114)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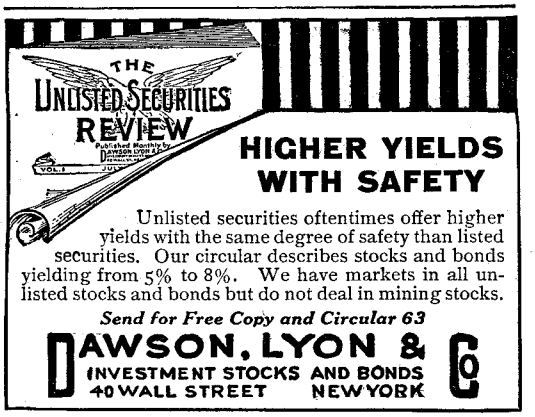

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(Continued from page 113)

contrary, not from domestic but from foreign authorities.

A Brighter Outlook

OF these the following statement by the President of the Economic Science Branch of the British Association, in a recent speech on "Reconstruction After the War," will serve as an example. "There may be," Professor Kirkaldy set forth to his colleagues, "at first a great demand for manufactured goods of all kinds, as a consequence of decreased supplies during the war; but all the principal trading nations will strain every nerve to get the greatest possible share of orders. If, under such circumstances, we indulge in an internal struggle between capital and labor, instead of bending our whole energies to retain and extend our hold on markets, we shall lose an opportunity which is not likely to return. And yet there is a wide-spread expectation among employers and work-people that the European war will be succeeded by serious industrial strife."

In the United States itself, we have so excellent an authority as the *Iron Age*, which a year ago shared in the altogether pessimistic view of conditions after war (unless under higher protection), pointing out how to-day "there are those who believe that in the present belligerent countries the returning soldiers will demand, and receive, much higher wages than formerly"; that in the basic steel trade, "orders for ship-building material would hardly be cancelled"; that demand for agricultural implements "would be stimulated rather than otherwise," and that, despite the earlier expectation that at the end of war "there would be a complete collapse," the actual demand for material, "once the shock were passed, might assert itself in full volume."

It will probably be remarked, however, that these considerations merely affect the scope of the readjustment process. They may modify certain

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economic influences which would operate at the end of the war; but they would hardly serve to reverse predictions in the way in which they were reversed in 1915. Is there, then, nothing else in sight which might wholly alter the expected sequel?

Whoever essays to answer this question is taking the reckoning for an unchartered economic sea. Precedent and experience will not help him; for precisely those novel and unexpected developments in economic machinery which upset all calculations during the progress of the war, are bound to create conditions at the end of it such as have followed no other war. The strong presumption is that the actual sequel will be different from anything that had been predicted. Nevertheless, there can to-day be seen, even in the present situation of international finance, some elements which are absolutely certain to modify the prevalent idea of the economic aftermath.

The Prosperous and the Safe Investor

ONE of them rests on the very face of the known war-time developments. An individual who has accidentally been thrown into circumstances of high prosperity, unknown to his previous experience but apparently temporary in its nature, has two roads to follow. He may devote all of his abnormal profits to a greatly increased personal expenditure, counting on his present good luck as something permanent; or he may pay off first his own past indebtedness to other people, and then may invest his accruing profits in loans to solvent borrowers, from which an income will be safely insured to him, no matter what happens to his business earnings in the longer future. In the one case, he will be left even worse off, when his run of good fortune comes to a sudden end, than before it began. He will have accustomed himself to a scale of expenditure which his income will no longer support. In the other

(Continued on page 116)

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(Continued from page 115)

case, he will have placed himself in a strong and sound position for the future.

In some very important respects, the American financial community has followed the second course. When the war began, our corporations owed something like $4,000,000,000 to the outside world, in the form of stocks and bonds held chiefly by European investors, on which the United States had to send abroad each year the accruing dividends and interest. Out of our profits from the war-time export trade, we have redeemed considerably more than $2,000,000,000 of this total. Along with such repurchase of our own foreign debt, the American markets have loaned to Europe, Canada, and South America, during the past two years, a further amount, which closely approximates another $2,000,000,000 of which no less than $1,050,000,000 represents a direct obligation of the powerful British Government.

What the United States Will Get from Europe

THE upshot of this policy will naturally be that, when the war is over, we shall be paying to Europe possibly $100,000,000 less per annum in dividends and interest than before the war, and shall be receiving in interest, from the outside world, $100,000,000 or upward more than it sent to us annually, prior to 1914. Our loans to the belligerent powers fall due in 1918, 1919, 1920, and 1921.

If these loans are paid off at maturity, an immense credit balance on international exchange will be created in favor of this country. If they are renewed and extended, the annual interest payments will continue to play their part. If they are refunded, in the form of securities negotiable either at New York or London, the American markets will have in their hands precisely the instrument whereby London, as the financial centre of the world, has in past years regulated its own economic balance with other markets.

These facts are recognized by every one familiar with the actual situation. But a further and almost equally undisputed fact is the certainty of a greatly depleted reserve of capital in Europe, for use either in foreign investment or in financing foreign trade. This aspect of the probable situation is more obscure, because the capital set free by Europe's sales of American securities has been reinvested in war loans equally remunerative to the holder. But of two things the visible situation leaves no question—that Europe will have largely lost its hold on the United States as an investing creditor, and that the new European taxes, necessary to meet interest on these very war loans, must unquestionably have narrowed the margin of annually accruing capital, for investment or other purposes, in the hands of European capitalists.

America's Powerful Position

THE powerful position thus foreshadowed for the United States on the international market contrasts somewhat strangely with the familiar prophecies of a weak and helpless American market at the end of war, watching despondently the drawing away of its resources by the outside world. It recalls financial London's prediction of 1914, that whatever should happen during the war itself, a period of great economic prestige was assured for the neutral United States when war was over.

No doubt, it will always be possible that European markets will bid so high for capital as to get it from us, despite the above-stated offsets in the market for exchange. Professor Irving Fisher has predicted very positively that after the war, "all Europe will be in the position of a new country, poor in immediate comforts but relatively rich in future expectations," and that "such a condition will make for a high rate of interest." This may

(Continued on page 118)

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So the Children Didn't Lose Their Christmas After All!

WHEN Daddy was taken down with pneumonia, just a month before Christmas, mother thought things looked pretty black. In her mind she saw the Christmas cheer vanish. Only an empty stocking for the babies this year, and all the joy of Christmas Eve and Christmas morning turned to sorrow. It was bad enough to have him ill, and this seemed the last straw.

But she didn't know that he had ÆTNA-IZED. He knew that accident and sickness wait on no man. He had not considered himself stronger than Destiny. **He had protected himself while he could.**

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Or you will get $50 a week as long as you are disabled by a railway, steamship or burning building accident. $25 a week if disabled by an ordinary accident.

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19

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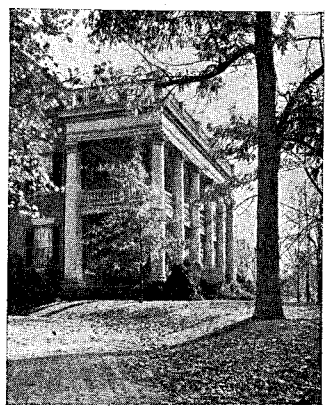

"THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING"

SPRING is doubtless all that the poets say it is. It may be granted that the vernal months are the creative ones for the lower animals and the plants, but the spring of the human race begins with the first crispness that creeps into the October air.

IT IS in autumn that many new building projects—particularly such projects as have in them sufficient of the vision and the dream to make them things of genuine beauty, as well as of utility—are born.

HERE is a site for a business house, or public building, or a residence; possibly a country home, which, somehow or other, keeps on thrusting itself appealingly into the picture, just where the yellowing and reddening leaves open to reveal a natural nesting place for a house. Here is a site; the magic air of autumn does the rest. The imagination is fired and one must perforce turn poet, too, and build.

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(Continued from page 116)

be true, in so far as regards the borrowings of governments; yet all previous experience has also gone to show that high money rates on ordinary commercial loans come only with active business. Hence, therefore, this curious dilemma: If trade is active in Europe after the war and European money rates high, then the prospect for the "dumping" of European merchandise on our markets is accordingly decreased. But if prolonged business prostration in Europe is a consequence, the inducement for selling merchandise to America will doubtless be relatively greater, but the natural machinery for depleting our capital will not exist.

No Precedents for Accurate Forecast

HERE, then, we have in sight a very different set of economic influences from those which commonly engage attention. It would be rash to venture upon precise predictions, on the basis of either. Many other considerations, impossible to foresee in a situation for which there is no true precedent in economic history, will certainly arise to complicate the situation. There is force in the warning of President Vanderlip of the National City Bank to the recent National Bankers' Convention at Kansas City, that although after the war "we shall be richer, our productive equipment will be better than ever before," nevertheless we cannot safely forget that "adversity is usually a better teacher than prosperity."

Mr. Warburg, of the Federal Reserve Board, pointing out on the same occasion that "our foreign competitors will proclaim that only a country willing to part freely with its gold may safely be accepted as the world's banker," tells us that "we are faced with the simple question: Will we be strong enough to share our plenty, during the coming period of stress, with other nations?" It is also quite beyond dispute that serious possibilities of danger may arise from the

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wild speculation for the rise in prices of commodities which has broken out this season. Inflated and fictitious values, if they existed when the war was ended, could not fail to emphasize every unfavorable influence.

These facts undoubtedly throw much obscurity over the general problem. It is possible that they will determine the character of the immediate economic sequel—precisely as the forces visibly at work in August, 1914, determined the character of the next four months. But with allowance fairly made for all such considerations, it may reasonably be asked whether the prophecies of to-day, like those of 1914, may not be making the mistake of fixing attention wholly on the temporary period of readjustment to new conditions, instead of looking to the longer future.

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